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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. I, NO. 1.—MAY, 1871.

THE TRUE IDEA OF RELIGIOUS UNION.

IN the warfare of modern religious thought, there is no subject more earnestly canvassed than that of the reunion of Christendom in the bonds of religious concord and amity. The ready and, in fact, the only solution of the problem has been given by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., who, on the eve of the assembling of the Vatican Council, extended to the Greek and Protestant churches an invitation to return to the unity of the Catholic faith, as to the only basis on which the proposed reunion could be effected. But the Oriental Church, though manifesting a desire to consider the Pontiff's paternal proposition, is so abjectly dependent upon a despotic and anti-Catholic government that she was forced to dissemble her views, were such favorable to a return to the bosom of the Church. Protestantism suffered the invitation to pass unheeded.* Still, though rejecting the Pope's plan of union, Protestantism in England, Germany, and America has not relinquished its oft-disappointed, and as often revived, hope of linking its own discordant sects in some bond of unity, and, this reunion accomplished, of connecting itself with the "older forms of Christianity that reside in the Latin and Greek churches."

Thus the Protestant mind of England, which has devised innumerable plans of union with the Catholic Church—plans which the Church, on principle, could not accept—is at present profoundly interested in an attempt to effect the alliance of the Anglican and Greek churches. The unpalatable truth is admitted, even by its most ardent adherents, that the Church of England is kept alive only by royal patronage; that, in fact, it exists only as a state institution, hallowed by the traditional affections of the people, and, perhaps, revered as a relic on which antiquity has laid her consecrating hand. It is hoped that it can be vitalized by blending

* The few Protestant Synods and Conventions which took formal action upon the Pope's letter, returned evasive, and in several instances, insulting replies.

with the more vigorous and fervid spirit of Christianity which seems to pervade the Greek Church; though how this alliance can be formed, except at the sacrifice of the distinctive tenets of Anglicanism, does not clearly appear. For the Greek schismatics, though separated from the Catholic Church for many centuries, retain, nevertheless, nearly all her doctrines.

The decadence in Germany of the spirit of the Reformation is also exciting the alarm of the Protestant world. There, Protestantism has reached the third and last stage of its existence, verifying to the letter the prophecy of the far-seeing Bossuet, who inferred from the natural development of the cardinal Protestant principle of private judgment, that Protestantism, after passing through the intermediate stages of rise and decline, would at length find its level in Rationalism. Indeed, in order to rescue German Protestantism from the gulf of infidelity into which it was rapidly sinking, the two leading sects in Germany, Lutheran and Calvinist, formed, some years back, an apparent union, and under the title of "Evangelical Church," celebrated their alliance as an event that betokened for Protestantism a glorious era. To-day the tidings come that this forced union has only hastened the destruction it was designed to avert; for Lutherans and Calvinists cannot meet on a common ground of doctrine, whilst their alliance is stigmatized by other sects as a formal ratification of religious indifferentism.

In our own land the process of Protestant disintegration has not been so rapid as in Germany and England, owing mainly, we believe, to the peculiar cast of the American mind, which troubles itself but little with philosophical or theological speculation. But the influence of English agitation and German skepticism, combined with the introduction into America of a more searching religious criticism and a deeper philosophy, has directed the popular mind, in the United States, to a closer examination of Protestant principles and practices. The result of this inquiry is evidenced in the vague feeling of uneasiness, in most circles of Protestant religious life, and in the ill-concealed reproach made through the columns of leading secular journals, that Protestantism, after a century of unclouded prosperity and of almost universal support, has not bettered the moral condition of this nation; that it expends all its energies in petty squabbles over the dead and buried theories of the Reformation period, and brings no remedy to the great social and moral evils that afflict the present generation of struggling humanity; that, to the cry of a people famishing for the bread of life it offers but the husks of religious sentimentality; that, in fine, it is not a religion for the *people*, as it neither pulsates in harmony with the people's humble joys, nor sympathizes with the people's crying sorrows.

Mingling with these complaints, in which we detect the American peculiarity of applying to every system, religious, political, or scientific, the favorite test of serviceableness, there is also the more thoughtful complaint of a class of Protestants who, having studied the doctrines and polity of the prim-

itive Christian Church, find the modern Protestant system at variance therewith. These clamor for a thorough reorganization of Protestantism, on the basis of primitive Christianity. But the largest portion of our Protestant community consists of practical-minded men who, struck with the rapid spread of Catholicity in these States, have inquired into the secret of the Church's success, and found it to reside, as they imagine, in the unity of spirit in which Catholics organize and engineer religious undertakings, and in the unity of faith which inspires this unanimity. They are convinced that the future efficiency, if not existence of the Reformed churches, depends upon the consolidation of the various sects, the union of discordant branches of the same sect, and a universal alliance of denominations which, for the sake of Protestantism as a system, will consent to destroy their specific identity, and to sink their individuality in some general church-form. To consummate this "Evangelical Alliance," it was proposed to hold a convention in the city of New York last September, but the design has since been deferred, or altogether abandoned.

The proposed convocation of such an assembly has, however, elicited from all Protestant quarters the views of religious union which the different sects entertain. Among the innumerable methods, systems, and theories advanced, two plans of union appear to meet with the favor of the majority of sects. These are:

1. A broad sympathy, which will bring into close communion the members of the various Reformed churches, in order to exhibit to the world a Christian fellowship consistent with the retention of distinct sectarian religious convictions, so that, though diverse in forms, the Protestant churches may be knit together in a real union of spirit.

2. A union based on unity of faith. This basis to be determined by the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and to be ratified by the solemn covenant of all the churches.

We purpose showing that neither plan of union is possible on received Protestant principles. The impracticability of the first plan is shown from the consideration of the nature and scope of every union, and from the peculiar character of a religious union. The impossibility of the second plan is demonstrated from the impossibility of a unity of faith in Protestantism.

The idea expressed by the word *union*, is the state or condition of oneness, arising in a moral union, such as is proposed by the first plan of Protestant fellowship, from a recognized authority. The idea also implies the exclusion, or voluntary withholding of views or opinions which may clash with this authority, or tend to deprive it of its power. For the conflict of ideas and the antagonism of thought which result, of necessity, from the encounter of minds, would, in time, disorganize any union whose members would refuse to acknowledge the control of some authority over their individual prejudices and opinions. This authority serves as the principle or centre of unity, and its property is to conserve and consolidate the elements that form the

union. Every power or influence that tends to preserve a moral alliance, is, in the ultimate analysis, founded and rests upon this principle of authority. In the scientific order, the circle of sciences, physical and mental, finds its centre of unity in the summary of primitive truths which philosophy unfolds. These are assumed as infallible in every demonstration, and underlie the entire structure of human knowledge, serving as the principle of the harmony and correlation of the sciences. The temple of Science is based on the absolute certitude, the infallible authority of these truths. To shake them, is to overturn it. In the civil order, the principle of union in governments is expressed in the harmonious, efficient, and legitimate action of a triple tribunal—the legislative, executive, and judiciary. By the same great law of authority, society, which is only a vast union, is held together; for society originated neither in a conventional pact, nor through the usurped ascendency of the strong over the weak; but its elements were co-ordinated in the beginning by God, "that every soul might be subject to the higher powers that bear not the sword in vain, for all power is of God."

Union, therefore, supposes authority. Hence a religious union, as such, postulates the same condition of existence, and is brought under the same law. But we cannot conceive of a real, true, religious union, conserved by any principle or centre of unity, any authority, which is not divinely constituted. For the end of a religious union cannot be attained, except through means which necessarily demand divine assistance and counsel. A religious authority must impose laws and precepts, decide controversies, direct the conscience and mind of the united, in a word, consult for their eternal salvation—the primary and direct end of such a society. No merely human authority, it is clear, can possess such powers. Were an unauthorized man or men to bind the conscience of such a union, he or they would be impiously assuming a divine prerogative, a power which God alone can delegate.

A true religious union supposes, therefore, an authority set up by God, and invested by Him with the spiritual power and jurisdiction necessary to the government and direction of a society whose end is the salvation of its members. Hence the seat of authority in a true religious union must possess powers of a higher order than those held by the civil authority; for the sphere of the latter is the external and temporary: its end is the public, material good, which is attainable through merely human means. The sphere of a religious authority, however, is the heart and conscience: its end is the eternal and spiritual good of its subjects.

The possibility of the first union proposed by Protestantism, depends, therefore, on two conditions: first, an authority which all the sects will respect; second, an authority in its origin and powers divine. If either condition is wanting, there can be either no union at all, or, no true religious union. That the first condition cannot be placed is evident from the number and diversity of sects that would

attempt this union; from the countless discordant doctrines to be reconciled, the differences of opinion to be harmonized, the repellant attitudes of separate sects, and the total failure which has attended every former effort to unite Protestantism on this basis. But were there any common principle of union, any accepted authority, any basis for an alliance, in Protestantism, even the difficulties arising from such diversities might be eventually removed. But no. The essential principle of Protestantism is the right of private judgment, a right never more strongly insisted upon than at present, when the older sects have rejected or greatly modified the symbols and confessions of faith, constructed by the fathers of the Reformation. This principle is in direct and fatal antagonism to union; yet only by rejecting it, can the way to union be partially cleared. Hence the first plan is impossible. A union cannot subsist without the principle of authority, and in Protestantism, every man is his own authority. The very holding of any convention, board or council to take measures or adopt resolutions looking towards a union of sects, is at variance with the principle of private judgment. For how can the members of such a convention be termed the representatives of Protestants, or the exponents of Protestant thought? Representation implies union. It imports that the constituents of the representatives have a clearly defined and uniform policy or creed, the exposition and defence of which they intrust to their representative, as to their spokesman and interpreter. But the members of a Protestant convention cannot represent the strictly individual religious notions, which each Protestant as such has formed. No convention, on Protestant principles, can possess, or be invested with, the power of drawing up a religious constitution, or fixing the conditions on which sects may unite in Christian fellowship. Or, if the sects cede this power to an assembly of men guided by no uniform principle, and not even claiming to be divinely commissioned, they, in so far, give up Protestantism's essential note as a religious system. If they retain this power, to judge for themselves, there can be no union, no brotherhood or fellowship, in the sense of a true religious union. They may vote themselves united, but the union will exist only in name.

The truth is, this plan is nothing but an attempt to convert Protestantism into Indifferentism. It is the proclamation of the doctrine that a man may believe what he finds most convenient; that Christ founded no particular religion; that God—Infinite Truth—is as well pleased with the worship shown him in one creed, as he is by that shown him in its contradictory. In justice be it said, all earnest and good Protestants regard such a doctrine with horror. To this plan, however, the principles and modes of Protestant thought in this country appear to tend. Else, what is the meaning of those sermons that week after week resound from leading Protestant pulpits, about the progressive energy of Protestantism, about Christianity's disencumbering it-

self of old theories, exclusive views, old school doctrines? Why do so many Protestants lay such stress upon the necessity of cherishing a "broad sympathy" for the members of every denomination, even of those which openly deny the divinity of Christ? This sympathy is so broad that it has embraced Unitarianism, for the Commentaries of the late Albert Barnes are used as a Scriptural text-book in most Sabbath schools in this country, though Barnes unequivocally denies the proper divinity of Jesus Christ.*

Hence, sincere and pious Protestants reprobate the first plan of union, and anxiously inquire whether the second is possible? Can there be a Protestant unity of faith? To answer this question, and to show that the answer to it must be in the negative, we must determine what the unity of faith is or where it resides, for as an object of search, its existence somewhere is supposed.

Faith, then, in its scriptural meaning, is the assent which our intellect accords to divine testimony. It is pronounced by the Apostle "a gift of God," that is, a grace, inasmuch as we cannot make a salutary act of faith until our intellect is illumined and our will moved by grace. By a common figure of speech, the word faith, strictly signifying this virtue, this grace-moved assent, is applied to the code or collection of truths which have been revealed to the race by God, "who, at sundry times, and in divers places, spake in times past to the fathers, by the prophets; but who hath, in these latter days, spoken unto us by his Son."* For though the Creator left man at no period, utterly destitute of revelation, though in addition to the natural law graven on our hearts, he also gave one graven on stone —a visible external revelation of truths to be believed, and of duties to be performed—still, this revelation reached its complement and perfection in Christ Jesus, the Son of God, the Eternal Wisdom of the Father, the Word Incarnate dwelling amongst us, whose mission besides being redemptorial was also legislative and teaching As the Master, the teacher of men, He disclosed new truths, set old truths in new lights, and left man a code of laws and a system of doctrines, on whose fulfilment and acceptance depends the eternal salvation of all to whom His Gospel is preached.

And as this manifestation of God in Christ was external; as the God-man was visible; as the truths He taught and the doctrines He established, and the laws He imposed were all outwardly proclaimed, so this revelation of Christ was to be conserved and promulgated throughout all time, by a visible, external ministry. We find accordingly that Christ chose twelve men whom He commissioned as His representatives, as the depository of His sacred doctrine and the organ through which His revelation was to be published to the world. These He formed into a society, appointing one of their number, Peter, its head, or in His own expressive words, placing him as the foundation-stone of His Church. Peter He likened to Himself, as the chief

* Barnes's Notes on Epistle to the Romans, 1:4.

* Heb. 1.

bishop of our souls, the law-giver of the Church. He styled him the key bearer, the head and pastor of the fold, and consequently conferred upon him a primatial power, thus centralizing the supreme authority, and therefore, the Church's principle and centre of unity in Peter and his successors, on whose shoulders was thus laid for all time, the burden of a universal and supreme pastorate.

The Church bent on the sublime mission of truth-bearer to the nations, Christ fitted with a simple yet perfect organization by which it could preserve its continuity, its regular succession of pastors, and so accomplish its end of leading the human race to God. As teacher she was invested with full authority: "Go teach all nations."* Her commission was the same as Christ's: "As the Father sent me, so send I you."† "He that hears you, hears me." As the interpretess, her title-deed gave her power to decide on the meaning of Christ's words, the scope of His doctrines, the application of His principles. As the guardian, she was to hold eternal watch over the sacred deposit confided to her keeping. She was to suffer no innovation to be made in His doctrines. She was to preserve His code intact. In her teaching capacity, therefore, her essence was to reside. Were she to teach a false doctrine, propose a new dogma of faith, advance a belief not contained either explicitly or implicitly in the faith which Christ gave her to promulgate, she, at that moment, would lose her essential property, she would no longer be the teacher, the Church, for an essential note failing, the subject which loses it, necessarily ceases to exist. But inasmuch as Christ guaranteed the perpetuity of the Church; inasmuch as His revelation was intended for all men and all time, and, consequently, the organ of that revelation was designed to be eternal, so the Church was to last to the consummation of the world. She was never to fail, never to lose her essential note as truth teacher: Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Behold I am with you (you teaching) all days. Behold I will send the Comforter—the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of truth, and He will teach you all truth and abide with you forever.*

Here is the plan which Christ took to preserve the unity of the faith. Environed by the safeguards which eternal wisdom suggested and omnipotence supplied, the Church was destined, through all ages, to keep one and undivided the faith of which she had been constituted the teacher and guardian. By reason, therefore, of her constitution and mission, the Church is one—one in the unity of her government, the fold presided over by the shepherd Peter—one in her unity of faith, so perfectly one in this latter unity that the slightest variation in her doctrines is impossible. "One Lord, one faith," exclaims the Apostle, thus implying that a multiplicity of faiths involves the same contradiction as a plurality of gods. Hence too, the idea of the Church as the faith-teacher, the faith conservatrix

* Matt. 28. † John 20. * Matt. 16. *Ib.* 28. John 14.

as brought out by St. Paul in countless ways—under the sublime imagery of the Body of Christ, His Bride, His undefiled one, the Pillar and Ground of truth, truth certainly, in the sense of revealed truth, so that only as presented by the Church can we know with certainty, what the truth of the faith is. Hence, also, the profound significance of St. Paul's and St. John's warnings against schisms, their commands to shun heretics, and their vehement exhortations to keep the unity of the faith. Hence, in fine, the pathetic earnestness with which Christ exhorts His followers to hear the Church teaching; His impressive description of the woes and calamities that follow dissensions; His mournful picture of a kingdom divided, of sheep wandering without a shepherd. True, He would send the Paraclete to teach His Church all truth. He gave her His solemn pledge that He himself would be with her to the end of time. But He knew that certain proud spirits would seek to introduce disunion into the Church. He saw that the human element in her would go after novelties. He beheld all the heresiarchs that would lead the simple-minded astray. And as a counter-influence against these dangers, He wished His children to be united in their obedience to His teaching Church. The Father commanded men to hear the Son. The Son, with no less solemnity, commands men to hear the Church. He prayed that His should be one, even as He and the Father were one.

And the divine efficacy of this prayer of Christ is revealed in the Catholic Church, whose one faith and one rule has transformed the race into a brotherhood, a true Christian fellowship. She has broken down the barriers raised by natural divisions of the earth, political animosities, and national exclusiveness. Her multitudinous children, numbered among the dwellers in the iceberg homes of the North, the inhabitants of tropic climes, the nations seated amid the departed glories of the East, the hardy races that are opening out new fields of enterprise and empire in this Western land—all so distinct in interests, habits, government, tongue, and climate, rise up and call her blessed. All bow beneath her gentle sway. All hearken to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Shepherd succeeding Peter, the Pastor to whom Christ intrusts his fold, to lead it unto the pastures of eternal life. And as according to the poetic conceit of Euripides, all things in nature formed a chain, the highest link of which was tied to Jupiter's chair, so does the Church realize this thought in a truer sense, for all her members, from the greatest prelate to the humblest acolyte, from the nobles in the land to the unnoticed workman in the obscurest walk of life, are linked in the bond of unity to the chair of Peter. Here is true Christian fellowship springing from unity of faith.

On the divinely conserved unity of faith and government in the Church, stand her other prerogatives and characteristics. Her sanctity pertains to her as the one church which Christ purchased with His blood. Apostolicity belongs to her, as in her as one the unbroken line of her prelates is kept. She is Catholic, inasmuch as she

is one in all time and every land. One in her language, liturgy, and sacrifice, she stands as an eternal priestess at the high altar of the universe, with the nations kneeling at her feet, and offers from the rising to the going down of the sun the pure oblation of Christ's body and blood beneath the mystic guise of bread and wine. One, her theological lore breathes the same spirit, preserves the same language, unfolds the same principles whenever a doctrine of faith is taught. One, her councils proclaim the same faith, formally defining as articles, truths which for the first time some heresy calls into question; or else, moved by the indwelling Paraclete, promulgating as an article of faith a truth believed from the beginning, but whose previous solemn definition was either inexpedient or not suggested to the mind of the Church by the Holy Spirit. Thus in our own day, in these times of unsettled religious notions, of false philosophical theories, of general social confusion, God has directed the light of faith full upon the Rock on which the Church is built in order to bring into bolder relief its eternal stability and unshaken firmness, so that men who are outside the Church, who are cast about by every wind and wave of doctrine, may lift their eyes out of the depths of error and see in the Rock of Peter a secure foothold and a heaven-provided refuge from the storm and the darkness. One, the Church possesses the principle which conserves unity, the authority and power which all her sons obey. She speaks as one having authority, and when her voice is raised in condemnation of heresy, her children avoid the danger, and a momentary awe falls upon an impious and unbelieving world, like that which fell upon the scorners of Christ, when He rebuked them.

If Protestants, therefore, search for unity of faith, they will find it in the Catholic Church, and nowhere else. It is in vain to set up the Bible as a basis of unity, inasmuch as it imperatively demands and supposes a tribunal of doctrine, a living and infallible interpreter of its silent and mysterious oracles. Besides, the Bible does not claim the power of deciding controversies. Nay, it expressly states the establishment of a Church to which Christ intrusted the superintendence and regulation of matters pertaining to doctrine and the direction of souls. This Church was a fact in Christianity before a line of the New Testament was written. Moreover, Christ neither committed His revelation to writing, nor commanded His Apostles to employ that medium in teaching—a medium, by itself, the worst fitted for the preservation of the unity of faith, which, in that hypothesis, would have been left at the mercy of copyists and heretics, and to the varying whims and prejudices of every one. To unite on a Bible basis, each sect must sacrifice its cherished principles to the private judgment of a committee appointed to decide what Bible Christianity means. This would be a virtual admission of the Bible's unfitness to indicate what doctrines are to be accepted or rejected.

Nor can the sects frame any creed or symbol whose articles will be of so general, or, as they are termed, so fundamental a character

as to be acceptable to all denominations, and thus to furnish a common ground of unity of faith. For this unity, as we have seen, excludes any division in the articles of faith; its oneness being imaged in the unity of God. Who then shall dare say that some of the truths of God are relatively unimportant? Who shall undertake to assert that Christ's solemn judgment—"he that believeth not shall be condemned"—implies that faith in a few leading dogmas will enable the rejecter of others to escape this condemnation? Who shall presume to decide on the necessity of some doctrines and the uselessness of others, when God has revealed all, when all as coming from Him must have for us an inexpressible importance? The conclusion inevitably follows that union in Protestantism is impossible. In vain does it flatter itself that the Bible will introduce order into the chaos.

Yet in this "awakening of the world to the great idea of religious union," the Church sees the initial movement of the grace of conversion, which, she trusts, God is about to give to Protestant Christendom. This ceaseless agitation among the sects, this quest of truth and yearning for unity, seem to prelude a Pentecostal outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon the world. It is our firm conviction that the expanding intellect of England and America, so long fettered by the irrational and unscriptural system of Protestantism, will soon shake off its thraldom. But as the reaction may result in positive infidelity, it is the duty of Catholics to pray God to give to all earnest thoughtful souls the grace of conversion to the true faith. England is already half Catholic, and America only needs our work and prayers, and she will embrace that Church under whose fostering care and love she alone can work out her grand destiny.

ST. CECILIA.

CECILIA! Patroness of song!
Darling of celestial throng!
Whose harp is wont so sweet to play,
Whose organ nobly swells the lay.
Of music who shall tell the charms?
How music softens, soothes, alarms!
How chills with horror, cheers with hope,
Unerring meets her destined scope;
Lifts the enraptur'd soul on high,
To heavenly foretastes of the sky.
Waft me, oh! Cherub, to thy choir,
Where thou shalt sing, and I admire.

AN ADIEU TO OUR VILLAGE.

THERE is a well-known story of a poor prisoner for debt, who, having obtained his liberation by some general act of grace, ardently begged he might be permitted to end his days in the durance to which some forty odd years had accustomed him. I never thoroughly understood the force of this poor fellow's logic till a few days ago, when, by the accidents of life, the incident came home to myself.

I, too, am about to be liberated. I am set free to quit the village in which, for nigh twenty years, I have been a sojourner. Not, indeed, essentially a prisoner, in the sense of high walls and strong bolts; but all as much bound by the little ties of life to pass an existence within certain narrow limits, and conform to the ways and habits of a place, which, had I made the attempt, I should have found myself as unable to change or alter, as would the humble debtor aforesaid have been to introduce reforms into the Marsha ea.

I cannot believe that the prisoner really liked his prison—liked its daily discipline, its uniform round of small observances, its dietary, or its company. I cannot imagine that any man could be so constituted that the want of freedom alone would not have weighed heavily on his heart, and impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in comparison with the meanest of those who were free and at large. Nor can I picture to myself a creature whose mind would not stray at times beyond the walls of his cell, and revel in some old remembered spot dear to his boyhood and bright in all the colors of early youth; but I can well conceive how, by the slow march of time, another nature gradually supplanted the old one—how the usages of a life of unbroken uniformity, bit by bit, entered into his very soul, and the outer world, the world outside the high walls, became to him as mythical as anything that may go on in one of the planets.

In many respects our village was wonderfully like a jail. First of all, the mode of life was singularly regular and monotonous. Every one did exactly like his neighbor; our dress, our diet, our hours of up-rising and down-lying, were all identical; we took pleasure in the same amusements; and had we ever arrived at the sensation of sorrowing for anything or deploring anything, I am sure our griefs would have been as identical as our joys; and lastly, as in a prison, each was there for something he had either done or had omitted to do; and here was a bond of fellowship stronger and more enduring than any other in all existence.

No one who has not worn the convict's jacket can form the slightest conception of the good-fellowship of the galleys. There is a freemasonry in fetters that passes all the mysteries of Noble Grands and Black Princes. The fact is, that everything in life has a relative significancy—we are rich or poor, strong or weak, great or insignificant, according to what im-

mediately surrounds us; and the coat which would pass muster very creditably in St. Giles's would be marvellous bad wear in Bond Street or Piccadilly. So is it of morals. Now, in our village, there were possibly some small things that a rigid moralist might have demurred to. I will not say that there might not have been, here and there, passing occasion for censure on this or on that; but one virtue I boldly claim for us, and I challenge Europe to dare a rivalry with it. We were, and we are, eminently tolerant. Whether this great quality came of the largeness of our natures generally, or of that long and intimate study of human frailty which passed under our eyes, or of both combined, I know not. I but vouch for the fact. I will not go so far as to say we were hopeful of human nature generally; for hope is a prospective quality, and we were all too essentially wrapped up in the present to waste a thought on what was to come: but we had great store of that charity which thinketh well of all things; and what a balm must it have been to many a crushed and wounded spirit to have known that there was one small spot in Europe, a mere village if you will, where no memory of bygones could reach him! or if they came, could they affect his fame or touch his fortune! Wolves and lambs, we all lay down together, with the tacit understanding that the habits were to be those of a peaceful sheepfold, and that in these pasturages, at least, none was to devour his neighbor. And now I am going to leave all this, and to venture upon a new penitentiary, where I don't even know one of my fellow-prisoners, nor have I as much as seen the turnkey.

No wonder if I grow heavy-hearted if I think of it. I had grown so habituated to all here that life cost me no effort. I went on as a steamer does after the screw has ceased revolving—smoothly, quietly, wavelessly—getting each moment nearer to the mooring; and now I have to get up steam and be off to a new roadstead.

Has it ever, most bland reader, been your fate, when seated at a very pleasant little dinner with familiar and fond faces around you, to have received a sudden order from His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Kamtschatka, or the Hospadar of Taganraggenoff, to dine with him; an invitation which is a command, and to accept which you have to make a hurried exit from your friends, and hasten off with all speed to invest yourself in gold lace and embroidery, to qualify you for the supreme blessing of being intolerably bored? Now, I don't say that his Highness has sent for me, or that any such greatness imperils me; but I have received an intimation that my prison has been changed, and that I am now to be the denizen of a larger penitentiary, or I may go at large if I will.

With half the poor debtor's experience of captivity—for I have been but twenty years—I am reluctant to go. I am used to it now. I can take my little exercise in that short corridor just as well as over the side of a mountain; and the view out of my window, though it be only the common court where the other prisoners are playing, interests and amuses me,

to the full, as much as if a whole panorama of the Tyrol lay stretched before me.

Another thing, too: ours was a sort of model penitentiary, and people who were curious on such things came from all parts to look at us. We were not exactly a reformatory—I won't say that—but I believe I may assert, that there was such an instinctive love of order, such a native sense of decorum and discipline amongst us, that the system worked without warders or overseers; none complained of the dietary; and such a thing as a prisoner tearing his clothes, or making a noise in his cell, was a thing positively unknown. I am bound to admit there was no crank-labor, no oakum-picking, no stone-breaking; we did nothing all day long, and it was astonishing how we throve on it. I don't believe there were five men in the institution who had earned as much as one day's subsistence all the time I knew it, and yet there was no discontent; there was not even ennui. If happiness be the test of a successful system, ours ought to have the gold medal. Scores upon scores of the curious who came to see the place ended by taking up their abode in it. We had our historical associations too; and a very respectable gallery of all the celebrities who had formerly adorned the establishment graced one of the wings, and strangers took a vast interest in this, particularly young ladies, who often came, accompanied by a convict "detailed" for the purpose, to copy a particular portrait.

Is it wonderful if I am sorry to leave it now? where shall I ever find such felons again? Where shall I ever hear such a kind interpretation of all human motives, so many comforting assurances to those weak of virtue, and so many argumentative reasons for doing whatever one liked? Compared to the smooth path of existence here, all other roads in life are macadamized highways and bare feet. We are constantly told—I read it only last week in the "Times," in a leader about Mexico—that in every conflict between civilization and barbarism, it is the savagery gets the worst of it—that the spirit of culture is always the conquering spirit, and that the polished races sweep the uncivilized ones before them, by a law that never varies. Now, is it not strange that the theory is scarcely borne out by what one sees in the world of society? It is not the superior mind, the higher intelligence, or the greater refinement, which, leavening the mass, elevates the whole. It is exactly the reverse; people in the world of life take their tone from the lowest in intelligence, and the meanest in acquirement. We are not here without men and women of a thoughtful turn, some of them gifted with considerable faculties, and some who would make their mark on the society of any European capital; and yet in our village they are totally submerged and lost: swallowed up in the "gurgite vasto" of the universal nothingness that surrounds us, they give no sign of their existence, so that we are not crushed by mental superiorities, nor do we groan under the remorseless tyranny of that oppressive being—the man of cultivated understanding.

Is there then anything that we could complain of? I verily believe there is not. I never heard of a place so easy to live in, nor of people so easy to live with, where men are so temperate in their tastes, each satisfied with his own, be the fare ever so humble, so that no one sponges on his neighbor. There are no one-ideaed people running about in society, and boring you with some egotistical conception about prophecy or politics, the age of the world, or the advance of the Russian. We are neither historical nor speculative; the only deluge we take count of was a flood in the Arno; and our notion of original sin is connected with a rise in the price of tobacco!

Sitting here for the last time, "sub tegmine fig-tree," I am really sorry to think I am going away. Had I indeed had charge of some great "argosy," had I been in command of some "tall ammiral," it is not impossible I might have desired more sea-room and a wider ocean; but *my* existence, I own it in all humility, was a mere "canoe voyage;" and where could I have found a pleasanter rivulet to paddle in?

In the great centres of life—in Paris and in London—men's nerves are so tensely strung by the exciting interests of life, that they come into society weary, jaded, and exhausted. Now, in our village, there are no high themes, no eventful questions. We have no rich people to fret over a fall of the funds; we have no clever people to go mad over the scarifying criticism on their spec' or their novel; we are neither tormented with celebrities nor bored by ambitions. We are all delightfully dull and charmingly commonplace; and the smallest of stories, or the flattest of jokes, would have a success with us such as the smartest repartee or the best anecdote would not obtain elsewhere; and, let me tell you, there is much in this.

We are all of us eager to know where we can live cheaply—where rent is low, and the markets reasonable—and where our sovereign is worth not twenty, but five-and-twenty, or even thirty shillings; and why not, I ask, seek for the same economy intellectually? Why not inquire where you can exist with a very small patrimony of brains, where you can compete with your neighbor on a very modest fortune of intelligence?

I am not ashamed of my cold mutton and my table-beer when I know that the gentleman next door is not dining on venison and Chambertin; and in the same way it reconciles me marvellously to the significance of my own life, its plodding monotony and its general worthlessness, when I can show every evening in the public garden a score or two of people just as idle, just as stupid, and just as good for nothing as myself.

Am I so certain I shall ever meet the like again? The very thought of going amongst active-minded, busy, bustling people, with interests to enjoy, and ambitions to stimulate them, actually stuns me. I have been chewing the opium of this drowsy Italian life so long that I cannot shake off the pleasant lethargy, and take to "THOUGHT" again.

Our village, too, had another advantage: it lay on a great high-road

to many more important places; and tired travellers liked it well as a place to rest in. The inns were good, the landlords civil, and not greater rogues than their colleagues elsewhere; and then, if a stranger fancied to defer his departure, and pass an extra day or two amongst us, such was our hospitality, such was the unsuspecting courtesy of our habits, he was at once presented with the freedom of the city, and there was not a house, from the Maire's to the Postmistress's, where he was not an honored and accepted guest.

More exclusive communities will exclaim against this, and cry out, How dangerous and how rash! Our experiences do not corroborate these fears; or, at all events, we are philosophers enough to balance the good against the evil, and we are content with the result. The luckiest fisherman will now and then find in his net some monstrous creature he is only too glad to return to the waves; and so is it in life. All our "takes" are not John Dorys.

Perhaps of all our characteristics the most striking was the tame indolent way we pursued our pleasures; for though we were essentially a people bent on enjoyment, and, in fact, thinking of no other thing, yet we never, as John Bull does, converted pleasure into a business, and toiled like galley-slaves to amuse ourselves. We knew so well that to-morrow would be pretty much the same as to-day, that we had none of that exaggerated eagerness for enjoyment—that *carpe diem* zeal to condense our delights—which is so often seen at home. In fact, our object was rather to husband our resources for self-indulgence, than to make much of the occasions themselves; and this sentiment threw a certain graceful languor over intercourse, which coarser natures from the wrong side of the Alps mistook for lassitude!

Just as there are seas so buoyant that the worst swimmers can keep afloat on them, so are there societies where almost without an effort you can sustain yourself. Is it not sad to leave all this? I cannot grow young again, and rally back to hope and spring and ambition. I am somewhat footsore and weary of the road, and would rather see the old familiar street, whose every creaking sign whispers a welcome to me, than all the glories the German Emperor is displaying to his royal guests. I shall never see a sunset so beautiful as that which is now tinging those halls with opal. And there, yonder comes the moon over the top of the Apennines—the last full moon I am to see in Italy.

THE STORY OF THE MARQUISE DE DOUHAULT.

ADELAIDE DE CHAMPIGNELLES, the daughter of Rogres de Champignelles and Jeanne de Laubrière, was born on the 7th of October, 1741. Her father's name, or title as we may call it, preceded by the aristocratic particle *de*, was derived from the small country town of Champignelles, about nine leagues from Auxerre, where the family château and estates were situate. According to custom, she received her education in a convent, seeing very little of the world, except the world of nuns and father-confessors, and knowing nothing of the world's selfishness.

On the 30th of August, 1764, she left the convent school to marry a wealthy nobleman, the Marquis de Douhault. It was what the French call a suitable match; in which class of matches the suitableness consists in the rank and fortune of the parties.

Love had little, that is to say, nothing, to do with the marriage; though Madame la Marquise de Douhault began her wedded life with the hope of being able to love her husband. But no such happiness was in store for her. Very shortly after the wedding, the bride discovered that the bridegroom was afflicted with epilepsy! The hoped-for hours of tenderness were replaced by fearful scenes of horror. Recovering from the shock of this awful blow, she accepted her sorrowful lot in silence, continuing to fulfil her duties as a wife quietly, without outward complaint. But in 1765 her husband's malady suddenly degenerated into furious insanity. His excitement and violence were such that it became dangerous to wait upon him. Madame de Douhault did her utmost to soothe him during his fits of mania; but one day, while interfering to prevent his cruel treatment of a man servant, she received a sword wound in her right breast.

In April, 1766, the two families agreed, under legal authority, to seclude M. de Douhault at Charenton, near Paris, in which asylum he survived, always insane, for nearly one-and-twenty years, having died there in March, 1787. His wife, at five-and-twenty the widow of a living husband, continued to reside at the Château du Chazelet, an estate belonging to the marquis. During all those sad one-and-twenty years she led an exemplary and benevolent life.

To her sorrow, Madame de Douhault had an only brother, M. de Champignelles. Her father, M. de Champignelles the elder, had died in May, 1784, that is, about three years before her husband's death. According to her account, his death was hastened by grief at the unkind conduct of his son, who turned him out of the hotel which he occupied, by substituting his own name for his father's in a renewal of the lease. The father's death gave occasion for the settlement of the mother's claims, which entitled her to a life interest in all her husband's property, on the condition of paying to her son an income of 4000 francs a year, and to her

daughter the sum of 40,000 francs, the half of her dowry, which had never been paid.

But a son who had cheated his father was not likely to respect the rights either of his mother or his sister. At the settlement he contrived to terrify the former into accepting an allowance from him of about eleven thousand francs a year, he taking possession of all the estates. Madame de Douhault, in easy circumstances, and without children, made no great resistance to this lion-like partition of the spoil. He thus got into his own hands the whole of the paternal inheritance, to the half of which his sister had an equal right, besides her claim of forty thousand francs now, and as much more at her mother's death.

As might have been expected, the greedy bargain once made, and the source of the funds within his grasp, the bad son paid his mother's income badly. More than once Madame de Champignelles found herself in need; more than once she was compelled to raise money by getting her former valet-de-chambre to pledge or sell her jewelry. She was obliged to deny herself luxuries, and to underlet rooms in her residence. In her correspondence with her daughter she bitterly complained of her melancholy isolation in Paris, while her proper place was to remain as mistress at the Château de Champignelles, where any other son would have affectionately installed her. For a time she hoped for better things, but by degrees the truth broke on her mind that with ingratitude in a selfish child there is no hope. With this sad conviction forced upon her, she entreated her daughter to join her in instituting legal steps to recover their rights, which she repented of having yielded so easily.

Before coming to a decision which must be the commencement of a family struggle, Madame de Douhault wrote to her brother, urging him, in friendly terms, to put an end to the cause of complaint. His reply was redoubled harshness. He even offered the patrimonial estates for sale, the report of which increased the mother's alarm, and determined the daughter to take a decided step.

Such was the state of affairs, when Madame de Douhault informed her mother that she would arrive in Paris by the beginning of 1788 to consult about the measures most expedient to adopt. The son was thus threatened either with having to restore to his mother the life enjoyment of the property, or with having to share it with his sister. In either case his sister was an inconvenience. Her interference was inopportune, her claims unpleasant. The most fortunate thing for him would be to get rid of both. Nevertheless *he* also expressed his desire that the meeting and consultation should take place. Instead of seeming to fear their results, he even urged their realization.

Another circumstance ought to be mentioned, which may explain the motives of other actors in this domestic drama. At her husband's death Madame de Douhault had caused to be drawn up, in the presence of the heirs of the deceased, an inventory of the inheritance which she had the right to enjoy for her life. Her claims thus sub-

stantiated, she became a fixture upon the estate — an annuitant, whose longevity would be burdensome, and whose decease would be a gain to the next expectants. It was at the close of the December following that she left Chazelet on a visit to her mother, to consult with her respecting their family concerns.

If we may believe the Woman without a Name who will shortly appear upon the scene, Madame de Douhault, when about to start for Paris, felt a secret presentiment of evil, an inexplicable repugnance to take the journey. Her nearest friends and relations approved of the undertaking; still in her farewell visits to her neighbors, she could not conceal her involuntary fears, for which she could show no definite motive. Her cousin, a magistrate, reassured her, attributing her vague inquietude to a temporary derangement of health; in spite of which, she could not help deferring her departure till the last minute possible.

At length, with great regret, she started. In travelling to Paris her habit was to sleep at Orleans, at the house of M. du Lude, her great-nephew *on her husband's side*, and consequently one of the parties who would come in for a share of her husband's property, after her decease. That gentleman happened then to be at Argenton, on the way to Orleans, and she wrote to invite him to accompany her hither. He declined to do so, on some frivolous pretext; and curiously enough, she was informed at Argenton that he had started for Orleans immediately after receiving her invitation. At Argenton she sent back her own coachman, and went on with post-horses. On reaching Orleans, she drove at once to M. du Lude's house, as usual. This time, alleging sundry reasons, he excused himself from entertaining her, indicating, instead of his own, the house of one M. de la Roncière, where he said a chamber was prepared for her, and also advising her to send her servant elsewhere, to give the less trouble to the De la Roncières.

Not a little astonished at this reception, she went where she was told, and found a chamber on the ground-floor, looking into the court-yard. Here, say her brother and his partisans, she fell ill, and died on the 18th of January, 1788. Her funeral took place on the 21st. So far there is nothing very extraordinary in the lady's biography. Other women have had afflicted husbands, have conducted themselves worthily under the affliction, and have died while travelling. Our wonder is now to begin.

On the 17th of October, 1791, a veiled personage, dressed in black, presented herself at the gate of the Château de Champignelles. On her demanding admission, the porter replied, "Madame, my master, M. de Champignelles, has forbidden me to allow any one to enter without a written order from himself."

"But don't you know me, Saint-Loup?" she asked, raising her veil. "I am the Marquise de Douhault, your master's sister."

"The marquise died some time ago. You had better withdraw, madame; I have my orders."

The lady returned to the town of Champignelles, where she had

arrived in a carriage and had passed the night at the principal inn.

The next morning, at the ten o'clock Mass, she entered the church, which was crowded with townspeople and the dependents of the château. She raised her veil, knelt before a tomb inscribed with the name of Rogres de Champignelles, and prayed, shedding many tears. The persons present, in astonishment, watched her with the greatest attention. Several of them exclaimed aloud, "What a striking likeness to the late Madame la Marquise de Douhault!"

But in that very church, and not very long since, a funeral service had been celebrated for the repose of the marquise's soul. Nevertheless, the stranger's figure, her walk, her features—everything—so perfectly recalled the deceased to mind, that during the Mass more than one of the congregation could not help muttering, "She may be dead; but one would say that this is our marquise all the same."

When Mass was over, knots of people waited at the door, to see the lady walk out of church. She was accompanied by a femme-de-chambre. One of the spectators, bolder than the rest, accosted the servant and inquired her mistress's name. "You ought to know her better than I do," was the answer given.

At this, several persons who had had more frequent intercourse than the others with Mdlle. de Champignelles, approached the lady. "Yes, my friends," she said, "I am indeed the Marquise de Douhault; my childhood was passed in this domain, where I am now refused admittance."

Her voice, too, was the voice of Mademoiselle de Champignelles. She dissipated all further doubt by addressing each individual by name and reminding them of circumstances which could only be known to the daughter of their former lord. Hesitation was no longer possible. The whole town was convinced of the marquise's actual return in the flesh. The bells rang to celebrate the event. During the course of several days the marquise was visited by many persons belonging to the neighborhood. All who had known the Marquise de Douhault recognized her in the person who now claimed the name. The National Guard fêted the recovered lady; the municipal officers, the head of the police, wished to give every possible authenticity to her almost general recognition by the inhabitants. They therefore published, to the sound of the drum, a request that every one who did recognize her should make declaration to that effect before the municipality.

On the 23d of October the inquiry was opened. Ninety-six inhabitants of the town and its environs testified to the lady's existence and to her identity with the person who appeared in their presence. This result was officially recorded. Immediately afterwards, she summoned the Sieur de Champignelles, her brother, before the Bureau de Conciliation, as detaining her goods under an illegal title. This summons having had no effect, she transferred the suit to the Tribunal of the district of Saint-Fargeau, in order to be reinstated in all her rights, titles, and goods, and to recover five hundred thou-

sand francs, as damages. A memoir which she published in support of her claims, explains how, supposed to be dead and buried at Orleans, she was still alive.

On the 15th of January, 1788—dates are of importance in this tangled tale—it appears that she prepared to leave Orleans for Paris. That day, Madame de la Roncière invited her to take a farewell drive along the quays of the Loire. Two other ladies were of the party. During the drive, Madame de la Roncière offered Madame de Douhault a pinch of snuff; immediately after taking which she was seized with so violent a headache that she begged to be driven back to the house at once. They gave her a footbath, and she then fell into a profound slumber. Was the snuff poisoned, and the lady a tool of M. de Champignelles.

Afterwards? A wide blank here occurs in Madame de Douhault's recollections. All she knew was that she awoke in the Salpêtrière, at Paris—a hospital for female lunatics and a prison for female criminals.

By an effort of memory, she was able vaguely to call to mind that, after the slumber at Orleans, which lasted for more than a day, she had a lucid interval, during which Madame de la Roncière urged her to set off for Paris that very evening. She was not allowed to see her femme-de-chambre. She had a confused remembrance of taking a basin of broth from that lady's hands; of going to Paris, where the image of her brother passed before her eyes; of police-agents arresting her and carrying her off in a closed carriage.

At the Salpêtrière she gradually regained the sad possession of her faculties. Her reason returned clear and bright, causing her to feel her situation the more acutely. She expressed her astonishment, protested, told them who she was. They replied that she was mistaken: that her name was Anne Buirette. After seventeen months of horrible seclusion, during which time all her letters were intercepted, she succeeded in acquainting a powerful friend, Madame de Polignac, with the infamous sequestration practiced on her; adding that the minister who had granted such an arbitrary order must have been deceived into yielding it. [Those were still the days of lettres-de-cachet.] Madame de Polignac got the order revoked; and on the 13th of July, 1789, a Chevalier de Saint Louis came to the prison and announced to Madame de Douhault that she was free. He accompanied her to the bottom of the Jardin des Plantes, and left her there to shift for herself. The captive of the Salpêtrière found herself alone in Paris, ignorant of passing events, on the eve of a terrible revolution, when the people were preluding the capture of the Bastille by burning the Barrières.

Meanwhile, at Orleans, Madame de Douhault was said to have died of a disease which the doctors qualified as "lethargic." Seals were put on her effects and papers, and on her furniture at Chazelet. Her funeral was proceeded with, and a certificate of burial drawn up. On the 25th of January they obtained from Madame de Champignelles, the mother, who was bewailing the loss of a beloved daugh-

ter, an authorization to remove the seals. M. de Champignelles proceeded, *with Madame de Douhault's other heirs*, to divide the inheritance left by his sister.

She herself had not the slightest suspicion that her brother had been the cause of her detention. She was not aware that she was legally dead, and her first thought was to fly to him. He would not recognize her, refused any explanation, and had her turned out of the house as a mad woman, as an adventuress. Comprehending nothing about such a reception, she betook herself to an uncle, a commandant. He received her coldly. Like M. de Champignelles, he did not know her, and, nevertheless, he asked her to dinner. With tears in her eyes she refused, exclaiming, "I shall find a refuge with my mother!" "Your mother!" replied the commandant. "Your mother is dead."

In her desolation, she hastened to Madame de Polignac, then at Versailles. There she was recognized by numerous persons of the highest distinction, amongst others by the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. The whole court were unanimous in believing that the prisoner rescued from the Salpêtrière was no other than Adelaide de Champignelles.

Madame de Douhault did not wish to be in too great a hurry to raise a judicial scandal involving the honor of two families. All her friends and protectors advised her to confide in the goodness and justice of the King. But very soon the King himself was powerless, the court dispersed. In February, 1790, she resolved to bring a civil action. Through the treachery of those whom she trusted as her advocates, she was sent for a month to the prison of La Force. There, she claimed the assistance of Bailly, who was then mayor of Paris. Bailly knew her, and wished to aid her; but he found that he had to reckon with people from whose violence he was unable eventually to rescue his own head. On leaving La Force, she learned by accident that the commandant had deceived her, and that her mother was still alive, although broken down by age and sorrow. One touching and final interview only was allotted to them for the interchange of their mutual confidences. M. de Champignelles was informed of the meeting. He closed his mother's doors against his sister. A few days afterwards Mdme. de Champignelles really died, and Mdme. de Douhault fell seriously ill. Such are the facts on which that lady grounded her protest against the Register of Death drawn up at Orleans.

M. de Champignelles at first attempted a summary reply to these accusations. In a complaint addressed to M. Delessart, the Minister of the Interior, he treated the public inquiry and recognition at Champignelles as a guilty act,—as an attempt to obtain forcible possession of the château. The claimant, he said, had appeared at the gate of that residence accompanied by three hundred armed men, in order to compel the steward to yield it. He insisted that the municipality was bound to protect his property against all aggression of the kind.

These tactics not succeeding, he was obliged to follow other forms

of law. In February, 1792, he was permitted to have an interrogatory put to the plaintiff, which consisted of one hundred and fourteen questions, thereby putting the lady into the position of the accused party or the prisoner. Now in France, the presiding judge, so far from being, as in England, the counsel for the prisoner, is his most severe cross-examiner. From the very first, Madame de Douhault—for so we are obliged to call her—could not help perceiving that a change of circumstances had taken place, that the court was against her, and that the interrogating judge believed that he had sufficient grounds for taxing her with falsehood. He could and would see in her no other than a certain Anne Buirette, who, it appeared, was imprisoned in the Salpêtrière on the 3d of January, 1786.

To the majority of these questions Madame de Douhault replied quite satisfactorily. They minutely tested her recollection of names, faces, costumes, and facts which could prove her identity. On most of them she was imperturbable; no one, it seemed, but the real marquise could give so complete an account of her past life as she did. But when they talked to her about her entrance into the Salpêtrière, she became confused, and unfortunately adopted (38th Answer) the very date, January 3, 1786, which was signalized as that of the incarceration of Anne Buirette, who, according to M. de Champignelles' system of defence, was in fact the real plaintiff. From that moment the judges considered themselves absolved from further investigation; this answer decided everything. The plaintiff, imprisoned in La Salpêtrière from 1786 to 1789, could not be Madame de Douhault, whom authentic documents proved to be living at Chazelet in 1786 and 1787. The judges did not take any note that the Anne Buirette in question was twenty-eight years of age at the time of her entrance into the Salpêtrière, whilst at that date Madame de Douhault was forty-five, and now was evidently past fifty. They did not consider that a single incorrect answer out of one hundred and fourteen ought not to cancel all the rest. After that answer, every one of M. de Champignelles' assertions was unhesitatingly accepted. The plaintiff's counsel was gained over by the defendant to acts of treachery. Letters badly written and spelt, purporting to be from her, were produced in court, which she asserted to be forgeries. The Commissaire du Roi in his speech denounced her as a vulgar impostor.

Madame de Douhault had blue eyes, limped slightly in her walk, had on her right breast the scar of the sword-cut, and on her left hand a well-known scar from the bite of a little dog, on her right arm the scars of a surgical cautery. The plaintiff bore the very same marks; but all material proofs were in vain. The unfortunate answer to the 38th Question put an end to everything. In May, 1792, the tribunal of Saint-Fargeau pronounced that the plaintiff had been "imprisoned for swindling in the Salpêtrière from the 3d of January, 1786, until the 16th of of October, 1789, under the name of Anne Buirette;" that she could not therefore be the late Madame de Douhault; that she had no right

to demand that the Sieur de Champignelles should answer *her* interrogatories, since whatever might be the facts elicited by his answers, "they could be of no consequence to a stranger." It was resolving the question at issue by the question itself.

We cannot follow all the subsequent legal struggles. A Councillor of State declared that the Saint-Fargeau judgment contained "three disgusting falsehoods." Twenty-one witnesses deposed that they had been threatened and tampered with by the defendant. All was to no purpose; at every step uprose the unlucky answer to the 38th Question.

In this singular case, truth and equity were sacrificed to forms of law. In July, 1808, there appeared an admirable *Consultation on the Douhault Judgments*, by M. Romain Desèze, the courageous defender of Louis XVI, in which he says that there exists neither in the forms of French legislation nor in the power of any court of law, any resource by which the plaintiff could appeal against the sentences which formally refused her the name she claimed, and which prohibited her from assuming it. Those sentences were beyond the reach of any kind of legal attack. The case had passed through the entire series of courts; all had successively rejected the claim. Consequently, it was formally decided by every tribunal which had the right to interfere, that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, and that she could not take that quality and title without committing a criminal usurpation.

Nevertheless, when they gave their decision that the plaintiff was not the Widow de Douhault, none of the tribunals which rejected her claim were able to say *who* she was, to what class of society she belonged, the place of her birth, where she had lived, whether she were widow, wife, or maid, what she had done during the fifty years that preceded her claim, or what had been her social condition during that period. Here, then, was a woman without a name, without a station, without a title, without an origin; she belonged to nobody; she could claim no relation; she had no position whatever in the world; she could not appear before a tribunal under any denomination; she could not perform any act of civil life; she was nothing, nobody, a nonenity.

Madame de Douhault, or whoever she was, had enjoyed for some years the interest of an "inscription" in the "Grand Livre" of France—say, of a sum invested in government securities. The proprietor of the "inscription"—the person who had the reversion of the principal—wanted to sell that reversion, as he had a perfect right to do; to effect which it was necessary that the life-tenant should sign the transfer, which was impossible. How could she sign with a name which legal judgments had forbidden her to take? And, as those judgments had not assigned to her any other name, the transfer could not be effected. The government security—a form of property naturally transmissible and circulable—was obliged to remain unsold.

What means could be employed to remedy this anomalous position, which is unexampled in the annals

of justice? The French lawyers puzzled their brains, and came to the conclusion that they were at a dead lock, at a stand still, at the end of a blind alley. That ill-omened date, the 3d of January, 1786, remained like a stone fastened to a drowning man. The defendant would not allow it to drop. There was no remedy, according to due course of law. "In all contests," said one legal luminary, "there is a term where the magistrate's inquiries must stop." "We can only," said another, "treat human affairs *humanly*. In questions of fact, we are obliged to judge, not according to the eternal truth of things, but according to their shadows, their figures, their appearances. If we have erred in the Douhault affair, we have erred *according to rule*, and *our error consequently does not exist in the eyes of the law.*" A third authority clenched the nail with—"One of the commonest maxims in law is, that a thing once judged ought to pass for the truth, and that a sentence has power of making white black, and black white."

And then they adduced the very natural and very innocently simple argument, "Who can believe that any one holding so distinguished a position as M. de Champignelles, &c., would ever dare, &c., by such odious means, &c., to stifle the voice of nature, &c., and degrade and rob his unfortunate sister, whose only crime was the wealth she possessed and was entitled to?"

Her friends urged that, if she were not the Widow de Douhault, she must necessarily be somebody else. How was it that, in the course of so searching an inquiry, her real name was not discovered? A life of more than fifty years could not be passed without leaving a trace. It is the only trial in which an impostor has been condemned for assuming a false name without the discovery of his real name and origin. But here, the only safe ground to act upon, namely, the impostor's *veritable* individuality, is altogether wanting.

Legal consultations could get no further than to ascertain that, although every point in the case indicated the possibility of the reversal of the sentence, the means of proceeding to that reversal were not to be found in existing legislation. So late as 1809, ten eminent Paris jurisconsults, assembled in the conviction of the plaintiff's good faith, were unable to untie the Gordian knot. Their belief in her claim was supported by an eleventh lawyer, who had known her well before her troubles, and who was convinced of her identity by her voice, her figure, her features, and her conversation.

Nor was the difficulty summarily removed, as it might have been, by the interference of the Head of the State. The lady who claimed to be Madame de Douhault remained, to the end of her days, a woman without a name. A drama played on the Boulevard, *La Fausse Marquise*, publicly taxed her with imposture; and when the authorities interfered to put a stop to the scandal, the piece prohibited in Paris was acted for a considerable time afterwards at Orleans, through the influence of the triumphant family. And when Madame de Douhault gave up the ghost, no one dare inscribe *any* name upon her tombstone.

THE QUEEN'S EPITAPH.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(The subjoined poem embodies an incident recorded in the *Broad Stone of Honor*; and revealing in the early Norman Queen, to whom it is accredited, a humility thoroughly Catholic, and touching as it is beautiful.)

I.

Did she say unto her minstrels: "Sing my fame to list'ning time?"
Did she say unto her poets: "Write my praise in silver rhyme?"
To her sculptors did she utter, with a right majestic air:
"Straightway hasten to prepare
For my tomb a statue fair,
Carven out of costly marble with an epitaph sublime?"

II.

"Golden sceptre in my fingers,—on my head a golden crown,
And a cloak of chiselled ermine from my shoulders dropping down,
'*Eleanore, King Henry's Consort*,'—jewelled in the living stone,
Fairest Queen that ever shone,
Star-like, on the English throne—
While the flower of Norman Knighthood kiss'd the border of her gown."

III.

Heaven forgive the foul suspicion of the dead Queen's lowliness:
Gentle Saint! forgive the satire of thy soul's supreme distress!
Wailing feebly: "O my maidens! O my courtiers! let no hand
To my mem'ry in the land,
Raise a mausoleum grand,—
But upon my tomb write simply, '*Eleanore la pecheresse!*'"

IV.

O, the depths of purest wisdom those few gasping words express!
Sunset clouds of rose and amber clad in twilight's sober dress—
Sunset clouds of royal splendor o'er her death-bed taking wing,
Stripped of sceptre, crown and ring,
Face to face with Christ the King—
ELEANORE LA REINE was lost in ELEANORE LA PECHERESSE!

PIUS THE SEVENTH AND PIUS THE NINTH.

THE newspapers have been giving to their readers the details of the measures said to be proposed to the Italian Parliament by the government of Florence for the securing to the Holy Father, whom that government has just violently robbed of his states, his palaces, his churches, and of the money in his treasury, the free exercise of his spiritual sovereignty. The same government, moreover, has lately seized the papers which printed the Pope's Encyclical, containing the excommunication of Victor Emmanuel, his advisers and abettors, not to mention other acts which furnish so significant a commentary upon the promise of "a free church in a free state." The details of the proposed measure, which perhaps may be forgotten before these lines reach our readers' eye, are curious, and will impose, no doubt, on some few innocent people out of Italy. It may be worth while to examine them for a moment.

Pius the Ninth, then, is to be guaranteed his "sovereign rights," after everything over which he is sovereign has been taken away from him. He is to be allowed to retain his guards, and provided with an income of 3,255,000fr. As his guards would be immediately overpowered by any force that the Florentine government might choose to employ against them, and would therefore be at once forbidden to resist by the Holy Father himself, the brave Swiss who have so often proved their fidelity might as well be at once turned into mere beefeaters or javelin men, or supplanted by Italian policemen. As for the promised income of 3,255,000fr., we can only wonder that M. Lanza and his associates should have fixed on this particular sum rather than any other. It is as easy to promise thirty millions as three. The Italian government is pretty well versed in the game of spoliation, and of promising compensations or offerings. After the siege of Ancona, the papers were instructed to publish that Victor Emmanuel made an offering of no one knows how many thousand scudi to the shrine of Loreto. When the church property and the property of the religious orders was seized, every one knows that compensation was promised to individuals, and every one, not out of Italy, knows perfectly well what the royal promise in one case or the parliamentary promise in the other was worth. So, as he never means to pay anything at all to the Pope, except when it is in the interest of his policy to do so, M. Lanza might as well have put it on a little stronger in his civil list for the Pope, and if he wishes any one but Englishmen to believe in his sincerity, he might begin by returning to His Holiness the five millions which he found in the Roman treasury, of which, we will venture to say, the Italian state as such has been by no means the sole recipient. We are told further that the Pope is to keep the Vatican, the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore—which, by the way, is *not* the cathedral of Rome—Castel Gandolfo,

and their dependencies, "and these are exempted from taxes and common law jurisdiction. The same immunity is extended to any temporary presidency of the Pope, Conclave or Council. The Pope's correspondence is to be free. Even in pursuit of criminals, neither visits nor searches are to be allowed. The Pope is to be free to establish at the Vatican a post and telegraph office, keeping his own officials." It is not said how the post-bags are to get anywhere, except by the good leave and help of Italian officials, or with what part of earth, sea, or sky the telegraph is to communicate, without being always liable to the inspection and manipulation of the same tender guardians of the liberty of the Church. It is added, indeed, that "the Papal despatches, couriers, and telegrams are to be conveyed as those of foreign governments," but then foreign governments may possibly have a way of their own of enforcing respect to their "despatches, couriers, and telegrams," not possessed by the prisoner of the Vatican. "Councils will require no preliminary permission for meeting." This is very kind of M. Lanza. Councils have not been in the habit of asking leave of such ministers as he is for their meetings, but, unfortunately, they require either a free city or a government which they can trust before they meet anywhere. "The Pope may prefer to benefices without royal permission. The sale of the Bishops to the King, the Royal Placet and Exequatur are abolished. The seminaries and other Catholic institutions will derive their authority from the Holy See alone, without any interference whatever from the Italian scholastic authorities." That is, we suppose, without any interference except of that kind which has shut up the schools of the Roman College and the Apollinari, and various other institutions of the same class. For all which boons, no doubt, Pius the Ninth will be very foolish if he does not feel extremely thankful, and consecrate by his blessing the new state of things which produces them.

What the Italian Parliament may think of all these proposals, we are of course unable to tell. One thing we may be quite certain of—that no member of that body will for a moment be so foolish as to believe that the government of King Victor Emmanuel has the slightest intention of keeping them except as a matter of convenience, or that when the bill in which they are embodied, or any other bill of the same kind, has passed the Legislature and been ratified by the King, it will be worth, as far as any protection to the Pope or Church is concerned, the paper on which it is written. In one view of these matters, it would seem as if nothing could be more childish than to propose such measures—except, of course, to believe that there is the slightest intention of carrying them out. Again, there is something singularly foolish—if it be not meant as a mere insult—in enacting at Florence a set of conditions for the security of the Pope, when it is perfectly well known that he will accept nothing whatever at the hands of his gaolers. No government with a particle of character or good faith would venture on the farce of such legislation. In this point of

view, it is another grave insult to the Church, to morality, and to God, another deep disgrace on the Italian name, to go through the solemn mockery of pretending to secure by measures such as these the rights of the Church and the Holy Father, when no security whatever is needed except deliverance from the violent injustice and brute force of the men who are the performers of this mockery. It is almost impossible, with the history of the last few years in our memory, to speak or write as if the proposals of the Florentine Cabinet were the serious proposals of real statesmen who mean to do what they promise and observe the obligations by which they bind themselves, but there may be some people, at least in this country, who may not be aware of the grounds of this impossibility, and for their sakes it may be worth while to reason for a few minutes as if it did *not* exist.

We need not repeat the arguments which have been so often urged as to the necessity of the Temporal Power for the independence and free action of the Church. Those arguments show irresistibly that the Pope must be the sovereign of a considerable state, weak, it may be, by the side of the great monarchies of Europe, but large enough to bear without grievance the burden of the administration of the government of the Church, and to make its ruler safe against sudden aggression and insolent oppression. We have already implied, that there is a difficulty in arguing the question on these grounds, because we might by so doing seem to admit that anything at present is to be done but simply to redress wrong and restore what has been sacrilegiously usurped. And now, in the light of the truth of the necessity of the Civil Independence of the Supreme Pontiff, what are we to think of M. Lanza's proposals? No man in his senses will argue that they make the Pope independent in any way. He is at best a sort of Prince Bishop, though there have been, and perhaps are, Prince Bishops who have the temporal administration of certain portions of country in their own hands to a far greater extent than is conceded to the Roman Pontiff by the government of Florence. It would not make the Archbishop of Canterbury independent if he were allowed a small number of streets around Lambeth as a "Leonine city," and had his own beefeaters, his own post-office, and his own telegraph wires. There have been whole classes of people in European states who have had "sovereign rights," if by that is meant the privilege of personal inviolability, but they have not been the less subjects for that. Napoleon the First would have conceded to Pius the Seventh a good deal more than M. Lanza is ready to concede to Pius the Ninth, and both Emperor and Pope understood well enough what was meant by freedom and what was meant by servitude. There is no question, therefore, of satisfying the requirement of the Church's necessary liberty by the arrangements that are now proposed, even if they are proposed in good faith and can be honestly exercised. Even let us place in the position of Signor Lanza and his associates a thoroughly Catholic

ministry, let us fill the Hall of the Cinque Cento at Florence with representatives of the Italian nation equally Catholic, and let us place on the throne some loyal and religious sovereign in the stead of Victor Emmanuel, what would these measures be worth in such a case? They would be worth a little more than they are now—but not much. Not much—for no one can give what he has not got to give; and no Parliamentary majority, no constitutional ministry, no sovereign of a state whose policy may change from year to year, can secure for such stipulations as those of which we are speaking that they shall be permanent and immutable.

A few years may roll by, and a change in public opinion or a revolutionary agitation, a propaganda of ideas hostile to the Church, and the hands which have set up these frail barriers of security for the independence of the Pontiff may be called upon to pull them down. Italy is at this moment undermined by the secret societies. Up to this time they have used the King of Piedmont and the so-called Conservative party in the various provinces to bring about their long-plotted unity and the destruction of the Temporal Power; but who shall say how many weeks or months are to elapse before the Revolution knocks over its own puppets? It may in answer be said that Italy will, in a sort of sense, pledge herself to the Catholic world—that the nations of Europe will require of her to guarantee the securities which she proposes for the independence of the Pope. Just at this time, however, who cares any longer for guarantees? Italian ministers have never kept a pledge, except by force; but it is not Italy alone, it is one great European power after another, that denounces treaties and declares that it holds them no longer binding, because the physical force is wanting that might punish their violations. We must have something more binding than a solemn pledge from people who have never given a solemn pledge except to break it, something more than a guarantee from people who hold that it is neither infamous nor immoral to cast guarantees to the wind. The fall of the Temporal Power has already been signally illustrated by the open avowal that solemn treaties no longer bind the European nations. Europe has looked on with apathy while the greatest act of injustice which our time has known has been perpetrated with the greatest display of insolent mockery of all that is right and holy. Then of a sudden she finds that the bond of union, the sanction of the common law of nations, is gone into the same grave with the throne of the Pope! She has for centuries substituted mutual fear and the jealous watchfulness of her great and carefully-balanced powers over one another for the law of right and justice and the guiding influence of the representative of Jesus Christ upon earth. The balance of power has now been utterly disturbed; and in the disturbance we see what its moral worth was. It kept nations in order as long as they feared to become aggressive: now they find they need no longer fear, and we see that its moral worth was simply that of the maxim that "might makes right."

With Pius the Ninth in captivity in the Vatican, and with the European system itself in the state of solution into which the great German war of 1870 has thrown it, to be followed, perhaps, by far more general convulsions — for when Rome and the Pope are touched, there is commonly trouble from one end of Europe to the other—it may seem as if there were but few grounds of hope for an immediate restoration of peace, order, and the tranquil exercise by the Church of her heavenly mission in the world. We have already said that we cannot share the despondency with which many good Catholics look forward to the future. "Nothing under the sun is new," writes the Wise Man. "What is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be." The Church and the Temporal Power have gone through graver trials than those which now beset them. Let us refresh our memories, not by returning to any very ancient times, but to the days when our fathers were young, the days of the great war and of the First Empire, when the States of the Church were incorporated into the unity of the dominions of one who claimed to be the successor of Charlemagne —a man before whom all the earth kept silence, and by the side of whom Victor Emmanuel is a somewhat contemptible figure — when the Pope was in captivity, not in his own palace at the Vatican, but in the small town of Savona, not surrounded by his cardinals and counsellors, but utterly isolated, denied even pen and ink for his own use, and allowed to know of the affairs of the world and of the Church just as much and no more as was contained in the columns of the *Moniteur* of the French Empire. Most appropriately for our purpose, within the last few months in which books could still be printed and published at Paris, M. d'Haussonville sent out the last two volumes of his great work, *L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire.* These two volumes contain the history of the saddest portion of the life of Pius the Seventh—his imprisonment at Savona and Fontainebleau, the Gallican "Council" of 1811, the Concordat of 1813. In spirit, as well as in interest, they are the best parts of M. d'Haussonville's work. Begun with the object of proving the favorite thesis of the author, against the connection of Church and State, and written so far in the service of a dangerous and unorthodox opinion, the history has yet gradually come round to be a simple, most interesting, and most authentic narrative of events, of which no other such narrative exists, and M. d'Haussonville is far too honest to let his opinions warp his fairness in the statement of facts. It is surely very much to be wished that some concise and clear narrative of the events which it relates, a narrative which to be complete would have but few other books on which to found itself than the work before us, should be given to the English speaking public.

If we compare, point by point, the situation of the Church at the time of the imprisonment of Pius the Seventh and at present, the difference is certainly all in favor of the speedy resolution of the difficulties of our own time. We have already remarked on the inherent weakness and corruption of the

Italian kingdom. It is inherently weak, as all factitious unities must be. It has grown by fraud and violence, and has not been consolidated by any moderation, foresight, or conciliatory policy on the part of the aggressive power. We doubt whether in a large portion of the peninsula, the Piedmontese are less hated now than the Austrians some years ago in Northern Italy. The first power, internal or external, which appeals to the Italian provinces with the cry of federation, rather than the forced unity under which they now groan, and supports the cry with sufficient force to encourage the timid, will, we are convinced, be welcomed with a shout of joy from Florence to Palermo. The government is corrupt, the court is corrupt, the finances are manipulated for the purpose of individuals, and the result is the necessity for an enormous taxation. Put this against the empire of Napoleon the First. Say what we may against the Second Empire, the truth is, that the long reign of the Third Napoleon — far longer than that of his uncle — shows, among other things, how much force and strength there was in the power of the first. It was the name of Napoleon and the empire which secured to the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne the suffrages of France, not, we think, on account of the military glories, to the exclusion of the firm and strong government of which memories were full even at that distance of time. At the time of his quarrel with Pius the Seventh, the Emperor was at the height of his power. His will was law from one end of the Continent to the other. His imprisonment of the Pope and incorporation of the Roman States into his empire took place after he had been enabled to establish that "Continental system," which, whatever were its effects, may certainly be quoted as a convincing proof of the immense influence of its author. England, his only enemy, after her desertion by Austria in 1808, found her ships excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. We have written, Italy; but there were two ports in that peninsula, Civita Vecchia and Ancona, the sovereign of which, alone of all the rulers of Europe, refused to accede to the wishes of Napoleon in that respect.

That no one then discerned in the colossal empire which the soldier of fortune had raised for himself the elements of internal decay, is plain from the manner in which he was treated by the crowned heads of Europe, over whom he had soared to such unprecedented greatness. When his nephew was in search of an alliance after his *coup d'état*, it was commonly said that no European royal family would have sufficient confidence in the stability of his throne to give one of its daughters to him in marriage. When Napoleon the First divorced himself from Josephine, the two proudest houses in the world, those of the Czar of Russia and the Cæsar of Austria, vied with each other for the dubious honor of furnishing him with a consort, who perhaps might not be considered universally to be a lawful wife. It may be said with truth, that if any one had predicted the downfall of Napoleon and the dissolution of

the empire at that time, he would have seemed a mere visionary. Nor indeed, to do him justice, was his system such as to insure its own speedy dissolution. If Napoleon could have controlled himself, if he had not made his wisest counsellors afraid to tell him the truth, in political, as afterwards in military, matters—if he had not been simply intoxicated by success, so as to do his own genius the greatest injustice—there was nothing in reason to bring about the downfall of the edifice which he had reared. He was a firm, prudent, resolute governor, often, indeed, led away by passion, but a great organizer, and when not under the influence of passion, sagacious, industrious, and gifted almost with a kind of divination both as to measures and as to men. He was his own great enemy, and the great enemy of his empire. But for the intoxication of which we have spoken, he would never have made his great mistakes —of all of which the greatest was his conduct to Pius the Seventh. Such was the man, and such the power which were measured against the Holy Father on the throne of St. Peter at the beginning of the present century, and which held him in captivity, as Victor Emmanuel and the Italian kingdom now hold Pius the Ninth. * * * *

Napoleon the First cared about as much for the independence of the Church as the Florentine Cabinet, and in the height of his irresistible power he laid hands upon the dominions and sacred person of the Holy Father. No one resisted him, few lifted their voices against him, but the sentence of excommunication struck him, and he was hurled from the throne of France to that of a little Mediterranean island, almost in sight of the town of Savona, where he had imprisoned the Pope with so many circumstances of barbarous cruelty. And at present it is not a great Empire, but a factitious agglomeration of states under the nominal sceptre of a man of whose qualities it is not worth while to speak, that measures itself against the Church. If Italy were stronger than France ever was, and Victor Emmanuel greater than Napoleon ever was, it would be just the same. Behind the captive and insulted Pope is the majesty of the Catholic Church, and behind the Catholic Church is the power of Him whose Providence rules the world.

"Fear not, stand and see the great wonders of the Lord, which he will do this day." History repeats itself, and yet generation after generation sees the world's hosts surging up against the rock of the Church, forgetting the defeat and destruction of which the traces are as yet hardly removed. But the children of the Church cannot forget them, and so each new assault finds them calm and confident, waiting in tranquillity to see in what new way the certain deliverance will be made; leaving to Providence the times and seasons, as well as the manner of the triumph, and careful only not to fail in their duty of securing it and hastening it on by energetic activity in their own spheres of influence, by the practice of Christian virtues and the irresistible importunity of intense and ceaseless prayer.

IN THE DISTANCE.

A BOY lay on a bank, where early flowers
Grew fair, but less fair than the laughing child,
And gathered violets, and, in blue showers,
Into the streamlet threw his treasures wild;
But, when a gorgeous bird came slowly winging
Its onward way, and glittering in the light,
He started up, and the last handful flinging
Into the waters, watched its airy flight.

Raising his little hands in joy, he bounded
Over the stream, o'er root and tangled fern,
Keeping his eye upon the bird, surrounded
By pale, blue cloudlets, where it seemed to burn.
Onward it flew, like flame its pinions glowing,
When, weary with his vain pursuit, he fell,
The tear-drops from his aching eyes were flowing,—
But, in the distance, soared the bright bird still.

Fair childhood's hours, like wavelets of a river,
Had onward passed down Time's returnless tide,
And childhood's griefs on to the vast Forever,
Had with its pleasures floated side by side;
A youth, surrounded by his books, was sitting
With thoughtful brow, and restless, flashing eye,
While luring lights were o'er the pages flitting,
As the wood-fire burned low, or mounted high.

Up from the page his dark eye often wandered,
Where he had gleaned from scientific lore;
Upon each truth mysterious he pondered,
And the bold thoughts were reasoned o'er and o'er;
He had, sometimes, a fitful, haunting vision
That he should bring some great truth to the light,—
Nature's arcana, like the world Elysian,
Tho' in the distance, would unfold to sight.

I saw him as life's summer-time was turning
To autumn, golden, sober, and serene;
His dark eye still with fiery thought was burning,
His stately step was all it e'er had been;
Deep into truth his magic hand was reaching,
And mysteries grew clear before his gaze;
And yet for more,—for more, he still was searching,
And walking in his own delightful ways.

Nations awoke, and bowed the knee to power,—
The power of Genius, binding earth to heaven,—
Looked up, and wondered if it was the hour
When all of wisdom should to man be given;

Some curled the lip in scorn, that one yet human
Should think all earthly causes to explain;
Some pitying smiled, and smiling said, that reason
Had left her throne, to ne'er return again.

Still calmly on he walked, to earth now bending,
Some hidden meaning on its scroll to find,
And up to God a prayer forever sending,
For knowledge that would *fill* his thirsting mind;
And now above, into the vast vault gazing,
Watching the rolling planets gathered there,
And the fixed hosts that constantly are blazing,—
But in the distance gleamed they yet too far.

The day of life has passed away forever,
And the long night is swiftly coming on;
A white-haired man stands by a lone, dark river,
And looking over, sighs to soon be gone;
"There is the shore where spirit-sight is given,
And I shall wander blindly on no more;
Let my frail bark from earth's green strand be riven,
My feet shall touch that brighter, distant shore."

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links in life are broken
By their deep, insidious power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words, O let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links in life are broken
By a single angry word.

OUT OF THE DUST-HEAP.

Going along the street the other day, our attention was drawn to a crowd of persons gathered round a wagon that had broken down, filled with a load of bones from a slaughter-house; or rather we should say, of the cellular-like bony substance which forms the core of the bullock's horn. Seeing the driver near, we asked him of what use the substance was, when his answer opened our eyes to the value of the repulsive-looking refuse, as we thought it, which was fit only to be buried out of sight. "Oh, they bones, sir. They goes to the boilers to get out the fat, and that goes to make common soap." We thought at the time that it must require a deal of scenting to make it even bearable, but we said nothing, and the man went on. "And when they get all the fat out, the cores are mixed with acid and ammonia, and makes the best of manure."

We think it a remarkable thing to find the beautiful butterfly arising from the dingy-looking chrysalis; but we learn on a little inquiry, that throughout the arts and manufactures, resurrections quite as astonishing are going on every day around us, on a large scale. Let us take gas-tar as one example. This material was of old considered a refuse product of gas-works, and was thrown away, very often into the rivers, where it floated about in blue patches, and was very unsightly and unhealthy, killing the fish and vegetation wherever it overflowed. This substance, like the ammoniacal liquor from the same works, is now highly valuable. We all know what a soiling substance gas-tar is; it is therefore all the more curious to find that by distillation it yields a material termed benzole, a substance used for removing grease-stains, and for the general purpose of cleansing soiled substances. Another product evolved from this tar is naphtha, which forms a cheap light, though a dangerous one. Naphtha is also indispensable to the India-rubber manufacturer, as it is the solvent used by him for working this gum. Lampblack is also made from gas-tar. In Paris, and in London, and in many of the towns in the North of England, the tar is mixed with sand and fine pebbles, and makes an asphalte compost, for use in roads and paths. We have also discovered that the ammoniacal liquor enables us to dispense with a foreign material which once was costly. Formerly this liquor was obtained from the sal ammoniac, which came from Egypt, where it was reduced from the manure of camels. It is now made in our gas-works, in the process of coke-making, and indeed from many other sources. We must not forget to mention that an oil is produced from tar which effectually preserves timber from rotting, and also that singular material, carbolic acid, which will no doubt be put to a great many uses in the future. At present it is known as a very valuable antiseptic.

Although not exactly a refuse of gas-making, we may here refer to a

material which formerly was considered a perfect waste substance, taking up much room in all collieries. We allude to an aluminous shale, which is a substance always first gained in working all coal-pits. This substance is now converted into alum, largely used in the process of dyeing. Both dyes and scents are also produced from coal-tar by distillation, in combination with other materials. Picric acid is one of these: it produces salts of yellow or orange hues; and next come picaline, leucoline, and aniline, which has become of immense importance of late as an agent in producing the fashionable color mauve. When distilled at a low heat, an oil termed "oil of meadow sweet" is produced, and others smelling like oil of cinnamon, oil of hawthorn, and oil of geranium. In short, gas-tar may be ranked among one of the most wonderful of raw materials, giving rise to scores of new substances in oils, which seem destined ever to go on multiplying.

Glycerine was formerly a waste substance in factories for making candles from palm oil. It used to flow into the Thames from the Belmont Works at Battersea, in quantities the estimated value of which was fully twenty pounds a week. It is now one of the most valuable remedial agents that we have in all skin and ear diseases, and it has displaced the use of spirits as a means of preserving all forms of animal matter.

In the neighborhood of all large smelting works, vast heaps of what is termed slag are produced, which in some places, especially in the mining districts, rise into hills that are visible for miles around. This material—for we can scarcely call it waste any longer—is made in prodigious quantities every year. Its utilization, therefore, is a matter of great importance. An American gentleman has taken out a patent for converting it into a building material of a very imperishable kind. He refines it from its impurities, and colors it so as to represent variegated marble, than which, however, it is very much harder. This substance will run in moulds; it is therefore valuable for ornamental work. But this gentleman was not the first to perceive the value of the material for building purposes, as we ourselves have seen it largely used in the neighborhood of Bristol—where, of old, there existed large smelting works—as the copings, and indeed in the building of walls themselves. Its durability is extreme, in consequence of its non-absorptive nature.

All old metal is, more or less, valuable for remelting, the precious metals, such as gold and silver, of course being most carefully collected. The sweepings of boards and floors are regularly saved, and the dust preserved. Mr. Simmonds, in his work on Waste, tells us that "'jewellers' sweeps' is a general name for the scraps and dust remaining in silversmiths' and jewellers' workshops, gold-pen manufactories, and which are bought by persons who smelt them over again to separate the gold and silver from the refuse. Even the clothing, waistcoats, jackets, &c., of gold-beaters and other workers in the precious metals, are eagerly bought up for the recovery of the fragments accumulated in them,

and I have heard of fabulous prices given for an old waistcoat that had long been worn by a gold-beater. At any time they can obtain a new waistcoat for an old one."

Horseshoe nails have long been famous as a material for the manufacture of rifle gun-barrels, which require great toughness. Horseshoe nails are made of good iron originally, and this is improved by being banged by the horses upon the hard stones. The scrap iron from the needle manufactories is also collected for the same purpose, the very best iron only being used in this manufacture. The waste of the steel pen manufactories goes back to be converted into steel. The clippings of tin ware are valuable for re-conversion into the two metals of which they are composed, tin and iron. The tin, which is the more valuable metal, is separated from the iron by an acid, and again restored to the metallic state; the iron, being generally charcoal-made iron, is of the most valuable kind. All scrap-iron goes to the melting furnace. In waste places we occasionally see old worn-out iron utensils, such as slop-pails, tea-trays, shovels, and the thousand odd things that are used in domestic life. All this waste is collected. All the fashioned articles are first subject to heat for the purpose of extracting the solder, which is a valuable article. The old metal is afterwards sent to the copper streams, where it is deposited in the water and gathers the copper, which would otherwise run to waste; the more valuable metal adheres to the iron, and in course of time completely coats it and eats it away. Steel filings are utilized to make steel wine. In the Woolwich Gun Factory a vast quantity of steel and brass filings are made, which, in consequence of being mixed, were once valueless; but the steel filings are now separated from the other metal by the agency of rotating magnets, which take up the former metal and remove it with great rapidity.

No doubt there have been of late some very strange things utilized in Paris. The newspapers have given hints enough of the experimental diet of those from whom emanated the saying, "*Il faut manger;*" but a short time since a very singular trade had sprung up, for there the lower classes have not the same objection to use refuse food that our own have. Some years ago an old soldier named Père Chapellier, who for some time followed the profession of a *ravageur*, one of those odd beings who still in that city rake about the central gutter of its back streets with a hooked stick and a lantern, perceived in the course of his business that when the *chiffoniers* came in with what they had collected, they always had a great quantity of pieces of stale bread, which they could not dispose of. Perceiving this, and knowing that a vast quantity of bread-crumbs are used by the cooks and the Parisians generally, he determined to establish himself as a regular preparer of bread-crumbs. He could not depend upon the chiffoniers, however, for a supply, so he made an arrangement with the cooks and scullions of the schools and colleges; and one morning he posted himself in the centre of the *Halles* (great market), surrounded with baskets full of bread-

crumbs, and round his hat he placed, in large letters, the following announcement: "Bread-crumbs for sale!" The hit was tremendous; his trade increased, and presently growing ambitious, and ascertaining the wants of the cooks, he determined to turn bread-crumb manufacturer, and sold them two sous cheaper than any one else. We quote from Mr. Simmonds's work the sequel of this singular industry: "He saw that in the bread he received there were two sorts, the good and the bad. He had thought of separating them, but then he found the profit would not compensate for the trouble. He determined to invent a new industry; he made *croûtes au pot.* Stranger, if you ever go to Paris, never order *soupe au pain au croûton*, except at the Trois Frères, Café de Paris, or Véfours. All comes from the fabrique of Chapellier, from the chiffonier's basket, the college scrap-basket, the hotel slop-tub. He has established near the Barrier Saint Jacques, ovens which never cool, and from whence thousands of pounds of bread are daily poured forth to be sold as crumbs or crusts. A large number of men, women, and children are busy piling and grating the merchandise as it comes out of the oven. The carbonized pieces and scrapings are pounded, sifted through silk sieves, and sold to the perfumers to make tooth-powder. Nothing is more curious than the warehouses of Le Père Chapellier. They are immense buildings, where mountains of bread are received every minute. Workmen separate these pieces; on the right are those redestined for man, on the left those destined for rabbits. Wonderful order and cleanliness are everywhere visible. Young girls make up packages of *croûtes au pot*, after weighing them; children fill large boxes with the black powder."

We may just add that Le Père Chapellier himself is always present among his workmen, scolding, giving orders, laughing, joking, but always with the keenest of eyes to that main chance which has made him a prince among traders. He is a man of genius.

HUMAN LIFE.

———Ah! what is human life?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceived!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen:
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

PERFECTION IN KNOWLEDGE IMPOSSIBLE.

NEARLY ten centuries ago, a few bold navigators, fired with the love of adventure, launched from their native shore, and sailing westward over the heavy northern seas, sought to descry the confines of the unknown land. For many a cheerless day, and through many a starless night, they steered across the trackless billows which had never before been broken in foam beneath the prow.

Weary and doubtful was the voyage, but at last above the gray rim of the distant ocean, the uninviting headlands of a lonely island rose upon their sight. Then from the deck of the adventurous sea-king came the shouts, "The Ultima Thule" is found at last. They had reached a point about five hundred miles from their native land, and supposing it impossible to proceed beyond, hailed it with delight.

With our present knowledge of the form and contents of the earth, we cannot but smile at the contracted notions and idle exultations of these barbarian navigators; and still, if we but look around us, we shall find that they are far from being the only adventurers who have fallen into the error of believing that they have achieved all that can possibly be accomplished in a given direction.

On the contrary, we shall find that this is a very common failing of our race, and that many a miniature navigator is flattering himself that he has discovered the "Ultima Thule." This species of egotism is also found in the world of science and art. Many who have acquired the rudiments of science are prone to think themselves proficient in it, and regard themselves very much as Omar did the Koran, as the concentration of all possible knowledge.

The mechanic who has discovered some new application of the laws of motion, and the philosopher who has invented some new theory in regard to the human mind, are alike apt to think that they have ascertained all the facts, and explained all the phenomena, and that beyond this, discovery is neither necessary nor possible. It is because of this that every new discovery which has been made in science or art has had to fight its way into popular favor against the determined opposition of those very men who should have been its most ardent defenders. Thus in ancient and modern times many have been compelled to abjure their incontrovertible theories by those who have been acknowledged as the intellectual leaders of the age; and others, such as Harvey, who asserted that the blood flowed through the heart met with the most bitter execrations from the same class.

Even at the present day we find men actuated by this same ignorance and egotism, whose chief aim seems to be to oppose every effort that is made to advance science, or improve the condition of mankind, and not unfrequently do we hear them declaiming bitterly against what they are pleased to

term "the strange notions of the present day." These people, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel and helping to roll on the car of science, serve merely to impede its progress. And yet such minds are not entirely devoid of interest. We look at them with very much the same feelings that we experience when examining the fossil bones found in the pleistocene deposits, that is, with a curiosity to know what kind of animals did exist in those times.

But the analogy may be carried still further; for as it requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of comparative anatomy to determine the structure of the animal from the fossil bone, so it requires a keen discrimination and a good knowledge of human nature to learn anything of the past generations from these men; for time has acted on them very much as it has on the fossil bone, and taken away all those parts that were not too earthy to be affected by it.

It is not true that we have reached the "Ultima Thule," and that knowledge is on the decline. Other times, it is true, may have furnished stronger minds than the present, and some of the ornamental arts, as sculpture, music, and painting, may have been carried to a greater degree of perfection in past ages than they attain at the present day; and yet there never was a time when the laws, relations, and resources of the universe were better known, or more advantageously applied to the production of human happiness, than they are now.

Though we have no Raphael nor Phidias, yet the most common artist is enabled by science to excel even them in the representation of nature.

While power, science, and art have been constantly advancing, until they have reached a degree of perfection never before known, it is still evident, that instead of having exhausted the mine of research, we have only revealed greater and more sublime mysteries yet to be solved.

Astronomy is perhaps one of the oldest sciences with which we are acquainted, it having been a subject of study from the earliest age; yet it remained for the sixteenth century to discover the real motion of the solar system; and it was not until the time of Sir Isaac Newton, that these motions were found to be governed by fixed and definite laws. Those discoveries by no means exhausted the science, for even at the present day, new discoveries, hardly less important, are continually being made.

Geology, on the other hand, is of recent origin, and can hardly be said to have become released from those obscuring mists, which always envelop the first apprehensions of truth; and which, in its own case, are as dense and dark as those with which it enshrouds the world in the earlier period of its existence. It has, however, revealed many interesting facts in regard to the origin and structure of the earth, and if even any of its many theories be correct, it is only evidence that its "Ultima Thule" has not yet been attained.

Chemistry is also a science of somewhat recent date, it having been developed for the most part during the last ninety years; but it has probably done more to improve the condition of mankind than any

other science. This science is not only indispensable to the skill and success of the physican; but indeed there is hardly an operation in domestic economy that has not to some extent been modified by it. It lends a helping hand to the farmer, as he labors to bring from the ground those products necessary to our existence; to the housewife, as she prepares them for the gratification of our appetites; to the mechanic, as he transforms the rough materials found in nature, into articles that shall promote the comfort of man; and to the metallurgist, as he moulds the dull, unsightly ores into forms of beauty and usefulness. And yet we must not infer that it has reached anything like a state of perfection. On the contrary, we find that like every true science, it is constantly progressing, and it is difficult for us to say what results it may not yet accomplish.

Many people are of the opinion that Geography is a science altogether too simple to require their attention, and still there is, perhaps, no field in which more is assumed, or less known than this.

It has been remarked, that we know less of the physical conformation of the earth, than that of the moon; and a careful investigation will convince any one that this is not an entirely groundless assertion. How little of the geography of Asia and Africa has been determined by actual survey! And on our own continent, with the exception of the Atlantic coast line, hardly any of its geography is anything more than mere guesswork.

Thus it appears, that to whatever field of science or knowledge we turn our attention, we shall find that much remains to be learned. No one then can ever hope to become master of all the treasures of knowledge that lie hidden in any science. He may read the books that have been written, and, to the extent of his ability, compare the opinions of master minds on the subject, still he will find, as did Dr. Kane in his Arctic Expedition, an open and untraversed sea beyond.

Again, that man can never reach a state of perfection in knowledge, is evident from the very nature of the human mind. Not only did the Divine Creator form us with certain faculties and desires, but He has also created external objects exactly corresponding with them and adapted to their gratification. He has given us beauty and sublimity in external objects exactly adapted to exercise our taste; He has created us with a desire for knowledge, and has given us the means of gratifying that desire; and furthermore, He has so created that thirst for knowledge, that it can never be satiated. "The eye cannot be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." It is evident, therefore, that there are depths of knowledge which the mind of man can never drain. The knowledge must be as inexhaustible as the desire.

The same truth may be proved from the nature of knowledge itself; all true knowledge is an emanation from the Supreme Being, who is the real source of truth; hence, to affirm that it is possible for us to become perfect in knowledge, would be not only to set a limit to the Divine Mind, but also to assert that we may reach that limit, and become equal in knowl-

edge to God. This would be as absurd as to say that we can equal Him in power; as impious as to make the finite equal to the infinite.

Thus we see that reason, as well as observation, teaches us that with finite beings like man, perfection in knowledge is impossible. And yet let no one who is in pursuit of knowledge become discouraged by the fact that no man can become perfect in it; let no man, because he cannot reach the true "Ultima Thule," despair; from this let him derive a lofty encouragement. Does it not assure him, that however much he may know, there is yet room for him to add something to the stock of human knowledge? Does it not assure him that while every new acquisition that he makes will give him greater power, it will afford him a still higher opportunity to exercise that power?

POPULAR AMERICAN PHRASES.

In a new country peopled by an old race, with new physical surroundings, new political struggles, and new social ideas, it is natural that new words and phrases, and new metaphors, should creep into the old language. This has occurred in the United States, where the people not only speak the best of English when they please—and sometimes boast of the fact—but superadd, when they are in the humor, a rich and racy vocabulary which is so entirely their own as seldom to be intelligible to Englishmen without an explanation. The old and settled states of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and generally of the thirteen original colonies which were engaged in the War of Independence, do not coin many new words and phrases in our day, though they sometimes make an effort in that direction. The great mass of the most characteristic and original neologisms come from the Southwestern and Western States, which are as yet but sparsely peopled, and in which the settlers have to fight against the wilderness, and often against its inhabitants, both four-footed and two-footed, if they would maintain their ground. These men look upon nature face to face. They confront hardships and difficulties every day of their lives, though only to overcome and subdue them; and they feel as they do so that they are laying the solid foundations of new empires for their sons and grandsons. A little pride and magniloquence may therefore be forgiven them. The expressions which they invent, and the metaphors which they employ, drawn from their own personal experience of men and things, and from the well of their untutored genius, are not only full of a peculiar humor, but of common sense and worldly wisdom. The words are not always elegant, but they are generally forcible. In the invention of epithets and nicknames for political friends and opponents they are particularly happy. Dr. Webster, the lexicog-

rapher, in reference to this peculiarity, very truly says: "We rarely find a new word introduced into the language which is entirely useless. The use of new terms is dictated by necessity or utility; sometimes to express shades of difference in signification, for which the language did not supply a suitable term; sometimes to express a combination of ideas by a single word, which otherwise would require a circumlocution. These benefits, which are often perceived instinctively, as it were, by a nation, recommend such words to common use, till the cavils of critics are silenced by the weight of authority."

I do not propose to discuss the single words which the language owes to the peculiarities and eccentricities of American life, or the vulgarities or diversities of pronunciation which distinguish the English language in America from the English spoken at home (English at home has a plentiful stock of vulgarisms of indigenous growth to answer for to the philologist and grammarian), but the phrases and the metaphors which are purely American, and which are never likely to become naturalized in the Old World. Agriculture, commerce, and politics, all carried on in America under conditions different from those which they present in Great Britain, are the three great sources whence these phrases and metaphors are derived, and each of these show the steady and continually growing and expanding English language in a new light of wit, of humor, or of a development, which may seem vulgar to the present age, but which is likely to fix itself securely into the next, to lead to new developments in its turn, irrespective of the opposition of grammarians and purists, who forget that language is made for man and not man for language.

In a fenced and inclosed country such as England, a direct line between two places, one of which cannot be seen from the other on account of the inclosures, is said to be a line "as the crow flies." In America such a line is called "a bee line," and sometimes an "air line." Bees, after having laden themselves with honey, have been observed always to fly back to the hive in a direct line, which is not always the case with crows in their flight. The phrase is shorter and better than our English equivalent. "Sinners," says Dow in his Lay Sermons, "you are making a bee line from time to eternity, and what you have once passed over you will never pass again." Another quotation shows the humorous aspect of the phrase. "The sweetened whisky I had drank," says the author of the Americans at Home, "made me so powerful thick-legged, that when I started to walk, my track wasn't anything like a bee line."

The swarming of bees has given rise to several phrases that savor of a new country, and of the help that settlers are always ready to afford one another in the backwoods. When a new immigrant arrives in the Far West, the neighboring settlers, perhaps for twenty or fifty miles distant, unite with their teams, cut down the forest trees, and build him up a log-house in a single day. This swarm of assistance is called "a raising

bee." The ladies also have swarms of similar kind, such as "the quilting bees," when the young women assemble, and in an afternoon will make a quilt for the new-comers. "Apple bees" take place in the cider-making time, when the neighbors help to gather the apples and prepare them either for drying or for the vat, and make the occasion an excuse for merry-making.

In America all coleopterous insects are called "bugs," where in England they would be called beetles. The word has, consequently, not the offensive sense that it has with us, and the disgusting insect to which it is applied at home has the prefix "bed" to distinguish it from all other coleoptera. The fire-fly, that flits about so picturesquely in the hot summer evenings and nights, is called "the lightning bug." To be called a "big bug" is to be recognized as a person of note or consequence. "Miss Savage is a big bug," says the writer of the Widow Bedott's papers; "she's got more money than almost anybody else in town." Sam Slick in England, talking of a visit to the House of Lords, says, "We'll go to the Lords' House—I don't mean the Meeting House—but the place where the nobles meet, pick out the big bugs, and see what stuff they are made of." "The free and easy manner in which Sir Robert Peel described some of the big bugs at Moscow has got him into difficulty." (New York Times.)

Bunkum, or more properly Buncombe, is a useful word which England has borrowed from America, and which bids fair to be naturalized among us. The origin of the phrase, talking Buncombe, or talking for Buncombe, is related in Wheeler's History of North Carolina. "Several years ago the member in Congress for the district of Buncombe rose to address the House, without any extraordinary gifts either in manner or in matter to interest the audience. Many members arose and left the hall. Very naïvely he told those who remained that they might go also, as he should speak for some time, but was only speaking for Buncombe." The word has also come to signify what is sometimes called bosh. "Our people," says Sam Slick in Human Nature, "talk a great deal of nonsense about emancipation, but they know it's all Buncombe." In England the parliamentary reporters have the power to deprive Buncombe in either House of all its power to reach the place for which it is intended, by the simple plan of refusing to make a note of it. But no such power exists in the United States; and he who speaks for Buncombe, though he cannot oblige the House to listen to him, can compel the official reporters of the House to take down his words, and can compel the *Congressional Globe*, to print them at the expense of the country. No wonder that Buncombe is a greater nuisance in America than it is likely to be in England.

"Deadhead" is another phrase which might be advantageously adopted at home. It signifies a person who gets free admission to theatres, concerts, and other places of public amusement, and

who procures free passes for railway and steamboat travelling.

"To be death" on a thing, is to do the thing well, to be a good hand at it; to do anything thoroughly. "Do you know Chunkey? He was raised in Mississippi, and is death on bars (bears)." The quack doctor could not manage the whooping-cough, but he was "death on fits."

"Dyed in the wool," thorough, ingrained, is in vulgar parlance something that will wash and not lose color; as, "He's an out-and-out good fellow: dyed in the wool." "General Taylor is a democrat dyed in the wool," or a democrat of the Jeffersonian color.

"To be on the fence," is a political phrase, applied to a man who has not quite made up his mind for which side he will vote, or who will vote according to his interest:

> Every fool knows that a man represents
> Not the fellows that sent him, but those on the fence,
> Impartially ready to jump either side.
>
> LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers.*

"To give a man fits," or "to give a man Jessie," that is, to punish a man so severely by tongue, or pen, or cow-hide, or the bare fist, as to throw him into a paroxysm of rage and fear. "To give a man particular fits," or "particular Jessie," is the comparative of the original positive, the ne plus ultra of chastisement, mental and physical. "I go in for Bill Sykes, because he runs with our machine; but he mustn't come fooling around my gal, or I'll give him fits." (A Glance at New York, Bartlett.)

"Fizzle," to burn dull like wet gunpowder; to make a ridiculous or egregious failure. "To fizzle out," to make a complete failure. "The factious and revolutionary action of the fifteen (senators) has interrupted the regular business of the senate, disgraced the actors, and fizzled out." (Cincinnati Gazette.) "You never get tired of a good horse, he doesn't fizzle out." (Sam Slick.) "To make a blue fizzle," is to make a melancholy or lugubrious failure.

"To put the foot down," to be very decided in a course of action. The late President Lincoln was continually represented by the Northern papers as "putting his foot down" for the removal of General McClellan or General Hooker, or for the abolition of slavery or for some other object, popular at the time.

"To fly off the handle," to break a promise, suggested by the accident that sometimes occurs to a hatchet or an axe, when the blade flies off and leaves the useless handle in the grasp. "Now and then some of the girls would promise, and then fly off the handle." (Bartlett.) The phrase also means to lose temper, and become unreasonably excited to wrath.

"To drive a straight furrow;" a metaphor derived from the plough, signifying to go right about your business, to be truthful and honest, and to indulge in no shams or false pretences.

"To go the big figure," to do things in a magnificent manner; on a large scale. "To go the whole figure," to go to the fullest extent in a speculation or an enterprise. "Go the whole figure for religious liberty; it has no meaning here where all are free; but it's a cant word and sounds well." (Sam Slick.) "Our senators go the big figure on

oysters and whisky-punch." (Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms.) "To go the whole hog," or "to go the entire animal," is another vulgarism of the same species which is sometimes heard in England.

"Gone coon," "a gone goose," "a gone gander," "a gone gosling," "a goner," are varieties of a phrase that was first brought into popularity by the story of a Colonel Scott, a Western hunter, whose aim with the rifle was so unerring, that a raccoon (a coon) upon a tree, at which he was going to fire, surrendered at discretion, after a short parley. "Are you Colonel Scott?" "Yes." "The famous Colonel Scott?" "Yes, so people say." "Don't fire, Colonel, I give in, I'm a gone coon!" In the West a hopelessly bad debt is called a "goner," something that is gone beyond the chance of recovery.

"Good as wheat" is another agricultural phrase, equivalent to the commercial one "as good as gold."

"Sound on the goose," or "all right on the goose," to be true to the principles of a political party. This phrase had its origin in Kansas, during the contentions in that state on the subject of the extension of negro slavery within its limits, and meant adhesion to slavery.

"A hard row to hoe;" an agricultural metaphor for a difficult task. "Gentlemen, I never opposed Andrew Jackson for the sake of popularity. I knew it was 'a hard row to hoe.'" (Colonel Crockett.) "To hoe one's own row," to attend to one's own business.

"Hurry up the cakes." During the winter season in America there is a great consumption of buckwheat cakes at breakfast-time at all the great hotels and boarding-houses. They are served hot, and fresh from the kitchen, and eaten with butter and syrup. Men of business, in haste to get breakfast over, make such continual appeals to the waiters to "hurry up the cakes," that the phrase has become the popular synonyme to command haste. If a steamboat is late in starting from the pier or wharf, an impatient passenger will call out, "Now then, captain, hurry up the cakes!" or a linen-draper's assistant, slow in exhibiting his fineries to a lady, is likely to be reminded that he should "hurry up the cakes."

"As big as all out of doors;" anything very large or important. "I will never truckle to any man, though he be as big as all out of doors." (McClintock's Tales.)

"To keep a stiff upper lip," to remain firm to a purpose, to keep up one's courage. "My friend, don't cry for spilt milk. Keep a stiff upper lip, and all will come right again." (Knickerbocker Magazine.)

"Knee high to a mosquito," very small; a phrase often used in speaking of a person whom one has known from infancy. "The lovely Mrs. Smith? Oh, yes, I knew her before she was knee high to a mosquito."

"Log-rolling" and "axe-grinding." These phrases are used in political parlance to signify the action of members of Congress, or of the local legislatures, when they have private purposes in view in their support of public measures; they also describe the personal motives of lawyers and others who introduce bills. When one member says to another, "Vote for my bill,

and I'll vote for yours," that is log-rolling; and when a member supports a measure by which he expects to get a place for a friend or a relative, or gain some personal advantage for himself, "he has an axe to grind."

"Pipe-laying" is a political phrase which signifies the practice of procuring fraudulent votes, towards the close of a popular election, in sufficient number to turn the scale. "The result of the Pennsylvania election would not be in the least doubtful if we could be assured of fair play and no pipe-laying." (New York Tribune.)

"One horse;" an agricultural phrase, applied to anything small or insignificant, or to any inconsiderable or contemptible person: as a "one-horse town," a "one-horse bank," a "one-horse hotel," a "one-horse lawyer." A clergyman, deprecating the use of such attenuated expressions as "dang it!" "blow it!" "confound it!" described them as "one-horse oaths." The popularity of this phrase led to the coinage of its converse, to describe something that was great and magnificent. "Let us have no one-horse candidate for the Presidency. General Grant is the man. He is a whole team; a horse to spare, and a big dog under the wagon." (New York Herald.)

"Savage as a meat axe," to be very angry and violent. "It riled me so, that I just steps up to him, as savage as a meat axe, intending to kick him down stairs." (Sam Slick, Human Nature.)

"To row up Salt River," to court political defeat; "to be rowed up Salt River," to be politically defeated. If the defeat be very overwhelming the unsuccessful party is said to be "rowed up to the very head waters of Salt River."

"To run one's face," to get goods on credit on the strength of your personal appearance. "Any man who can run his face for a card of pens, a quire of paper, and a pair of scissors, may set up for an editor, and by a loud, incessant bragging, may secure a considerable patronage." (N. York Tribune.)

"To shoot your grandmother," to make a great mistake, to be much disappointed, to do what you did not intend; sometimes used in the same sense as the English phrase "to find a mare's nest."

"Sirree, Bob;" an emphatic assent or negative. "Yes, sir!" is the first form; still more emphatic is, "Yes, sirree!" and most emphatic of all, "Yes, sirree, Bob!" In a case before a Baltimore court of justice the attention of the judge was called to a juryman who appeared to be intoxicated. The judge, addressing him, said, "Sir, are you drunk?" The man stood up in a defiant attitude, palpably drunk, and replied, "No, sirree, Bob!" "Well," said the judge, "I fine you ten dollars for disrespectful language to the court—five dollars for the ree and five for the Bob."

"Small potatoes;" anything or person that is small, contemptible, or petty. "I took to attending the Baptist meeting, because the Presbyterian minister is such small potatoes that it wa'nt edifying to sit under his preaching." (The Widow Bedott.) "Give us an honest old soldier for President, and none of your small-potato politicians and pettifogging lawyers." (N. Y. Herald.)

"Some pumpkins;" the converse

of small potatoes; something great and important. "Franklin was a poor printer's boy, and Washington only a land-surveyor, yet they growed to be some pumpkins." (Sam Slick.)

"To stand up to the rack," to be up to the mark or point; to do what is expected of one, or what one has promised. "I began a new campaign at Washington. I had hard work to do; but I stood up to the rack, fodder or no fodder." (Colonel Crockett.)

"A surprise party." A party of persons who assemble by previous agreement at the house of one who does not expect them. These surprise parties are generally friendly, and organized for the purpose of presenting a poor lawyer or politician with a testimonial, a purse of money, or gift in kind, to supplement his income. There are surprise parties of a more disagreeable kind, as when a knot of people visit a negro who has had the audacity to make love to or insult a white girl, for the purpose of tarring and feathering, or driving him out of the town, with the menace of death, if he dare to return to it.

"Tall." This word was formerly the recognized slang for the talk of a braggart or a liar, but may be applied in every case where inordinateness, excessiveness, and great magnitude enter into the idea of the speaker. "He is the greatest pedestrian mentioned in the annals of tall walks." "If we don't come out in full force we'll have a tall fight with the gang." "The general found a whole potful of the tallest kind of jewels." "I shall walk tall into varmint and Indians; it's a way I've got."

"Three cheers and a tiger." After the usual three cheers at a convivial or other party, when in England there would be a call for the Kentish fire, or one cheer more, there is in America a call for the "tiger," a growl, like that of a wild animal, in which all the company take part. The "tiger" is very effective for its purpose.

"To take the back track," to recede from a false position after having gone too far; a phrase derived from the life of the hunter and trapper in the back settlements.

"To be up to the hub," to be in a difficulty, as the wheel of a vehicle is when imbedded to the centre in bog or mire.

"To wake up the wrong passenger," to make a mistake. It is the practice on board the "long-shore" steamers that make stoppages at all the ferries, villages, and towns on the route, to wake up such of the passengers as have reached their place of destination. Mistakes of course occur on these occasions; hence the phrase and its wider acceptation. Sam Slick, in his Nature and Human Nature, represents a Northern philanthropist condoling with a Southern slave on the miseries of his condition. "Massa," replied the negro, "you have waked up the wrong passenger dis time. I isn't poor. I get plenty to eat and plenty to drink. When I wants money missus give it to me."

"Whole soul'd," to be generous, genuine, noble-minded.

"The slate." The list of people recommended to office by a political party, as a reward for political services, real or imaginary. "A slate smasher," a president, or high official, who will not give places to

the nominees of the party. "Let General Grant be encouraged to smash the slate. He is a great slate-smasher." (Cincinnati Enquirer, March, 1869.)

"Clear the skirts," to vindicate the political character and clear it from taint. "He has not cleared his skirts from sympathy with the truth." "You do not in the least touch the question, nor do you clear the skirts of General Grant and of your party, for the basest treachery to the people." (Letter in the New York Tribune.)

Among other similes and metaphors in common use in America, and that differ from those ordinarily heard in England, may be cited: "As out of sorts as a down-stream shad." "I'm as dry as the clerk of a lime-kiln." "As long as a thanksgiving sermon." "As sharp as the little end of nothing." "As slick as greased lightning." "As tight as the bark of a tree." "As wroth as a militia officer on training day." "As useless as whistling psalms to a dead horse." "Thrashing around like a short-tailed bull in fly-time."

Dr. Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, from which many of these words and phrases are quoted, was compiled in 1857–8, and published in 1860. It is a portly volume of five hundred and twenty pages, and contains, beside the undoubted Americanisms, great numbers of Scotch and English local words, that are wholly or partially obsolete at home, but have been revived with a new life in the new country to which they have been transplanted. Dr. Bartlett's book will doubtless be extended at an early period, as the last ten years have produced their own crop of words, uninvented at the time his amusing compilation was made. English slang grows fast in our days; but American slang grows infinitely faster, and has the merit of being a great deal more humorous and comic than the English article.

PEACE AMIDST STRIFE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee." (Isaias 26: 3.)

Can there be peace when through a mourning nation
The hostile armies force their ruthless way?
When all is gloom and fruitless desolation,
When Hope itself can lend no sunny ray
To pierce the darkness of the weary day:
When men go forth to fight and women kneel to pray?

Spirit of War! evoked in storms and quarrels,
Thy voice the cannon's thunder; and thy breath,
E'en to the conquerors—'midst their blood-stained laurels—
Has often proved the harbinger of death;
Thy sable wings are spread above, beneath;
For thousands thou hast made a pall and cypress wreath.

Yet there was peace, beyond thy wild dominions,
When from the starry realms the angels sped,
With snowy robes on swift and noiseless pinions,
To fan with gentle breeze each prostrate head
Of those who for their country's sake had bled,
And to receive their souls when life's faint spark had fled.

Peace is with those whose quiet ministration
The angels view with glad approving eyes;
Sisters of mercy and of consolation,
Who to the dying speak of fairer skies,
Who tend the sufferer, when he helpless lies—
To friend or foe devote a life of sacrifice.

Even within the darkened room of sadness,
Where widows kneel and lonely orphans weep,
'Midst those whose lives have lost their earthly gladness,
Whose hopes are buried with the brave who sleep;
Yes, even there is peace profound and deep,
If hearts, thus sorely tried, their faith unaltered keep.

And there is peace beyond these fierce convulsions,
Beyond these struggles and the foeman's thrall,
There where no heart is torn by the revulsions
From hope to anguish keen, if loved ones fall;
Where is no clang of arms, nor bugle call,
But an eternal calm is brooding over all.

Yearly the angels in the Land of Glory,
Prepare their harps to hymn a Christmas strain,
To tell once more the never-ending story
First heard by shepherds on an Eastern plain,
Which each succeeding year revives again,
Whilst kingdoms pass away, and changeful seasons wane.

There is a peace, beyond the comprehension
Of this world's knowledge and its boasted lore;
Grant me Thy peace, O Lord! in full extension,
When tumults rage upon our earthly shore,
Until the strife is past, the conflict o'er,
Until the endless peace is sealed forevermore!

TRINGANU.

It was a lovely afternoon in July; the sky was studded over with little feathery white clouds, and the monsoon blowing a fresh breeze, about as much as it was safe to carry royals on a wind with; the sea was nevertheless quite smooth, and the air of a delightful temperature.

Six weeks before this day we sailed from Hongkong, or rather, I should have said, we steamed; and ever since we had been struggling down the China Sea, now sailing a little, and now steaming a bit, against the most obstinate monsoon that ever blew. A monsoon, you must know, is a wind that blows for five months in the year from one direction, and for five more from the opposite, in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, changing in March and October. It varies in strength from a gentle air to a double-reef-topsail breeze, and even to a strong gale. At last, having burned all our coal, and our ship being a wretched sailer, and unable to progress a single mile under canvas against a contrary wind (I conceal her name, out of respect for her misfortunes, she having a broken back), we concluded that we must put in somewhere for supplies, as our water and provisions were running short. We were now among the Redang Islands, on the east of the Malay Peninsula, and our destination was Singapore; so it was decided to try Tringanu, the capital of a province of the Malay Peninsula of the same name, and situated on the sea-coast about thirty miles from our position on the morning of which I am writing.

For my own part, I felt very strong doubts as to the advisability of this proceeding, and entertained suspicions that the reception we were likely to meet with would be unfavorable, for the following reasons: Some few years previous to this, there had been a dispute between the government of Singapore and the Sultan of Tringanu, I believe on account of some refugee which the latter had sheltered. An expedition, consisting of three men-of-war, was sent against the Sultan Omar, to demand the person of the delinquent. The sultan either could not or would not give him up, so the ships were ordered to open fire, which they did, and in a few hours battered the defenceless town to ruins, without a single shot being fired in return. After this, it was only probable that the sultan would not be disposed to be friendly to an English vessel coming there in distress.

In spite of this, we determined to try, as it was almost our only hope; and with the assistance of the fore-and-aft sails, and the remains of our wood and coal, we reached the anchorage off the town between three and four in the afternoon. The captain then landed in one of the ship's boats, and was very graciously received by the sultan, who at once promised everything we required, and invited him to breakfast the next morning, asking him to bring his officers with him. Accordingly, at eight the next morning, having formed a little party, we left the ship, and pulled into the mouth of a river on

which the town was built. We took with us for an interpreter a Chinese boy called Ah-yung, who spoke Malay and broken, or, as it is called in China, "pidjin English." We found at anchor in the river the sultan's yacht, a little three-masted schooner of about a hundred tons burden, and several prahus. As we pulled up the river towards the landing-place opposite the palace, we were followed by canoes innumerable, each of them "manned" by one or two boys. Some of the boys, I verily believe, were not more than three or four years of age, and some of the canoes were scarcely more than double the size of a butcher-boy's board. These little boats they handled with wonderful dexterity, easily overtaking the gig we were in, ranging up alongside us, crossing our bows in all directions, and vying with each other which should be nearest us. Every minute one of them would capsize, and the little fellows disappear for a moment in the muddy stream, but only to rise again, right the canoe, vault in, kick the water out with their nimble little feet, and then dig away again with their paddles to make up for lost ground. I believe it would be very little exaggeration to say that the children here cut their teeth one month, and learn to swim and paddle their own canoe the next.

Before we had gone far, we were met by a large royal canoe, about fifty or sixty feet long, beautifully carved, the bow resembling a dragon's head. This canoe was pulled by twenty or thirty paddles; and in the after-part, under a canopy, sat two of the sultan's sons and his grand-vizier. The canoe had been sent by the sultan to convey us on shore, but as we were now close to the landing-place, we preferred remaining in our own boat. On landing, we were received by the sons of the sultan, who had preceded us, and they accompanied us up to the palace.

On the way, we noticed the ruin and destruction caused by the shot and shell from the English ships; houses all in ruins, trees knocked down, prahus that were in course of construction and canoes smashed to pieces, and the repairs which the palace itself had undergone only served to show how severely it had been handled by the Armstrongs. Arrived at the palace, we found a table and chairs placed for us in a verandah overlooking the palace-yard. Here, piled up, we observed some 110-pounder Armstrong shot, as well as some smooth-bore 68-pounder, kept probably as a pleasant reminiscence of a bygone day.

Making ourselves at home, we sat down in the chairs provided for us, and entered into conversation with the grand-vizier, who spoke a little broken English, he having spent a few months in Singapore. The subject of conversation was the Sultan Omar, whom the grand-vizier spoke very highly of, giving us to understand at the same time that he was a great invalid. In the meantime large numbers of natives collected in the palace-yard; and after saluting, by putting the palms of their hands flat together, and then bringing them up in that position to their face with the tips of the thumbs touching the lips, sat down, as if with the intention of viewing the festivities. At last the heads of all assembled went to

the ground as if by magic or machinery, and in walked the Sultan Omar of Tringanu. His sons and the grand-vizier made their salute and we made our best bows, and then, at his invitation, we re-seated ourselves. The Sultan commenced the conversation through the Chinese boy, by pointing to the piles of shot and asking if we knew how they came there; we replied in the affirmative, at the same time expressing our regret at the unfortunate circumstance. He told us that he was much surprised one day at the arrival of three English men-of-war, soon after which he was visited by a colonel and the commanders of the vessels, who came to demand him to give up some political offender, which he refused to do, on the plea that the man had eaten salt with him, and therefore it would be contrary to the rules of his religion to do so; moreover, he added, I always understood that England herself never refuses to harbor refugees. However, he said, it was all no use; they told me that they gave me until noon to decide, and if by that time I did not consent to their demands, they should open fire on the place. It appeared that the old sultan had entertained this colonel and the other officers at a breakfast, after which they went on board the ships. No sooner had they left, said the old man, than I ordered every one to leave the town, and to retire into the woods, where we remained as long as the firing lasted: shortly after this the vessel steamed away, and I and my people returned to our ruined homes.

I need hardly say how grieved we were at hearing the recital of this outrage; the only explanation of which we could give was that it must have been a mistake—a poor comfort for Sultan Omar.

Fortunately, at this unpleasant time, in came a troop of servants carrying large brass trays on their heads, and on each of the trays four dishes; these were now placed on the table before us, and we were invited to commence. It would be next to impossible to enumerate all the different *plats* that were provided for this breakfast, the curries alone would occupy half a page. There was curried fish, curried flesh, and curried fowl, hot curry and mild curry, also curried fruits and vegetables. Then there were fowls and ducks, these were spiced, and cooked in a style quite new to all of us, but they were very good eating, nevertheless. We had mutton as well, at least a near approach to it, probably kid. Of course there was no bread, but a sort of semi-transparent wafer was handed about instead; it was almost tasteless, and although very strongly recommended by the old Sultan, I can't say we cared much for it. Our great difficulty was the want of salt; and we were doubtful if, as our host was a Mohammedan, it would be etiquette to ask for it. At last one of us discovered among the numerous dishes some hard-boiled eggs which were very salt; these we used instead, and a very fair substitute we found them. The drinkables consisted of bottled ale, raspberry vinegar, and water. The second course showed us that the Malay cooks knew something of confectionery as well as of cookery; for here, again, was such a collection of sweetmeats, cakes, and the like,

as would have made glad the hearts and bad the stomachs of an army of English children. After all we had had before, we could not do much execution to these dainties, so they were quickly removed, after we had just tasted a few, which the Sultan pronounced to be "bargoosh."

Then the fruit came on: oranges, bananas, pineapples, durien, mangos, mangostine, limes, custard-apple, and several others of which I did not even know the names. While we were enjoying the fruit, the Sultan had caused several large boxes to be brought in, and he commenced unpacking them and showing us the contents. First, there was a large stereoscope with a hundred revolving views,and he seemed much pleased at our looking at them in turn; and having discovered that bargoosh meant in Malay "Very good," we frequently used this word while looking at the pictures, to his great delight. An air-gun of his was also brought out, which, I am sorry to say, was not "bargoosh," for it had been broken, and would no longer fire. Having no armorer on board, we were obliged to tell him that we could not get it repaired, at which he seemed rather disappointed. Next came, to our surprise, a bronze medal of the Great Exhibition of 1862, awarded to him by the Commissioners for Malay productions sent by him to the International Exhibition. Of this he seemed very proud, especially on noticing our expressions of surprise; this we also assured him was "bargoosh." But last of all came a present which I must say we were all quite unprepared to see; it was nothing less than an inkstand of cut glass, set in a stand of beautifully chased silver and gold; it was given to him, as we saw by the inscription on it, by Her Most Gracious Majesty, Lady Queen Victoria. After we had admired it some time, the Sultan asked us if we could explain to him why the Queen had sent him this present. The real reason we could not, of course, know for certain; but we told him that we had no doubt that it was sent as a mark of the friendship the Queen bore him. "Then why," said he, "did her ships come here and knock down my town?" And it was not without some difficulty that we explained to him that the Queen, in all probability, knew nothing whatever about the knocking the town down, until it was all done, even if she did then; but that it was the work of some of her servants, who were anything but "bargoosh." When he understood this, he seemed quite disappointed; as if, although it was doubtless bad to have your town knocked down by a mighty Queen, it was far worse when done by her servants only. To change this very unpleasant topic, the Sultan asked us if we could give him some music, as he was passionately fond of European music, having once heard a piano played when he was on board a P. and O. steamer, on a pilgrimage to Mecca. After a short consultation together, we agreed to send our boat on board to get an harmonium which we had with us, and to bring it on shore together with the steward who could play it. This we did; and while we were waiting for it, we smoked some of the Sultan's No. 2 Manilla cheroots, and he made us a few presents. I got a

piece of silk, a very pretty little knife of native manufacture, and a little snuff-box of a beautiful yellow wood that I never saw before.

The grand-vizier came round to where I was sitting, and explained to me that the Sultan was much pleased with me, and that if I liked, he would give me a monkey four feet high, and as strong as two men. I at once closed with this offer, and two men were sent after the monster; but as he never turned up, I am afraid that the Malays must have met with a stile on their way home with this gentleman, over which he, like the swine in the story of the "old woman and her pig," refused to get; at any rate, I trust the Malays discovered a stick, and that the stick did its duty, for I was much disappointed at losing Jacko.

The boat having returned, we got up the harmonium and the boat's crew to sing; and the music soon soothed away any remains of soreness felt by the Sultan, and brought back by the reminiscence of his ill treatment. The songs that pleased him most were *So Early in the Morning* and *Champagne Charley*, which he encored several times. He then had dinner provided for the boat's crew, during which he attempted to play the harmonium, watching the blue-jackets at their meal the while. His exclamations of "bargoosh" were frequent at the way the hungry tars disposed of the good things set before them. Our supplies being all on board, and a favorable breeze having sprung up, the captain determined to sail; so, in spite of the Sultan's many and pressing invitations for us to stay a week with him, we were obliged to wish him good-bye, and take ourselves on board again. Arrived on board, we found our bunkers filled with dry cut wood, also a considerable quantity of it stowed on deck, our tanks full of water, a bullock, some goats, fowls, ducks, eggs, and abundance of fruit and vegetables. For this the Sultan would take no payment. Yes, I tell it to our shame, this old man, a semi-barbarian, black, and a Mohammedan, who had been so shamefully treated by our own countrymen, refused payment for these supplies. He found us empty, he sent us away full. The only thing he would take was our photographs and a few bottles of wine.

We were soon under way again, but our favorable breeze died away, and our old enemy the monsoon returned. We had to fight it for nearly a fortnight before we reached our destination.

Since I returned home, I was one day staying at a hotel in a neighboring city, and for want of something else to do while waiting for a steamer, was looking through a book which was lying on the table in which the visitors at the hotel inscribed their names, &c., when what should I see but "The Ambassador of the Sultan of Tringanu!" On making inquiries, I found it was none other than our old friend the grand-vizier. I wonder if he has brought my monkey with him. So, should any of my readers see a man dressed in a sarong, with a creese stuck in it, and a monkey four feet high with him, please ask him if he is the grand-vizier, and if the monkey is for me, and let me know.

THE ANCIENT PAINTINGS FOUND IN THE SUBTERRANEAN BASILICA OF ST. CLEMENT IN ROME.

BETWEEN the Coliseum and the Cathedral Basilica of the Lateran, *omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*, opposite the fortified monastery of the Four Crowned Martyrs, where Robert Guiscard took up his quarters when he came to succor Gregory VII, on the site of St. Clement's paternal house at the foot of the Coelian hill, was erected a Church dedicated to God in honor of that illustrious Pope and Martyr, which was held to be one of the most venerable in Rome, and the most perfect in its ancient Catholic Basilican type. Clement the Pope, Clement the Consul, Ignatius of Antioch, were the Martyrs whose relics hallowed it, Servulus of Rome and Cyril of Sclavonia, were the Confessors whose remains enriched it. St. Jerome spoke of its guarding St. Clement's memory up to his day. It was witness to the condemnation of the Scotch Pelagian Celestius under Pope St. Zosimus. St. Leo the Great, whose name is on a slab found in the reliquary beneath the high altar, and Pope St. Symmachus, made mention of it. It had resounded to the preaching of St. Gregory the Great. Other Popes honored and adorned it. It was then a lesson of modesty to the antiquary, and a cause of thankfulness to Divine Providence, when, in 1857, the real Constantinian Basilica, to which alone these facts applied, was discovered, purposely filled up with earth, beneath the present structure. Masaccio's history of St. Catharine of Alexandria had seemed ancient: here below are fragments of paintings and some admirably preserved compositions dating from the third to the ninth or tenth century, marble columns precious and unique, the ruined walls, and portions of the mosaic pavement, of a primitive Basilica, abandoned and unknown for nearly a thousand years. The task of removing the rubbish, with which it was filled, was much less than that of supplying masonry to support the upper church. It is, however, now about completed, thanks to the munificent donations of Pius IX., and the generous contributions of many lovers of archæological science, Protestant as well as Catholic

Beneath, and accessible to the visitor, have been discovered three walls that respectively belong to the three distinct periods of the history of Pagan Rome; the imperial, republican, and kingly. The brick wall is supposed to belong to Clement's house; it is not known for what purpose the travertine wall served; the *tufo lithoide* wall is, with great probability, said to be part of the walls of Servius Tullius. Several chambers, considered to be the original chambers of the house of Clement, exist below the unearthed Basilica. The rare and precious pillars of this venerable temple are still in their places, partly hidden by ancient piers of brick built to strengthen the edifice. These served as the ground for a series of very remarkable frescoes,

unique in the history of Christian art, and most interesting inasmuch as many of them are votive pictures. They are certainly the earliest and largest Christian wall paintings we know of outside the catacombs, and, independently of religious interest, curious and valuable for the history of art, as it came forth from its catacombic recesses, and passed through the hands of the early Italian painters into the modern school. They have been carefully and well copied in color, and photographs made from the copies. As a matter of interest to the lovers of art, or those who may take an interest in the paintings thus discovered, we give a slight consecutive notice of most of them.

NORTHERN AISLE.

FIRST PICTURE FOUND.

Martyrdom of St. Catharine of Alexandria, supposed to be the oldest of this subject in existence. Her history is painted by Masaccio in the church above. This noble and learned lady braved the brutal passion of the Emperor Maximin, converted the heathen philosophers who argued against Christianity, was tortured upon the wheel, and beheaded in 310. In 313, Maximin was defeated by Licinius, lost the Empire, and died in misery at Tarsus. Writers have said that this saint was not venerated in Europe before the second crusade; a mistake, perhaps, arising from her relics having been given to Robert, Duke of Normandy, by a monk from Palestine, at the close of the eleventh century. The first crusade promoted by Peter the Hermit, was agreed upon at Clermont, in 1095; and it was in the eighth century, when the Saracens oppressed the Christians in Egypt, that her body was translated to the monastery on Sinai in Arabia, first built by the Empress St. Helen and afterwards beautified by the Emperor Justinian, as several old inscriptions and mosaic pictures testify. The fresco we are treating of is little more than an outline, and was probably done between the seventh and eighth centuries. The centre has perished. On the left she stands arguing before the judge; on the right tied naked to the wheel, three angels advance to deliver her; below she is decapitated. St. Paul of Latra in Bithynia, celebrated her festival with great solemnity and devotion. The principal part of her mortal remains is still preserved in a marble urn in the church dedicated to her on Mount Sinai; for an account of which see "Dr. Richard Pocock's Travels," vol. i, page 140.

II.

NICHE OF THE MADONNA.

When first discovered, this painting of Our Lady was concealed by another, much ruder, painted upon a coat of plaster, which fell away. On the arch is the head of the Saviour, beardless, like that in the catacombs. On the left side Abraham brandishing the sword to strike; in the other hand was a chalice, overflowing with blood, which has fallen away. On the opposite right side the angel is shielding Isaac. "Lay not thy hand upon the boy, neither do thou anything to him; now I know that thou fearest God, and hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake." (Gen. 20: 12.) The true child of sacrifice, sitting on

that he always carried a clog of his in his bosom. Honoratus's successor, enraged one day against Libertinus, took up a stool and beat him with it. Touched with remorse by the humility of Libertinus, who returned to speak to him about some monastic duty, he rose from his seat, prostrated himself at his feet, and begged his pardon. On another occasion, as Libertinus was going on business of his monastery to Ravenna, a woman seized his horse by the bridle, and insisted that he should restore her child to life. The holy monk laid Honoratus's clog upon the boy's breast, and he was forthwith restored to life. The third story, St. Gregory says, was told him by the superior of the monastery, whom he knew very well. The gardener was annoyed by a thief breaking the inclosure to steal vegetables. He ordered a snake which he happened to see to guard the place. The thief mounted the hedge as usual, took fright at the snake, and fell so that his foot caught, and he could not escape. The monk on returning released him, and told him if he wanted vegetables again he would give them, to prevent the sin of theft. The choice of these subjects may suggest that they were painted after St. Gregory's death in 604.

IX.

NAVE.

INSTALLATION OF ST. CLEMENT BY ST. PETER.

Here we have a large and well-preserved series of paintings. On a pilaster near the high altar, St. Peter is installing Clement, and investing him with the *pallium*, symbol of universal jurisdiction, whilst Linus and Cletus stand on either side of the throne, but in lower positions than Peter and Clement, who are on the same level. Two priests in the vestments of their order, and two soldiers in Roman military costume.

CENTRAL COMPARTMENT.

MIRACULOUS CONVERSION OF SISINIUS.

The interior of a church lighted with seven lamps, symbols of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. St. Clement in his pontifical robes saying Mass at the altar, which is covered with a plain white linen cloth, and upon it are the missal, the chalice, and paten. Above is a circular lamp, "*Pharum cum coronâ*," with seven small lights. Sisinius, the husband of the convert Theodora, has intruded upon the mysteries, and been struck blind. Two youths, one of whom gazes earnestly in his face, are leading him to the open door. He afterwards recovered his sight through the prayers of St. Clement and Theodora, and embraced the Christian faith. On the other side are the ministers of the altar, and among them two bishops with croziers in their hands, the deacon, and subdeacon holding the censer in his right hand and the incense box in his left. All have the circular tonsure, and the Pope in addition to the tonsure has the nimbus or glory, symbol of sanctity. In front of the ministers are the figures of a man and woman holding in their hands lighted twisted tapers. They are the donors of the picture, as we learn from the inscription underneath, which says, "I, Beno Derapiza, with Mary my wife, for the love of God and Blessed Clement." An elegant border sepa-

rates this from the badly painted lower subjects.

Sisinius, in military costume, is giving directions to three men who are engaged in raising a column. All have their names written by them, Carvoncelle, Cosmaris, and Albertel. The moral appears under the arches. "For the hardness of your hearts you have deserved to draw stones."

X.

ST. ALEXIS.

This great picture, the colors of which are almost as fresh as they were the day they had been laid on, represents the life of the popular Roman saint, St. Alexis, who is honored in the calendars of the Greeks, Syrians, Maronites, and Armenians. Three subjects in one. The ornamentation is peculiarly elegant, especially the lower panel of garlands of flowers, fruit, and birds.

In the upper compartment our Lord sits on a magnificent and richly decorated throne, holding an open book in his hand, on the pages of which are written "*fortis ut vinc*ula *mortis*," strong as bonds of death. On either side of Him stand the archangels with their golden censers, Michael the champion of the Church, and Gabriel who told the humble handmaid that she was to be the Mother of God. The martyred Pope St. Clement is placed next to Michael; St. Nicholas, Pope and Confessor, next to Gabriel.

The central compartment is illustrative of the life of St. Alexis, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century. Devoted to the poor, averse to the world, on his marriage day he fled to lead a virgin life dedicated to God. He was similar to St. John Calybite of Constantinople in the same age, who secretly sought the Acaemetes monastery; after six years returned as a beggar and subsisted by his parents' charity in a hut near their house, discovering himself in his last agony to his mother. The extraordinary call to be a mendicant hermit in our own age was seen in blessed Benedict Labrê, who lived thus for many years in Rome. In the central compartment we see Alexis, on his return from Palestine, in the garb of a pilgrim, with his wallet and staff, asking hospitality of his father, the senator Euphimianus, who is pointing to his palace on the Aventine, and evidently saying to him, "That is my residence; in it you shall find an asylum." The forlorn bride is looking from the balcony. St. Alexis remained unknown in his father's palace for a good many years, during which time he wrote a history of his life. At length having got sick, and knowing that his last moments were drawing near, he requested to see the Pope. St. Boniface the First, who then governed the Church, having heard of the pilgrim's request, went to visit him, accompanied by the Roman clergy and his cross-bearer. The moment the dying pilgrim saw the Pope, he consigned to him the manuscript, which he would not confide to other hands, and expired. His poor father was present on that occasion, not knowing, of course, who the dying man was. The Pope is leaning over him giving the last absolution with his right hand. A little more to the right of the spectator is represented the recognition of the noble pilgrim saint. He is laid on a bier,

covered with a red cloth decorated with crosses, and birds carrying lilies, symbols of purity, in their beaks; his former bride covers his face with kisses, and his aged parents, unable any longer to restrain their anguish, tear their hair through grief for not having known him.

XI.

CRUCIFIXION, ETC., ETC.

A group of subjects probably arranged in connection with St. Prosper to vindicate original sin and sacramental grace. First, the Crucifixion, the oldest known mural painting of that event, referring to the atonement of original and actual sins. Our Lady, full of grace, and the Evangelist of the divine Word made man, with the gospel roll in his hand, are praying to Christ upon the cross.

Secondly, the hope of Christians in that resurrection without which all is in vain, indicated by the two Marys at the sepulchre, before which a lamp is burning. The angel is warning them that it is not in the tomb they are to seek him. "He has arisen, He is not here."

In the central compartment, our Lord, with a grave and affectionate action, in his glorified state, indicated by the azure nimbus in which he is enveloped, has entered Limbo and is raising Adam by the hand, while Eve extends her arms in supplication towards him.

The word "*Architriclinus*," written vertically over the head of the man addressing Our Lord, in the lowest compartment, identifies the miracle at Cana. The suggestive part of Our Lady in that type of the Blessed Eucharist is shown by her position next to Christ. And the representation of the type itself, referring to the greatest and most fruitful of sacramental means following upon the holocaust of the cross, reminds us that in Adam all have sinned, stand in need of assisting grace, and may, if they please, receive it from the hands of the priest in the Church, as Adam did from the great High Priest Himself.

XII.

ST. PROSPER OF AQUITAINE.

Morgan, a Welsh monk of Bangor, who called himself Pelagios, and Celestius, "a fellow," says St. Jerome, "fed upon Scotch porridge," denied original sin and the necessity of divine grace to initiate a virtuous life. St. Augustine confuted them and Pope Zosimus condemned them in 417. Pope Celestine sent St. Germanus of Auxerre as his vicar to England, and at Verulam, now St. Alban's, the Pelagians were signally discomfited. St. Prosper, who was living in Provence, finding some French priests infested with Pelagianism, wrote to St. Augustine and became an active opponent of that heresy. When St. Leo the Great became Pope in 440, he invited him to Rome, and made him his secretary. Celestine had the Council of Ephesus painted in the cemetery of Priscilla; but if the council held in St Clement's against the Pelagians was ever painted in that church, it has perished. The only memorial remaining is this portrait of St. Prosper with his name written upon it. He wrote in Latin verse, of which these lines are a sample.

Pestem subeuntem prima recidit
Sedes Roma Petri, quae pastoralis honoris
Facta caput mundi quicquid non possidet armis
Religione tenet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN. By Rev. T. NOETHEN. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1870. 12mo., pp. 587.

There is a general impression among Catholics, that the study of ecclesiastical history pertains chiefly and solely to theologians, and that it has few or no claims on the attention of general readers. False as this idea is, it nevertheless seems to have gained ground in quarters where we should least expect to find it. Comparatively few Catholic institutions of learning include in their course of instruction this important study, though they bestow a full share of attention upon profane and civil history. Our students become thoroughly conversant with the annals of every petty ancient and modern state, and commit to memory interminable lists of puerile rulers, but they lack a like proficiency in the history of that kingdom which is destined to survive all others, and few can trace the unbroken line that links Pius IX with Peter.

We are at a loss to account for such neglect. Is it because the history of the Church is uninteresting? No, for in addition to the particular interest which surrounds the Church as a divine institution putting forth a wonderfully powerful influence on all human affairs, her history embraces the history of the world, because of this influence and power she has exerted on every age since her foundation. Is it because her history does not concern us in particular? But we are her children. We are citizens of this City of God, and, as the story of a mother's life and the records of his country's struggles and triumphs, must, of necessity, awaken interest in the bosom of a son and a patriot, so does the history of the Church directly address our sympathy and attention.

The cause, probably, of the little interest shown by the majority of Catholics, in this regard, has been the want of a comprehensive and well-written compendium of ecclesiastical history. True, Gahan and Reeve have partially supplied this want, but one is prosy and the other inaccurate. Translations of histories written by foreign authors have appeared from time to time, but, with the exception of Darras, none have proved acceptable, and Darras's admirable work is wholly unsuited for a text-book.

Noethen's Compendium is, we believe, the best yet presented to the American public. Its author has shown great judgment in the selection and arrangement of the most important events in the history of the Church, and he describes them in a simple, concise, and not inelegant style. The prominence given to the more modern history of the Church, and the fuller details presented on the heresies and errors of the present age, render his work a book for the times. We are particularly pleased with the epitome of the decisions and decrees of the Council of Trent. The sketch of the Catholic Church in the United States, is also highly interesting and useful.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have left nothing to be desired in the mechanical execution of the book.

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871. 12mo., pp. 372.

This is the title of a book which we have perused with attention and pleasure. It is an inquiry into the nature of those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived. The author's aim, as he tells us, was to discover

the meaning concealed under the sublime figures in which the Scriptures describe the Heavenly Jerusalem. In his expositions, explanations, and reflections, he has followed the teachings of the most approved theologians. The chapters on the Beatific Vision, the beauty and glory of the risen body, social joys in heaven, and the special glory awarded to different kinds of sanctity, are particularly fine. To perceive the purity and spirituality of the Catholic faith and teaching on Heaven, we have only to compare this beautiful treatise with the Swedenborgian rhapsodies of the book called "Gates Ajar," which produced so profound an impression in the Protestant religious world last year.

Murphy has brought out the book in excellent style.

ROME AND GENEVA. A Letter by a young student of law (M. FONTAINE) to MM. MERLE D'AUBIGNE and BUNGENER. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE. Pamphlet. Murphy & Co. Baltimore. 1871.

This letter is an irrefragable chain of syllogisms presented by a young student of law to several Calvinistic ministers of Geneva, who, prior to the assembling of the Vatican Council, delivered courses of lectures on the "Abominations of Popery." The introduction of Archbishop Spalding furnishes some interesting particulars concerning Genevan Protestantism.

BIBLE HISTORY; containing the most remarkable events of the Old and New Testament, prepared for the use of Catholic Schools in the United States. By Rev R. GILMOUR. Benziger Brothers, New York. 12mo., pp. 336.

Father Gilmour's book has received the approbation of experienced teachers, and is used as a scriptural text-book in nearly all Western Catholic Sunday-schools. The zeal of our "separated brethren" in preparing books and papers for their Sabbath-school children, should serve as a stimulus to us, especially when such admirable publications as Father Gilmour's "History" are within our reach.

THE CATHOLIC CRUSOE: Adventures of Owen Evans, Navy Surgeon's Mate, set ashore on a desolate island in the Caribbean Seas, A.D. 1739. Edited by W. H. ANDERDON, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

If the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" needed additional confirmation, this remarkable story could furnish it. Confronted with Owen Evans, the original Robinson Crusoe would "hide his diminished head." As a substitute for Defoe's fiction, we cordially recommend this interesting narrative.

AFTERNOONS WITH THE SAINTS. By W. H. ANDERDON, D. D. Benziger Brothers, Cincinnati and New York.

Dr. Anderdon has brought within the compass of a small book a number of singularly pleasing and edifying stories of the saints.

THE PARADISE OF THE EARTH; or, The True Means of Finding Happiness in the Religious State. Translated from the French of the Abbé Sanson, by Rev. F. I. SISK. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. New York Catholic Publication Society. 1870. 12mo., pp. 528.

This excellent work contains the thoughts, maxims, and instructions which the great masters of the spiritual life have laid down for the guidance of souls that embrace the religious state.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By S. FRANCO, S. J. Baltimore: Murphy. 12mo., pp. 305.

We cannot recommend this book too earnestly to the perusal and patronage of Catholics.

A Comprehensive Review of the Life and Works of the late Father Faber is in course of preparation for this magazine.

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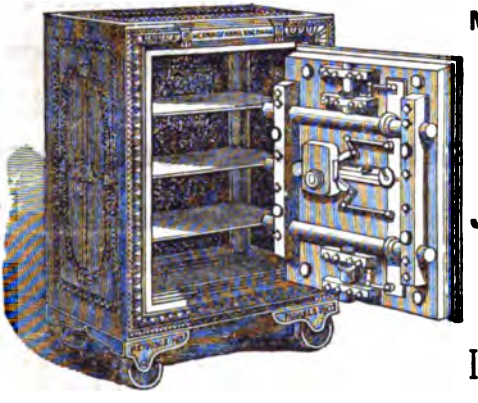

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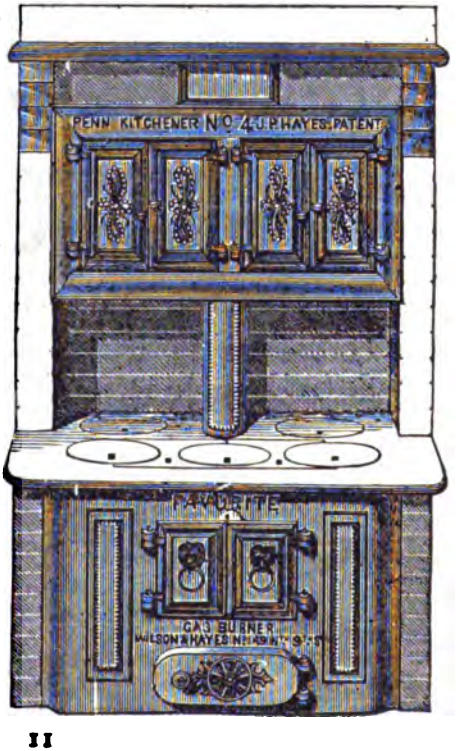

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THE history of heresy is at once the most amusing and most saddening of studies. Before the student of this strange record, there passes a grotesque procession of the silliest and absurdest vagaries of the human mind. This procession starts with the first age of Christianity, and it will end only with the last. Let us look at it awhile. At its head stalks Simon Magus, proclaiming himself the Creator of the World, who has been forced to relinquish his heavenly throne in search of a lost egg that contains the germ of a new creation. In his wake follows his disciple Meander, who assures us that his Master Simon is the Creator, and himself the Redeemer of men. After these come Cerinthus, Ebion, and Nicolas, blaspheming Christ and worshipping Satan. The next in line is a strange-looking being, Carpocrates, who is vigorously swinging a censer before images of Plato, Aristotle, and Christ. He is accompanied by a crowd of Gnostics, babbling about their three hundred and sixty-nine gods, one of whom is Christ. Marcion contradicts these and preaches the existence of two Gods, one infinitely good, the other infinitely evil. Behind him walks Severus, endeavoring to convince us that woman was created by the Devil. Now comes a chariot in which Montanus is seated. His followers are adoring him as the Holy Ghost. The chariot is followed by the Adamites, who, in imitation of Adam, walk in a state of nudity. They precede the Ophites, who are worshipping a serpent, as an emblem of Christ, who, they say, tempted Eve, under the form of a viper. The Sethians are striving to correct this impression, by proving that Christ was Seth, the third son of Adam. The Cainites are adoring Cain, Dathan, Judas Iscariot, and other wretched sinners, and are preaching the doctrine that the shortest road to heaven is by the commission of the worst crimes. Next we note some woebegone Apostolicals, proclaiming the sin-

fulness of possessing the smallest amount of money or goods.

The next division leads off with the Manichees, who pick their steps very carefully, lest they tread upon any flower or shrub, for they believe that Christ is invisibly crucified on every blade of grass. Arius follows with an immense band blaspheming the Eternal Word. After these comes Eustathius, with a few old bachelors, preaching that no married man or woman will ever see the kingdom of God. He is followed by the Messalians, snapping their fingers and performing a dance which, they say, infuriates Satan. The rank is closed by the Discalceati, walking barefooted and calling on all shoemakers to be converted from the evil of their ways. Then come those gloomy fanatics, the Western Manichees, sprinkled with the ashes of the infant they burned in their last nocturnal conventicle. Behind them rush the Iconoclasts, shivering into atoms every sacred image they can lay hands on. Next straggle a disorderly mob of fanatics, preaching every absurdity and counselling every crime. Among them is Eudo de Stella, announcing himself the Judge of the living and the dead; near him are the Stadinghi adoring Satan, and the Flagellants baptizing themselves with the blood that oozes from their self-inflicted wounds. The succeeding party is composed of Lollards, accusing God of injustice because he banished Lucifer from heaven; and of the followers of Martin Gonsalvo, who believes that he is the cousin of St. Michael, and that he (Martin) will one day engage in single combat with Antichrist, whom he will vanquish with one blow of the cross. Martin's friends style him the only begotten Son of God.

The last division begins with John Wickliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who are inciting their followers to resist the civil and religious authorities because these may be in a state of sin. This party is followed by Luther, foaming with rage against the Sacramentarians, who are in turn cursing and contradicting him. Next come the Anabaptists, surrounding the cart in which they have enthroned John Blockhold, and his sixteen wives, and saluting John with the cry: "Hail to the King of Justice!" The Baptists follow, carrying their tank for immersion. Calvin walks stern and silent in the company of the Genevan magistracy, who cower before him. He is thinking of the preparation making for the execution of Servetus. Socinus follows, smiling in pity at Protestants wrangling over grace, faith in Christ, predestination and good works. Next come the Quakers, surrounding the mule on which Taylor is mounted, and shouting "Hosannah to the Son of David!" John Wesley, moved by the Spirit, is next borne along, in company with Swedenborg rapt to the third heaven. They are followed by the Shakers, executing their solemn waltz, under the sharp eye of Mother Ann Lee, who they say is as far superior to Christ as He was to Moses. The Mormons and Millerites bring up the rear of this most remarkable of processions.

This is the ridiculous side of heresy. It has also its terrible and sorrowful features. But we are

concerned with it only as it is a warning and an instruction. The exhibition which we have just witnessed, shows us clearly that the direct result of heresy is to darken the intellect, and to debase the whole nature of man. We can scarcely believe that men gifted with the light of reason may fall into the grossest errors. True, Cicero says that no opinion however nonsensical, has ever lacked the support of philosophers. But that men professedly under Scriptural guidance and enlightenment, can sink to the lowest depths of moral and intellectual degradation, is a startling revelation of human weakness and depravity. This fact, however, demonstrates the impossibility of ascertaining the truths of eternal life, independently of their divinely appointed teacher and guardian. It triumphantly refutes the assertion that "an infallible church is not an essential of Christianity." It shows that had not Christ established such a Church, he would have given us his doctrines and laws in vain.

Another truth, which the history of heresy discloses, is that the character of a heresy is very much influenced by the habits, thoughts, and character of the people who are so unfortunate as to accept it. Giving full credit to the diabolical and political agencies by which most heresies have been introduced into nations once blessed with the faith, it cannot be denied that heresy often finds the minds of a people prepared to harbor it. Some heresies find a more congenial soil in one country than in another. Some are confined to one land; others to one class; others to one or two professions in a particular country. It is a singular fact that those heresies which regard the two natures and one person in our Divine Lord, and in which subtle theological questions are involved, have been confined almost exclusively to the East; whilst the West has produced those heresies that strike directly at power and authority, both in the civil and ecclesiastical order. This diversity of heresies marks the difference between the dreamy, speculative, and novelty-loving Oriental mind and the turbulent, violent, and active Western nature. All the fantastic doctrines of the Gnostics, Manichees, and Valentinians, the worship of Satan and of serpents, originated in the East, the land of mystic traditions and strange mythologies. Hence we conclude that men once thrown off from the centre of Catholic truth will fall into those beliefs and errors that are most congenial to their tastes, passions, and habits of thought.

We have entered thus fully upon the question of heresy and its tendencies, with a view to determine the particular heresy or error that threatens this country. It is admitted on all sides that Protestantism is losing day by day its slight hold on the people. As a nation we have no religion. The sects have no influence on the national life or the national thought. The preachers do not influence even those that attend their churches, for no attempt is made to conceal the fact that the minister must preach to please those in his congregation on whom the payment of his salary depends. No sincere reflecting man will long assist at such mockery. Indeed, the

intelligent and really pious American attends no place of worship, preferring to pray and read his Bible at home. Such men, however, are rare, and their piety and sincerity produce little or no impression on a community that regard religious questions with apathy and indifference.

Enough of the moral sentiment remains, however, in the people to withstand the direct and open advances of the grosser forms of infidelity. The blasphemy and scurrility of French and German atheism will never receive the countenance or approval of this nation. But what exposes our country to infidelity is its peculiar weakness to receive latitudinarian principles. The spirit of the national institutions fosters the utmost freedom of discussion on all subjects, sacred as well as profane. A bold criticism is encouraged. The irreverent handling of sacred things is not deemed sacrilegious. Literature and the press recognize no censorship, and control instead of obeying sound public opinion. The Protestant pulpit has ceased to be a power.

The enemies of revealed truth have here a fine field. With that marvellous insight into national character, which such men appear to possess naturally, they are suiting themselves to the popular feeling and thought, and introducing infidelity amongst us, under a disguise which the people do not penetrate. These men curse the squeamishness which America shows in retaining any vestige of Christianity; but too shrewd to assail religion openly, they accommodate themselves to the "weakness." A century ago, when religion was scoffed at, and when it was considered an infallible mark of a boor to secretly practice or openly conform to any creed, jests, sarcasms, and invective were the weapons which infidelity employed against religion. Voltaire's keen wit injured religion more than tomes of philosophy, simply because wit, at that time, was an unfailing weapon in the controversies and disputes of the period. But in this day and country, that mode of warfare is no longer effective. A new plan must be tried, and this plan, as set forth by a leading infidel, is "to lead America into full intellectual and moral freedom by the pathway of science and the teachings of a philosophy which regards man, not as a dwarf, but as a giant in intellect; a philosophy that teaches the progressiveness of the human mind; a philosophy which is suited for a nation destined to lead the world in the march of science, government, and law."

Considering the pride of this country, her susceptibility to flattery, her want of religion, and her partiality to any movement which has for a motto "liberty and independence," the infidel plan bids fair to succeed. It apparently does not affect religion. No mention is made of Christianity. No reference is made to sect or party. But in reality this plan is infidelity, for the philosophy which it preaches logically ends in the rejection of all mysteries. It overturns all that is supernatural and divine. It dethrones Christ, for it regards him only as the ideal man, the type and exemplar of that perfect humanity which this philosophy is destined to form.

It teaches that a future of infi-

nite progress lies before every science. The human mind in its pursuit of knowledge is circumscribed by no limits, impeded by no insurmountable barrier. Sciences now in their infancy will, in course of time, expand to gigantic dimensions. The mysteries presented by the phenomena of nature will one day be revealed, and what are now deemed impenetrable arcana will yet be illumed. Nor will the human mind rest as at its bourne, at the elucidation of what may be termed natural mysteries. New and startling discoveries in the realms of physical science will not satisfy the infinitely progressive soul, but in the lapse of centuries, mind will have acquired such acumen and cultivation, that it will unveil the mysteries that infold the Deity. The awful obscurity that enshrouds the Being of God, his attributes, his internal and external operations, will be lit up by the torch of science, and each wretched mortal will be enabled to understand clearly and perfectly these tremendous mysteries.

This is the "philosophy" by which America is to be freed. The grandiloquent terms in which it is described, almost prevent us from seeing the contradiction on which it is based. A moment's reflection, however, suffices to show its absurdity. So far from fully "comprehending the Infinite," we are unable to decide on the character of the simplest operations of nature. The physician cannot explain the process by which our food is converted into blood. The most skilful farmer is at a loss to account for the growth of a tree from a seed. The wisest philosophers and chemists are hopelessly puzzled over the question of the elements of matter. The astronomer cannot define the nature of the law by which the planetary system is so admirably governed. Yet each of these difficulties has called forth the powers of thoughtful and gifted men in every age and country, and, though they have examined, discussed and sifted each point, in every imaginable way, no progress from the original point of inquiry is made. Surely, perceptible progress should have been made in these and kindred "mysteries," if the mind be "infinitely progressive."

But granted that the Coming Man will distance his predecessors and discover secrets which have escaped other inquirers. Suppose him a man before whom all nature is an open book; to whom the multitudinous laws of vegetable, animal and spiritual life are plain, yet there is a point beyond which he may not step, a limit on which is written: "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." Above and beyond nature is the supernatural; above the limited and finite, the illimitable and infinite; beyond the creature is the Creator. Compared with the mysteries of the supernatural, the arcana of the visible world are clear as noon. The deepest and hardest problems given us by nature are patent if we contrast them with the insearchable secrets symbolized by the words Creation, Redemption, Infinity. The finite cannot exhaust the Infinite, and so the human mind can never sound the depths of mystery surrounding God. Thus is the rationalistic opinion shown to be a mere chim-

era, and the proud boast of reason her own condemnation.

This philosophy appears in that excessive laudation of science, which we daily see in hundreds of American newspapers. The greatest stress is laid upon the importance of science. Scientific progress is made the great test of a nation's influence and worth. Catholic lands are represented as devoid of the appliance of art and science, and the dearth is ascribed to the paralyzing influence of the Roman faith. This exaggeration of the importance and use of science suggests to the American mind the question: Does Protestantism, Christianity, Religion, encourage science in a manner proportionate to its importance? Is my creed prepared to stand the tests of geology, philology, philosophy? Perhaps my faith, like that of the Romanists, is behind the times, is becoming effete, is; in fact, an exploded theory. I must examine it by the light of science and reason. To bring the American mind to this point of inquiry is the end and aim of infidelity in this country, since it is fully aware of the fact that if Protestantism be subjected to the crucible of rational investigation, it cannot stand the test. Popery is supposed to be hated so bitterly by the American people, that they will never dream of embracing it. Everything, therefore, foretells the triumph of Infidelity. The Coming Man will be an infidel.

It is a noteworthy characteristic of the new philosophy that it devotes all its energies to the perfecting of only two sciences—philology and geology. Why these should receive the largest share of attention, to the neglect of other equally important sciences, is a question which the philosophers do not condescend to answer. The truth is, both these sciences are supposed to deal a death-blow to the Scriptures, and if the Bible is shown to be a book of pious tales, fables, and allegories, Protestantism, which depends helplessly upon it, will of course fall. We should naturally expect that the best vindicators of the Scriptures should come from Protestantism, but, on the contrary, the word of God has suffered more at the hands of its professed friends than from its open enemies. Not to speak of the numerous and utterly unwarranted changes and translations of texts, in order to make them favor some view of a sect, or serve as an argument against Romanism, Protestantism has capriciously condemned whole books of Scripture as apocryphal, which bear as evident marks of inspiration as books received as canonical. Besides, Protestantism helps the new philosophy by securing to every man the perfect freedom of his judgment. It cannot logically condemn a man for discovering in the Scriptures that Christ was only a great thinker, and an eminent scientist; that Adam, Eve, Paradise, and the Serpent are figures in a beautiful allegory; that hell is a myth, and mysteries and miracles evidences of the infancy of science.

Philology and rationalistic criticism find an ally in geology. The shallow boasting of modern science has deluded countless men into the belief that the Mosaic account of creation is wholly irreconcilable with the discoveries of geology. In the first place geology has not

clearly established its fundamental principle that the earth has been cycles of ages in process of formation, and until it takes this settled form all the arguments advanced by it must necessarily bear a merely hypothetical character. Indeed, so far from possessing any fixed and universally received principles, geology is only a collection of theories which attempt to explain creation. Cuvier and Lyell, once considered the oracles of geology, are now universally abandoned, and the present form of the science is undergoing a thorough transformation. Granting all its claims, however, and leaving unquestioned the flimsy foundation on which it rests, Catholic philosophy shows that there is no expression in Genesis which contradicts the legitimate conclusions of true science.

There is but one way of averting the threatened ruin. Let America enter that church which is at once the teacher of true religion, the guardian of all true liberty, and the upholder of the dignity of human nature. The Catholic Church, by teaching that there can be no contradiction between God's revelation and the dispassionate and unprejudiced teachings of the human intellect, that faith and science, flowing from the same divine source, blend in beautiful concord, elevates the human mind far higher than that irreligious philosophy which insults our understanding by proposing to it as truths manifest contradictions and falsehoods. If America turns a deaf ear to the warnings of the Church, and persists in following the false lights of infidelity, the torch of science will fall from her hand, and leave her in darkness worse than that which broods over Pagan and Mahometan lands.

HUMILITY TRUE GREATNESS.

Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once infallible and short,
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair,
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart his residence! pronounced
His second seat, and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter I.

"Death is the real mirror of life," says a grand Christian of the seventeenth century; and these words are still true, even when the shadow of death hinders the survivors from discerning their whole ground of hope. But when this shadow is scattered, and nothing clouds the dread and truthful mirror of the last hour—when God permits us to behold the soul of a friend reflected therein, himself, and yet more than himself—the same as when we loved him in life, yet already transfigured by the forerunning brightness of a better world—when exceptional and terrible sufferings only serve to bring out what he has been throughout the length of a happy life—then, instead of suffering the anguish of a mournful farewell, the heart bounds with the hope of eternal reward, and joyfully acknowledges yet once again that the love of God is not only Heaven itself, but that in this world too His love softens the bitterest grief, and transfigures even death in its hour.

It was in this way that Adelaide Capece Minutolo, of the illustrious house of the princes of Canosa, ended her life at Naples the beginning of the year 1869. A noble life, whose Christian simplicity bore the germ of her heroic death, and bequeathed to those who stood by her deathbed feelings of consolation which no words can convey. What served to comfort them will also instruct us; what added to their fortitude will strengthen our weakness; and as after battle it is thought well to inspire courage by speaking of those who fought valiantly, so in the battle of life, which we all must wage, it is a good and wholesome thing to watch how brave souls bear themselves; the more specially if they do not belong to those chosen ranks who lead the van, and whose deeds we would fain persuade ourselves are only examples for the few, but are among those who have fought and conquered with ourselves, have mingled with the crowd, and marched in the field at our side.

Adelaide's lot in life was not an extraordinary one, and yet it was remarkable on one account, which was, that she chose out her own path of happiness, and walked in it according to that choice; whereas it tended in neither of the two directions which in general, and especially in Italy, are the only roads open to women—she did not become a nun, and she never married.

At the opening of her young life, her father's death having brought about some reverse of fortune, she had been early trained to thoughtfulness and self-restraint, to bear with cheerful courage the deprivation of the pleasures of her age, and to preserve an equal mind amid those changes which merely affect the outward aspect of life. I shall not dwell, moreover, upon a period when Adelaide was in nowise distinguished from her sisters Pauline and Clotilde. During the early years of their lives she was exactly

what they were—brave, happy in the perfect union that reigned between themselves, and in the passionate love they showed for their mother,* whose devotedness, capacity, and indomitable energy, seconded by the eagerness with which the sacrifices she required were accepted by her children, succeeded finally in recovering their fortunes. After many years of retirement, her daughters were just about to reappear in the world and assume the position suitable to their birth, when the one great sorrow of her life struck Adelaide to the ground. After a last voyage to Andalusia to settle her children's affairs, the Marchioness de Minutolo was attacked by a rapid and dangerous illness, to which she fell a victim in a few days; and her daughters, who had gone with her, returned to Naples orphans.

This frightful blow, coming at the same moment with the final arrangement of their affairs, left them entirely, though sorrowfully, free; and it was then that Adelaide took that line which was so significative of her whole character.

Pauline, the eldest sister, had just accepted an offer of marriage from Francis del Balso, the Marquis de la Sonora.

And in like manner Adelaide, if she had wished it, could easily have married suitably to her station; but at this juncture she calmly looked life in the face, and examined herself as to the conditions under which she could secure happiness. She perceived, therefore, distinctly, that, as far as she was concerned, happiness must comprise peace; the sympathetic union of two hearts and minds, with such a conformity of tastes and equality of wills as should enable her to walk in a course which, without being exceptional, should constantly tend upwards and towards God. She discerned also that, instead of seeking such an ideal in the doubtful realization of marriage, and the keener joys and splendors of the world, she possessed its elements at home, and required nothing more.

Clotilde, her youngest sister, was bound to her by that similarity of tastes which fulfilled all her conditions of happiness: the sisters therefore mutually resolved to seek nothing further than to live together, determining, with one accord, not to marry, and never to separate from each other while they lived. Opportunities of changing her mind were offered to Adelaide some time afterwards, under circumstances which might both have touched her heart and dazzled her pride; but nothing ever induced her to waver, nor did either of them ever feel a regret, or doubt the wisdom of their choice, till, at the end of eight-and-twenty years, death dissolved their union.

Before the sisters could settle their life according to their plan, it was necessary to undergo some struggles; for neither in Italy nor in France is there any place reserved in the world—in the "great world," above all—for unmarried women. When it so happens that the daughter of a family receives no suitable offer, and death deprives her of her natural protectors, it is necessary for her to find some other;

* Mathilde de Galvez, Marchioness of Capece Minutolo, daughter of Bernard, first Count de Galvez, Viceroy of Mexico in 1785, niece and heiress to the Marquis de la Sonora, Indian Minister under Charles III.

and in return for that countenance which she is not allowed to be without, she is obliged sometimes to accept conditions hard enough to justify in some measure the general aversion to old maids. To them time neither brings freedom nor even loosens the shackles forged to protect their youth, but which equally fetter them in advanced life.

This was the antique custom of society from which Adelaide strove to escape by "founding the institution of Old Maids at Naples." She did this in fact, and succeeded in obtaining the independence she sought for herself and her sister. They first settled in Naples, and afterwards at Posilippo, in a villa whose enchanting position engraves it upon the memory of all who are acquainted with the Bay of Naples. In 1818 this villa, which stands upon one of the promontories of the Strada Nuova, was given by Ferdinand I to the Margravine of Anspach, then living at Naples, and who had built upon this tongue of land a kind of pavilion resembling a small Greek temple, which stood in a garden running down to the sea, and which, backed by trees and surrounded by flowers, formed a pretty object either from the sea or land, and still figures in every view of the Bay of Naples drawn from 1818 to 1851. In the latter year, Mr. Keppel Craven, the son and heir of the Margravine, bequeathed the pavilion and garden to the two sisters Minutolo, to whom he had been a most faithful and constant friend. When they had remodelled the little temple, it lost its primitive character; but they made it into a convenient and graceful dwelling, which now became their only place of abode; where for many years they spent a peaceful and occupied life, and where they fulfilled their dream of happiness, which was to be bought, like every best earthly gift, by the voluntary and full sacrifice of some earthly joys.

There is no doubt that this kind of happiness did not appear enviable to every one; and among the numerous friends who for many years visited them in retirement, there would doubtless be some joyous and much-loved wife, some proud and fond mother, and especially more than one frivolous companion, who would declare that they could not endure to spend their days and grow old in such a way of life. But this impression was still somewhat a rare one. It is not often that perfect happiness is found in this world, and when we find it, both the heart and eye recognize it and enjoy its repose. How many times have we ourselves not so rested in that spot, where religion, friendship, art, and literary pursuits all seemed to have met together, framed, as it were, by the most glorious natural scenery, and where the soul and heart, the understanding and the eye, were alike satisfied! Without wounding the vanity of one who lived for and in her, we may say that Adelaide was the centre of that circle; that not only were her talents remarkable, but her mind, like her character, had somewhat of that manly strain which had perhaps come down to her through her mother's Spanish blood. In this way, together with wonderful sweetness, great simplicity, and match-

less tenderness of character, she not only possessed a masculine courage—which, alas, was afterwards put to the test—but she had a singular aptitude for such studies and knowledge as occupy men, and in which they only in general excel. On this account, besides admirably directing the education of her niece, she also conducted that of her nephew—children whom she so affectionately loved, and by whom her love was so cordially returned, that a vivid and tender shadow of those joys of motherhood she had renounced was added to the other interests with which she wisely preferred to occupy her life.

In this way nearly fifteen years glided on of regular and well-ordered existence, in which family ties, friendship, and society had each their place, but whose larger portion was reserved for seclusion and work. The villa was near enough to Naples to allow of visiting the sisters with ease, and every once or twice a week the chief part of the Neapolitan world—then the most brilliant society to be met with in Italy—gathered about them. On other days their doors were closed. Their time then was spent in painting, study, music—for which both sisters had a gift such as amateurs rarely possess, not only playing well, but composing music; and to these must be added—or rather, above the exercise of all these talents came the many good works which they carried on unostentatiously about them, and among which was one specially dear to Adelaide. This was teaching a class of poor little boys, on whom—as we shall by and by find—she lavished a store of Christian charity and knowledge. At that time she had little leisure even for her most intimate friends; but her boys were never sent away, and their days were dearer to her than those when she was surrounded by company. Still, to judge entirely of Adelaide, it would not have been enough to see her only at work; it was necessary to watch her and listen to her in society. Her mind, as I have said, was singularly quick, penetrating, and apt of comprehension. She was also gifted with a fine imagination, and possessed in an eminent degree that promptness and quicksightedness which are Neapolitan characteristics. But what may be called her ruling quality was a kindliness which seemed to make her noble powers subserve her faculty of drawing out the good that lay in others, or in turning them to good. This quality, to tell the truth, did not quite please everybody; for, according to the ideas of many people, it makes conversation insipid if you do not speak against your neighbor. Others called it *optimism;* and some again said, that without evil-speaking conversation was robbed of its chief flavor, and was merely frivolous talk. Still there were many not unworthy of this dear woman, who found delight in the calm circle she gathered around her, and much greater pleasure in those days which were reserved for special friends, and spent in sweet and unreserved intercourse.

Ah, it was sweet indeed to talk to Adelaide, sitting on that lovely terrace which commanded the whole view of the bay—with Naples, Vesuvius, and the mountains

behind them on the left; in front, the hills above Castellamare and Sorrento, whose grand and graceful line trends away to the horizon on the other side; above our heads the splendid sky, and below us the calm and sapphire sea. When the garden gates were shut, it seemed as if the world and men were alike banished; our conversation slid easily into more unreserved topics, and Adelaide's sunny disposition did not hinder her from being also grave. At those moments real thoughts, such as one does not interchange in society, fell easily from her lips, and were communicated without difficulty to others. Such conversations remain stamped upon the memory.

I pause here for a moment to verify my recollection of one of them, and to picture Adelaide to the eye and ear, where I shall never again behold her image, nor ever be present myself.

Chapter II.

I am going back to about the year 1854, when Adelaide's life seemed to me especially privileged and happy. I had myself enjoyed, beyond what is given to most people, the happiness of sisterly friendship; but it had been followed by great sorrows, which were then still recent, and the dear but acute remembrance of the past was often the subject of our conversation. Adelaide had known and loved all those for whose loss my tears still flowed; and while she pitied me, I envied her, for neither death nor absence had ever divided her from the two sisters whom she so loved. One of them lived with her always, a part of her very life; and the other not only came every day to see her, but brought her two children, who well deserved the tender love lavished upon them. Her life, therefore, was gifted with complete family union, added to a power of enjoyment not stripped of the brightness of youth at an age when, for the greater number, youth is already a dream of the past.

"Yes, my poor friends, but when the day of separation comes?" This thought was often before me; and on this day it led me to put the following question:

"When you think of death, how do you feel?"

She replied: "Death! but there is no such thing."

Was this indeed optimism carried to absurdity, or was it a sublime truth? The following explanation will make it clear.

"Look you," she added; "I am now feeling, praying, loving, and understanding. This is the sum of my life, and will be so to the end; then it will change, and become better, but not broken short. I, my very self, shall still go on feeling, praying, loving, and understanding. This is certainly a change in my life, but not an interruption of the life. What, then, does death mean?"

"But the suffering one may have to go through before life is ended?"

She made an Italian gesture which expresses that a thing is not worth mentioning; then she said:

"We can suffer a great deal, if we do not spend time in thinking about what we are suffering, as long as this is possible; when it becomes too difficult, God helps us, and then we can bear anything."

This is a noble way of looking

at the best side of suffering and death; and the words would be beautiful even in themselves, and as nothing more. But they have a far deeper signification when we find the speaker afterwards practicing her brave religious theory, and proving its sincerity by her heroic patience.

"He who does not suffer in his will, does not suffer at all," is the admirable saying of Fénelon; and this is the blessed "seed of Heaven in purgatory," transforming even the sufferings of those "who are happy in the fire,"* which, in this world, works the same change in souls whose will is wholly united to God's will. Such was, if I may so call it, the *predominant coloring* of Adelaide's piety, and the special form that Christian virtue took in her, which may also be termed the most perfect of all. Her will was never separated from the will of God, and it was her personal love for Him which operated in her soul this perfect act of her will.

Although my memory may serve me faithfully as to the past, it might possibly be doubted whether I have rendered the foregoing conversation word for word. It will be well therefore to make some extracts from Adelaide's letters, which give a better idea of her ideas and her mind than anything I could say. I think I shall be forgiven if I go back a little, and thus take in more of these extracts, and so get a fairer idea of the charm and richness of thought which they unveil.

The letters written to her niece, who was also her god-daughter,* seem to me not only to inspire admiration for the writer, but also for the child of sixteen who was worthy to receive them.

"POSILIPPO, Nov. 24, 1854.

"MY DEAR CHILD: I must write to you, I must write to you, I must write to you! Now, according to Father Borghi, a word three times repeated has an incalculable power; therefore my thrice-repeated '*I must*' ought not to remain barren. '*Amen, Amen, Amen, dico vobis.*' I shall write in spite of my visitors, in spite of lessons, in spite of my —I was about to say *in spite of our Lord;* but that would not sound well, and I must express it in other words. It is this: in spite of my dear picture of our Lord, in which I am wonderfully wrapt up just now. I never did a picture which interested me more; every stroke of the brush, every line of the features, seems an act of love which brings me nearer to my sweet Jesus. Ah, how I love that look, that comforting smile, the self-forgetfulness of that dear Face, and the Hand which I have placed upon His sacred Heart! Ah, would that I could place mine there also! I think if I held it there, I should never offend Him again, that I might become a second St. Theresa! And then, away from Him, O, how cold one becomes! how easy it is to be drawn away, to slip, and even to sin! There, my dear Pussy, that is my mood while I am writing; but who knows what it may be an hour hence?

* "Che son contenti nel fuoco." Dante, *Inferno*, c. ii.

* Adelina del Balzo, married in 1867 to the Count di Melissa, eldest son of Prince Tignatelli Stronzolli.

"Adelinette, I love you; and when I chat with you, I do it from the depths of my heart, which is open to you as it is to no one else.

"This is my yesterday's, or rather *to-day's* letter, the 25th. In truth, to-day I am in a quite contrary, or at least altogether different mood. The Count of Syracuse has been here. He paid us a long visit, and was kind enough to say, that as he had not seen us for a long time, he came to find us out, and see how we were. No prince royal could frame a politer phrase. And accordingly we were much flattered; and my present frame of mind is *satisfied self-love.* You see how different it is from my mood of yesterday."

"POSILIPPO, Dec. 27.

"To-day I have thought of you, Pussy, all day. If you only knew how pleasant it is to us to share with you any pleasant reading, or whatever it may be that is beautiful, which delights ourselves! This evening I sang a beautiful air from Verdi's *Macbeth*, representing the moment when that terrible Lady Macbeth has slain Duncan, and is washing her hands to wipe away those bloody stains which will never disappear. I daresay you know the play. I tried, in singing it, to infuse something of that fierceness which Shakespeare has so well mingled with the fearless grandeur of that dreadful woman. Clotilde and I wished for you to hear and take part in our discussions upon the matter.

"During the day we read a good deal of l'ère Gratry, when again we called upon you, as the poor Lydian king called upon 'Solon! Solon!' It is very beautiful when Gratry describes the created trinity in the soul, as there is an uncreated Trinity in God. I long to show you this passage, that you may see it as we do. Instead of which I must go to bed."

"POSILIPPO, Feb. 16.

"How the weather is gone off! My dear little friend of my heart, who knows when we shall meet? and I have so much to say to you. I have begun a large sheet of paper, that I may write, if I cannot talk.

"Ever since yesterday, when I came home from seeing Ernest,* I have longed for a good chat with you. I looked at him, and thought that now he had come to the last days of childhood. One step more, and he will have entered upon his youth. Now, then, is the flower all fresh and bright; in a couple of years, or a little more, the breath of this dirty little-great world, which he must face, may have withered it up; and then how will it be with that coming fruit, which, though still unripe, bears the promise of a rich maturity, and is so feebly defended by its frail shell? You can quite understand this parable, dear Adelina. I know you can; and so knowing, I add that our good God has set near this fruit a flower-stem of earlier date, clothed with rich foliage, which will shade it from the blast and from the falling rain, and, thanks to this beneficent neighbor, the fruit will ripen into all its sweetness. You may call this the fable of *The Fruit and its Leaves*, which represents Ernest and Adelina. But to fulfil this office with him, how good and

* Adelina's brother.

venerable you must make yourself in his eyes! How thoroughly instructed you must be in religion! —without narrowness or affectation; charitable, modest, a true woman to your fingers' ends; and yet, as I should wish, with a manly courage, and even with somewhat of a manly character, without in the least encroaching on what is *lady-like*.* Strip yourself of all petty frivolities; make yourself agreeable, but, as Clotilde says, for the sake of others, and not from self-love. If you shine in society, either by the help of your face or your wit, your knowledge or your position, in Heaven's name do not make a show of it.† Be simple and unpretending; humble in splendor—*umile in gloria*—like your charming Duchess of R——, who is so brilliant, and never seems to think about it. We raise our hearts to this level by driving away all those feelings of self-complacency which beset the mind after any little success. They must be treated as snares of the tempter, and we must quickly humble ourselves before God; for without this we should become base creatures, deprived of grace and gifts. Every time you succeed or please in life, think of our Lord's words, when He says He will ask an account of the talents lent to his servants, and of the moment when he will say, 'Adelina, I gave you a pleasing face, capacity, and wit; what have you done with them?' You *must* be able to answer, 'Lord Jesus, I have spent them to thy honor.' For if it shall have been to grow proud upon, or to work the least harm to others, you will deserve to perish like the wicked servant. Be therefore always simple and humble,—humble with that beautiful and characteristic virtue of the Blessed Virgin, which she has forever dignified by the words: 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.'

"I do not bid you study and cultivate your mind, for you are in the habit of doing this. I have not said half what I have in my mind; but I comfort myself with thinking that you are able to make out for yourself what is incumbent upon a woman who wishes to be the friend, the guide, and the safeguard of her brother."

"Posilippo, ——

"Your father says that I must date my notes; but to do that, it would be needful to know the day of the month; and all I know at this moment is, that it is somewhere between the 20th and 30th of February, and that it is savagely cold.* Still I do not grumble at it; for, thanks to our beloved hydropathy, I—that is, *we*—walk out bravely into the wind, without taking the least harm. I thought of you last night when I could not sleep. 'For what reason?' you will ask; and I answer, 'For none at all.' I had been composing music all the evening, and the two last verses of my song kept running in my head:

'Troppo la terra è povera,
Non sazia il tuo desir.'†

Then I began to make reflections upon this word *desire*, and to com-

* *Sic* in the original.
† Literally, "do not peacock yourself about it."

* *Froid de loup.*
† "Earth is too poor to satisfy thy craving."

pare it with that other of the *will*, and to weigh the distinction. Desire, I thought, is born in the lower part of the soul, while deliberately to will is an act fulfilled in that nobler part of it by which we draw near to God, by which we *hang upon God*, as Plato says. What a difference there is in the two words!—and how this *desire* of good, which springs solely from the feeling that earth is too poor to satisfy us, fades in our eyes on deeper reflection; whilst to *will* the utmost good is indeed to become like to our Heavenly Father, and forms that perfect act to which God hearkens, and which He immediately satisfies! In this way I wandered through the realms of spirit last night, and thought of you, with whom I have so much sympathy of mind. I felt as if we were talking together, discussing the words which served us as starting-points, and thence soaring to higher thoughts. I know you like these airy flights, these wanderings into intellectual regions. How well one can discern distinctions by comparison, and perceive the various heights they contain! I told you before what Père Gratry said about the created trinity of the soul.

"How pleasantly we might spend our time together this summer! There is no one to whom I so develop my thoughts and feelings as with you, my dear girl. We understand one another so well. Whether we talk about art, literature, or more abstruse things, I should almost say that our minds are identical, if the mind of a woman of fifty could ever be like that of a girl of sixteen. But think of the almond-tree, which will be budding in a few days. When it flowers, it will be like my Adelina; later on, the rough shell will be the image of her old aunt. In the end, when the fruit ripens, it will be both flower and shell which have brought forth the almond."*

"POSILIPPO, May 24.

"If you only knew what pleasure your letters give me! My heartfelt joy has brought about the same sickness as befell the builders of the Tower of Babel—the confusion of tongues. Look at the date of my letter, dear little one, and you will see what I have done in my hurry to answer yours.† The Marchioness de R—— and the Spanish minister are just gone. They breakfasted here; and from one subject to another, we have got on to the unimaginable time of a quarter to four. They are both extremely clever, and conversation flowed abundantly and without effort. Whenever I am so amused, I think of you; I wish you to be here, and to share everything that interests me. What weather it is now! what a day! The sea, as well as the sky, is shining with light. It ought to be like this these Whitsuntide days. Though the emotions of the soul are far above the feelings, still I am flesh and blood; and it is delightful to experience through the senses the divine effect of earthly light, when my mind is carried away by the glorious *Lux beatissima* that fills all hearts. This morning I said the

* The pretty playfulness of this expression is utterly lost in translation. "La fleur et l'écorce auront toutes les deux produit l'*amende*"—"would have wrought amends."—*Translator.*

† There is want of clearness in the text.—*Translator.*

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cælitus
Lucis Tuæ radium,

with the great horizon of Posilippo in the full blaze of the sun, straight before my eyes. Ah, I can tell you it was good, both for soul and body! I write, Pussy, because I love to talk it all out to you, and it is impossible to do this when we are in the midst of people. I find very few of them ready for *psychological effusions*. However, I hope to see you this evening. My heart, which tells no falsehood, says I shall."

"POSILIPPO, June 12.

"'Write to me, write to me!' This is what you said in bidding me good-bye yesterday. I think you meant, 'Write me all that you did not say when they came to look for me in the garden.' Is not this what you intended to convey? As I think this a good guess, I shall go on with the meditation upon Christian doctrine, which formed the subject of our talk when we were interrupted by returning to the drawing-room. First, however, I must tell you how I enjoyed myself in your Aunt Judith's tent. Those charming young women so beautifully dressed, the bright garden so well kept, the profusion of flowers, the lamps, the ices, our pleasant hosts, and the grace with which they did the honors, were all what they ought to have been, and pleased me much. I amused myself extremely. And now we will go back to the chief subject; but I should like to do this in Italian, for I have to explain the Catechism in that language to the boys who are good enough to come and listen to me, and do what I advise them; and it would be translating uselessly if I said the same things to you in another language. Over and above this, dear Pussy, please to pay attention to the subject, and not to the words, which I should not like to be dressing up for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLACED in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

(Translated from the French.)

FATHER, to whom my father prays!
Nor thinks to name thee, save on bended knee;
Whose awful voice my mother too obeys,
And, reverent, bows to thee!

They say that yonder brilliant sun
Is but a plaything of thy boundless might,
Ordained beneath thy feet its course to run,
And shed its golden light.

The birds whose music fills the air
From thy creative hand existence claim;
And, formed by thee, a soul serene and fair
Inspires each human frame.

The flowers that scent the summer breeze,
And deck the garden walks, by thee were wrought;
While the rich burdens of the orchard trees,
Without thee, would be naught.

Thou bidd'st the universe to share
The abundant gifts thy bounteous hand supplies;
Not even an insect is forgotten there:—
Thy goodness ne'er denies.

The wild thyme is the lamb's repast,
The cytisus attracts the mountain goat,
The industrious fly resorts where lees is cast,
Or sips the milky mote:

The seeds that cover heath and wild,
And harvest-field afford the lark its fare;
The sparrow seeks the winnower, and the child
Demands its mother's care.

Thou send'st thy gifts, a priceless train,
Morn, noon and night, so plenteously for all;
And our sole task these treasures to obtain
Is but on thee to call.

O God! though fear of thee inspires
The angelic hosts, my lips thy works proclaim;
For even a child is heard in the glad choirs
Which glorify thy name.

And since, though far away,
Thou lend'st an ear when suppliant mortals plead,
My lisping prayers shall ask, from day to day,
The things which others need.

My God! let every fountain pour
Its crystal waters, dancing to the view;
Give birds their feathers, lambs their fleecy store,
And fields the shade and dew.

Let health to all the sick return,
To beggars give the morsel which they crave;
Homeless no more, let orphans cease to mourn;
Give freedom to the slave.

And let my father's household live
In thy serenest peace, and keep thy word:
Grant me thy wisdom;—to my mother give
Thy happiness, O Lord!

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BEACON-FIRES were the ancient mode of telegraphy adopted in Great Britain. An act of the Scottish Parliament of 1455 directs that "one bale or fagot shall be the warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are coming indeed; and four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force." The earliest well-defined plan of telegraph communication is that of Dr. Robert Hooke, described by him in a paper to the Royal Society in 1684, and published in 1726 in Derham's collection of his *Philosophical Experiments and Observations*. A number of symbols or devices were to be displayed on an elevated framework. M. Chappe much improved on this in 1793. A kind of shutter telegraph was in 1796 adopted in England in the first government line of telegraph from London to Dover. It is stated that information had been conveyed by this from Dover to London in seven minutes. This, of course, was only available in clear weather.

We now come to the electric telegraph by which Puck's fairy boast of putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes can be realized, though, instead of forty minutes, it can be done in *one second*. Strada speaks in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*, in 1617, of "the instantaneous transmission of thoughts and words between two individuals over an indefinite space," caused by a species of loadstone, which possesses such virtue, that if two needles be touched with it, and then balanced on separate pivots,

and the one turned in a particular direction, the other will sympathetically move parallel to it. These needles were to be poised, and mounted parallel on a dial with the letters of the alphabet around. It is wonderful how nearly this description would apply to the electric telegraph. Addison playfully quotes this as a substitute for love-letters in the Spectator of 1712. Glanvil, in a work addressed to the Royal Society two hundred years ago, treating of things, then rumors, which might be practical realities, says: "To confer at a distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as to us in literary correspondence." Experiments of making electric shocks through wires had been made many times before Franklin's theory of positive and negative electricity was started. Mr. Timbs states that in the *Scots Magazine* for 1753 there appeared a distinct proposition for a system of telegraphic communication by as many conducting wires as there are letters in the alphabet. Arthur Young, in his Diary, October 16th, 1787, states that a French mechanic named Lomond had made a remarkable discovery in electricity. "You write two or three words on paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance, within and without a besieged town, for instance." This is, to all intents and purposes, the electric telegraph. In 1812, Mr. Crosse, the electrician, uttered this prediction: "I prophesy that by means of the electric agency, we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts instantaneously with the uttermost parts of the earth." In the same year, Francis Ronalds employed frictional electricity. His telegraph was a single insulated wire, the indication being by pith-balls in front of a dial. In the next year, Mr. Hill, of Alfreton, invented a voltaic electric telegraph.

Oersted discovered, in 1819, that a magnetic needle is deflected by the passage of a circuit of electricity through a wire parallel and in close proximity to it. This made the wonderful discovery of the telegraph possible. But the deflecting power of the current must be multiplied, and Schweigger did this by passing a wire insulated by silk a number of times round the needle. M. Arago, in 1819, invented the first electro-magnet, by coiling round a piece of soft iron a length of insulated copper wire, the ends of which communicated with a battery. By alternately making and breaking the circuit of the current, an up-and-down movement can be produced, which is the principle of action in Wheatstone's electric magnetic dial instrument. These discoveries do not seem to have been followed up in a practical manner till, in 1837, Wheatstone took out a patent in conjunction with Mr. Cooke. Their telegraph

had five wires and five needles, two of which indicated the letters of the alphabet placed around. In July, 1837, wires were laid down from Euston Square to Camden Town Stations, by the sanction of the Northwestern Railway, and Professor Wheatstone sent the first message between the two stations. The Professor says: "Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before, as when, all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute." The form of telegraph now in use was substituted for this because of the economy of its construction, not more than two wires (sometimes only one) being required. Of course several persons claimed to have invented the telegraph before Professor Wheatstone. In the same month that the Professor was working upon the Northwestern Railway, there was one in operation invented by Steinheil of Munich, but Wheatstone's patent had been taken out in the month before. Morse claims to have invented it in 1832, but did not put it into operation till 1837. After this, his system was generally adopted in the United States. It is a *recording* one.

Mr. Brunel adopted Wheatstone's telegraph on the Great Western, and the wires at this time were not carried on posts, but placed in a tube under ground. But soon after a gentleman, at a meeting of the shareholders, said the whole was a "new-fangled scheme," and actually got a resolution passed repudiating the agreement with the patentees. They were, however, graciously permitted to work the wires at their own expense. The tariff was one shilling per message; curiously enough, the very sum now charged since the wires in Great Britain have been transferred to the government.

Sir M. I. Brunel and Professor Daniell thus speak of the relative positions of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone in the invention of the electric telegraph: "Whilst Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph, as a usual undertaking, promising to be a work of national importance—and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application—it is to the united labors of two gentlemen so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they have been associated."

In 1840, Professor, Wheatstone invented the revolving dial telegraph, working without any clockwork power: a magneto-electric machine supplies the place of a voltaic battery. In 1841, he invented the type-printing telegraph. The American printing telegraph of House has much complicated mechanism, but does its work well; and messages are printed by it at the rate of fifty letters per minute in common Roman characters on long slips of paper. Bakewell's telegraph is of this kind, though, if possible,

more ingenious. Formerly an alarum used to be sounded by an electro-magnet, to arouse the operator, but the clicking of the needle is found quite sufficient. When a message is sent between two cities, all the needles of all the telegraph stations on the line are deflected at the same time; but a special signal is made to show for which station the message is intended. Dr. Wynter mentions a somnolent station-clerk, who, in order to enjoy a nap, trained his terrier to awake him at the clicking of the needles.

The new magnetic alphabet-dial telegraph, invented by Wheatstone in 1858, and improved in 1860, was used by the Universal Private Telegraph Company, and by private individuals in great numbers. On a dial-like face, the letters of the alphabet are placed, with accordeon-like keys round. By touching these, a communication is obtained with a like instrument at the end of the wire. The Professor found the best way of working the private telegraphs in the metropolis was by a number of wires, not thicker than pack-thread, bound together in a cable, but isolated from each other by an India-rubber process, patented by the Messrs. Silver. This, of course, greatly reduces the cost. Suspending posts were placed at intervals of one hundred yards, and connecting boxes to combine and arrange the various lines—the boxes a mile apart. Faults can be easily discovered by a very ingenious arrangement at each suspending-post. The charge for the use of a wire to an individual and working instruments is about sixteen pounds a mile per annum. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this to the British merchant, who may at his country residence know all that is going on at the docks without leaving his library. Dr. Wynter says that Lord Kinnaird has laid one down from Rossie Castle to the neighboring county town, eight miles distant, and orders to the tradesmen are sent by it.

The fast-speed automatic telegraph, invented by Wheatstone in 1858, and improved in 1867, is perhaps the most wonderful of the Professor's inventions. He thus describes it : "My invention consists of a new combination of mechanism, for the purpose of transmitting through a telegraphic circuit messages previously prepared, and causing them to be recorded or printed at a distant station. Long strips or ribbons of paper are perforated, by a machine constructed for the purpose, with apertures grouped to represent the letters of the alphabet and other signs. A strip thus prepared is placed in an instrument, associated with a rheomotor (or source of electric power), which, on being set in motion, moves it along, and causes it to act on two pins, in such manner that, when one of them is elevated, the current is transmitted to the telegraphic circuit in one direction; and when the other is elevated, it is transmitted in the opposite direction: the elevations and depressions of the pins are governed by the apertures and intervening intervals. These currents, following each other indifferently in the two opposite directions, act upon a printing or writing instrument at a distant station in such a manner as to produce corresponding marks on a ribbon of paper, moved by appro-

priate mechanism." He soon found, after devoting his attention to fast-speed telegraph and dot-printing, that a rapid printer was required. This he invented by the name of the "line-printer," printing the dot and dash alphabet at the rate of six hundred letters per minute. It would be impossible, in our limited space to give descriptions of the working of the various varieties of the telegraph.

In 1843, Mr. Cooke had the wires of the telegraph suspended on posts, instead of conveying them underground. Iron wire galvanized is used for these lines; but in the neighborhood of large manufacturing towns, the sulphur in the air converts the oxide into sulphate of zinc, which the rain washes off, to the great detriment of the wire. Lightning has been known to run for miles along the wire, melting the delicate coils in the instruments in the various stations along the line. The aurora borealis also affects the wire. In September, 1851, it prevented any messages being sent in New England. Professor Wheatstone, by elaborate experiments, discovered that electricity travels through a copper wire at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, or the velocity of light; and Professor Bache, that through iron wire the velocity was fifteen thousand four hundred miles a second. About one ton of wire is required for every five miles. The wires were attached to the posts by brown salt-glazed stoneware of the hour-glass shape; but Mr. E. Clark invented a method of placing them on a stoneware hook, open at the side, so that the hook could be replaced if required. In India the delicate wires used here would not be suitable; so iron rods three-eighths of an inch thick are employed. Rain may pour on them, and monkeys sit on them without doing any damage. In Whitworth's Report, it is stated that in the United States, in certain states of the atmosphere (rain carrying much of the electricity from the wires), Bain's telegraphs will work when Morse's will not.

The needle instruments transmit the messages much more quickly than the recording ones; but in the latter, an indelible record of every message transmitted is made, which is of great importance.

There is one man who has done an immense deal to utilize telegraphic information; we mean Mr. Reuter. In 1849, he opened an office at Aix-la-Chapelle, and had carrier-pigeons to convey messages from that place to Brussels, as the telegraph was not formed there at that time. In 1851, he transferred his office to London, and devoted his attention to inducing the British press, which obtained information at an enormous cost, to depend on him for it. In 1858, to show what he could do, he sent his telegrams to the various papers, free of cost; and they were so impressed with their value, that several subscribed to his system. In February, 1859, the Emperor of France made the famous speech threatening Austria through her ambassador. This was delivered at 1 P.M., and at 2 P.M. the speech was published in the third edition of the *Times*, having been transmitted by Mr. Reuter. The press soon adopted his system, and the daily papers

in the north have the same telegrams as those of the metropolis. The wires are connected in London from Mr. Reuter's office into the editor's room of each journal. It is stated that Mr. Reuter sold his business to government recently at a premium of three hundred thousand pounds.

The first newspaper report by electric telegraph appeared in the Morning Chronicle, May 8, 1845, detailing a railway meeting held at Portsmouth on the preceding evening. A chess-match was played in April, 1845, by telegraph between amateurs in London, and Mr. Staunton and Captain Kennedy in Gosport. The contest began at 11.30 A.M., terminating about 7 P.M., the time being taken up by the consideration of the players over the moves. The squares of the board and the men were numbered, and the electric fluid must have travelled at least ten thousand miles during the game.

Many a thief has been caught by the aid of the telegraph, as information can be sent to stop him if he has started in a train at some distant station. Tawell the murderer is another instance of this. Sarah Hart had been murdered in 1845, at a cottage in Salt Hill, and a man in Quaker attire had been seen to leave the house. A clergyman hearing he had been supposed to have gone to Slough, went there, and saw the Quaker-like man enter a first-class carriage. A telegraphic message was despatched to London, and a detective followed Tawell, and he was subsequently apprehended. He nearly escaped in this manner: the letter Q was then represented by K, and the clerk in London could make nothing out of *Kuaker*, but fortunately guessed it in time to be Quaker.

Here is an example of laconic telegraphy. A person who had committed an offence against the laws, and run away, desired to know if it would be prudent to return. He asked: "Is everything O. K.?" The answer was: "Proverbs 27: 12." Upon referring to this, he found: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

Elihu Burritt tells us how a train of passengers was saved from destruction by a message by telegraph. A long railway bridge was blown down between Hartfield and Springfield, in the United States, and the train was stopped by telegraphing to a distant station. Mr. Walker, superintendent of the telegraphs of the Southeastern Railway Company, states that in 1850 a collision occurred to an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver leaping from the engine, it started full speed for London. The line was kept clear by the telegraph, and an engine started in pursuit, fortunately overtaking it. But it had passed twelve stations safely before this.

We now turn to submarine telegraphy. Professor Morse is said to have made the first practical experiments in this part of the subject in 1842. Wheatstone laid wire across the bed of the Thames eight months after Morse's experiment. It is probable that if gutta-percha had not been discovered in the Eastern Archipelago, electric communication could not have been made to any extent through water.

This substance was first applied for insulating in 1847, by Lieutenant Siémens, of the Prussian artillery; and Faraday used it in electrical experiments in 1848; and in 1850 the first submarine cable was laid between Dover and Cape Grisnez. This soon broke from friction on a sharp ridge of rocks. Another was soon laid down of better construction, and this was a great success, and has remained so. Then one followed to Ostend, connecting us with Europe through Belgium. In May, 1853, another cable was laid down from Orfordness, near Ipswich, to Schevening in Holland: this goes for one hundred and twenty miles under the North Sea. In 1849, Mr. J. J. Lake submitted a plan to the Athenæum for connecting the electric telegraph with America by a wire covered with gutta-percha. The first Atlantic cable was finished in 1857 by Glass & Co., of Greenwich, and Newall of Birkenhead. It was paid out successfully to the extent of three hundred and fifty-five miles. At this point it parted from the strain, and was lost forever. In 1858, another cable was ready, being made under the direction of Mr. Cyrus Field. But it broke several times before it was finally laid in August, 1858. It worked well for a time, and then became useless. Till 1865, no fresh attempt to lay another was made. Sir Charles Bright recommended a combination of iron wire and hemp for the outer protecting strands. Two thousand six hundred miles were placed on the Great Eastern. The central conductor was composed of seven fine copper wires, with four layers of gutta-percha, and then eleven iron wires. In strength it was equal to a strain of seven and three-quarter tons. It was constructed by Messrs. Glass & Elliott, at East Greenwich. The Great Eastern sailed from Valentia, July 23, 1865. As it was being paid out, two faults were discovered, which would have been fatal to the working of the line. Stout iron wire had been driven through the cable, some said purposely. On August 2, the cable broke, to the consternation of all on board. The great ship then determined to grapple for it, and from August 3 to August 11 the cable was grappled three times; and on the latter day, the grapnel being found defective, and the stock of wire-rope exhausted, the Great Eastern moored a buoy, and returned home. Thus £1,250,000 was sunk at the bottom of the ocean. Another cable was constructed, and began to be paid out July 13, 1866, and on July 27, Newfoundland was sighted. In August, a telegram was sent from New York to Bombay, going across a wide stretch of America, spanning the Atlantic, crossing Ireland and England, Europe, Asia Minor, Persian Gulf, and Indian Ocean to Kurrachee. In September 2, the 1865 cable was raised from the bed of the Atlantic by the Great Eastern. Experiment proved that the communication was perfect. On September 8, the Great Eastern finished paying out, the 1865 cable being then landed at Newfoundland. A banquet was given at the Royal Polytechnic, December 21, 1867, to Sir C. Wheatstone; the Duke of Wellington and others were present. The wires of the Atlantic cable were brought into

the room, and the following message was sent to the President of the United States: "The Duke of Wellington, the directors and scientific guests now at the Royal Polytechnic, London, send their most respectful greeting to the President of the United States, their apology being, that to the discoveries of science the intercourse between two great nations is indebted." This message was nine minutes thirty seconds in transit from London to Washington, by Heart's Content and New York. The following reply, occupying twenty-nine minutes in transmission, was received: "I reciprocate the friendly salutation of the banqueting-party at the Royal Polytechnic, and cordially agree with them in the sentiment, that free and quick communication between governments and nations is an important agent in preserving peace and good understanding throughout the world, and advancing all the interests of civilization.—ANDREW JOHNSON."

On the same evening a message of twenty-two words was started from the same institution for Heart's Content at 9 P.M., and *at* 9.10 *the reply of twenty-four words was delivered.*

Electrical tests applied to these two cables show them to be at least twenty times better in conductivity and insulation than on the first day they were submerged. Their earnings average about £700 a day. We cannot wonder, therefore, that the French wished to have an independent line for themselves, making the third line to America. The new French cable is about 3564 nautical miles in length—nearly double that of either of the English ones. The principle of construction is the same, only the French conductor weighs 100 lbs. more per mile than ours. The Manilla hemp used is saturated with tar—another advantage. The Anglo-American companies have the sole right of landing cables on Newfoundland, so this cable has to go from Brest to St. Pierre, and from St. Pierre to Massachusetts. The standard of the manufactured value of a cable is judged by what are called units of resistance. The amount of resistance to the passage of the electric current through the conductor is measured by the galvanometer, and is counted by millions of units: a cable giving a low rate of resistance would show that some hidden leakage allowed the current to escape, and so to enter the wire faster than it ought. The Persian Gulf cable had a resistance of 50,000,000 units; the Atlantic cable of 1865, 100,000,000 units; that of 1866, 150,000,000 units; and the new French cable no less than 250,000,000, showing a great increase of perfection in the manufacture.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

PERHAPS no feature of the Catholic Church is so much misunderstood by those without her pale as her ceremonies. The most intelligent of our countrymen, those who have sounded the shallow waters of dissent, and have been brought step by step to the portal of the Church, are almost always repelled by her symbolisms. It remains with them a stumbling-block and rock of offence, until subsequent thought and closer scrutiny reveal a philosophic wisdom, as manifest in the least ceremony of the Church as in the most sublime dogma of her faith. The Church is a unit—a circle as wide as humanity, presenting points to meet all the wants of our complex modern life. Her "manysidedness" has been charged upon her as a reproach—it is in truth her glory, the badge of her divine origin.

In her ceremonies there is found the subtlest philosophic insight—a wonderful adaptation to every class of mind. All admit as a general principle, that children, the barbarous and uncultivated, must be taught by symbols; that something concrete or visible must be used to fix the attention—to arouse the associative fancy as often as seen to represent spiritual realities. In no other manner can the mysteries of our religion be adequately presented to the understanding. On the other hand, it is equally true that the most highly cultivated intellects—those of superior conceptive power, invariably think symbolically. What is reason, or the higher faculty of intuition, but grouping wide phenomena with prophetic glance, until a sign represents it. The highest thought, the profoundest reach of mind is shown in its power of analysis, in its piercing grasp of the laws which control natural processes, as well as the more hidden ones of mental action. The most exhaustive generalizations—those of space, time, and cause—are mere symbols, not cognitions, of those unknown regions which bound known law; that unbounded sea of *indefinite* consciousness never yet mapped out. Thus while the ignorant demand symbols as a *necessary* medium of worship, the highly gifted find in or through them an infinite ladder of suggestion—a liberty of worship utterly denied them in a more literal form of worship. The imagination needs them as a fulcrum—as a point of departure for its bold incursions out of the "dull, cold real," into the bright realms of the spirit world. It is the hard, practical understanding illumined by the rich light of the imagination, unsoftened by the dewy aspirations of the heart, that ignores mysteries and hates symbols as their sign. How frequent the complaints made of the poverty of language, of its inadequacy to express the deepest emotions of the soul; but much more profoundly must this want be felt in worship in dealing with the transcendent mysteries of the Christian faith. The principal feature of our Church ceremonies is music. Through harmony alone we catch glimpses of our heavenly birthright—our lost inheritance. The soul with restless longings de-

mands expression or embodiment in some form of that which is highest and deepest in its nature. The great masters of melody, through their enrapturing strains, appease something of that divine hunger of the soul for the possession of God, its Creator, and Heaven, its home. The vestments of the Priest, the Altar with its beautiful decorations, the lights that gleam from it, the incense that ascends above it, are all typical of the great sacrifice of our High Priest.

If the Church is the work of Almighty God she must bear within and without marks of her divine origin. We must observe in her a conformity of construction to those highest principles of law and order everywhere manifest in nature. The universal law that groups all phenomena, and which meets us at every step is "unity in variety." Is not this the distinguishing mark of the Church? We find the same law ascending the great hierarchy of the sciences which mingle into one. The animal, vegetable and inorganic kingdoms are so closely interlaced that the dividing line can hardly be perceived. The highest—most perfect—mind is that which grasps in their widest significance, the uniformities of nature, its beauties, its subtle harmonies, and with artistic power re-creates them through the sublime symbolism of art. The more hidden or involved the law perceived, the greater necessity of symbol as a means of expression. Who would paint in words with half the power, the veiled prophecy in the eye of the Sistine Madonna, as Raphael has portrayed it there with his brush? What description could ever impress the beholder as Titian has done in his immortal portrait of the Magdalen? He has presented to our imagination the richest and rarest type of sensuous beauty,—the golden hair waving like an electric cloud around her globe-like head, the pearly complexion just revealing the bounding pulses beneath the rosy mouth, whose fragrant breath seems almost to fan your face like a cloud of incense. The crowning beauty is the beaming eye upraised to heaven, with one crystal tear sparkling like an arrested gem beneath its dark splendor. But this is not all—the glorious eyes are filled with spiritual light, with meek penitence and a burning love that yearns for sacrifice as its highest joy. Those haunting eyes reveal a soul redeemed,—transfigured by grace. This lovely picture is the most impassioned of orators, kindling hope in the despairing soul, for when great obstacles have been overcome, the weakest dare tread in a leader's footsteps. We find that the Church does bear the impress of nature's divine architect. "Unity in variety" is everywhere stamped upon her, as the seal of her supernatural origin; and the beautiful symbolism of nature is mirrored in her spotless bosom. In her alone, above all other religions, is the threefold order of man's nature fully represented. Reason dealing with the abstract principles of ontology is the philosophic scaffolding of her dogma. The imagination, the æsthetical element which casts "a light o'er sea and land," finds in the faith and practices of the Church an inexhaustible fountain. The simply emotional—the heart, is stimulated into loving more and

more—its deepest aspirations met, its yearnings for perfection realized in her martyrs and saints. O! must not this be the true Church—the vine which our Blessed Lord himself planted? Can it be that her glorious army of martyrs, her bright galaxy of saints, whose virtues like stars light up the darkness of ages, lived and died in error? No—a thousand times no!—we would sooner doubt the sun in heaven,—the existence of the material universe,—than that deep inspiration of the soul which leaps up in blissful recognition of its Benefactor, its Creator—God.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. By J. E. BOWDEN. 12mo., pp. 487. Baltimore: J. MURPHY & Co.

THE WORKS OF FATHER FABER, comprising: All for Jesus; or Easy Ways of Divine Love. The Blessed Sacrament; or Works and Ways of God. Growth in Holiness; or Progress of the Spiritual Life. The Creator and the Creature; or the Wonders of Divine Love. The Foot of the Cross; or Sorrows of Mary. Bethlehem. Spiritual Conferences. The Precious Blood; or the Price of our Salvation. In 8 vols. 12mo. Baltimore: J. MURPHY & Co.

IT is the thoughtful remark of a great German poet* that every man's life is a lesson full of interest and instruction, it matters not how hidden were the associations and scenes in which he moved, or how limited the influence which he exerted, or how commonplace and humble were his words and works. What interest, then, surrounds the career of a man like Faber, who was always an active and sometimes a leading spirit in the great religious movements which England has been witnessing for the past half century; whose influence did not end with his life, but abides perpetually in the institutions which he founded and the books which he wrote, and who, apart from his character as a saintly priest, stands in the front rank of modern English authors.

Such a man's biography could not fail to arouse and fix the attention, even were it written by one who but imperfectly understood the character and spirit of Faber, or who knew him only as he is revealed in his letters and books. Happily, however, we have his life written by one who enjoyed his confidence and friendship for fourteen years. Still Father Bowden is not so much the biographer of Faber as the editor of his letters. He lets Faber tell his own history in a closely connected series of letters addressed to different parties, and treating unreservedly on every subject which affected his life or engaged his thoughts. In these letters we can trace, step by step, the tortuous and thorny path through which he found his way to the true fold. In them he discloses the hopes and fears,

* Goethe: Wilhelm Meister.

the anxiety and joy, the sorrow and happiness that alternated in his beautiful and restless spirit, down to the period when it found perfect peace in the bosom of the Mother Church. When necessary, Father Bowden supplies a missing link by adding a few words of explanation or comment. These, with some personal reminiscences of Faber, and a thoughtful criticism on his works, make up one of the most interesting biographies we have ever read.

Father Faber was born (1814) in one of the loveliest districts of Yorkshire, and his infancy and boyhood were passed amid scenes whose natural beauties and historic associations have been celebrated by an eminent English poet.* These surroundings served to develop that fine poetical spirit which, in maturer years, was to break forth in marvellously beautiful prose and song. Of his youth we have few particulars. After a preparatory course at Harron, he entered Oxford in the year 1832. Here his mind was brought under the fascination exerted by the genius, piety, and earnestness of Newman, who about this time was leading the Tractarian movement, which has given to the Church some of the greatest minds of England. Faber's letters, at this period, evince the interest which he took in doctrinal matters, and many of them display a maturity of judgment and depth of research surprising in one so young.

In a letter dated Jan. 1, 1834, he writes:

"Transubstantiation has been bothering me: not that I lean to it; but *I have seen no refutation of it.* How can it be absurd and contradictory to the evidence of our senses, when they cannot by any means take cognizance of the unknown being, substance, which alone is held up as the subject of this conversion? Answer that."

He combined his investigation into Catholic doctrine with the careful study of the Fathers. Had he continued reading St. Ignatius and St. Augustine his conversion would not have been long delayed. Unfortunately, however, he gave up both for Calvin's Institutes and Protestant commentators on the Scriptures. The result was that his mind became imbued with Calvinistic principles and doctrines. How such a sunny kindly spirit as his could have ever grown attached to a system of belief so gloomy, cheerless, and selfish as Calvin's is a problem which neither he nor his friends could afterwards solve. The influences which kept him in Calvinism had happily lost their hold upon him in 1836, when we find him a staunch and zealous advocate of Anglican principles. He describes his return to Anglicanism in the following letters:

. . . "My religious education has been among good and pious men of the party offensively styled (not by themselves) Evangelicals. From them I imbibed that view of the Christian dispensation which goes under their name in the world. My early prejudices are all in favor of them, and I shall (I hope) retain an affectionate reverence for them to the last. When I first came up to Oxford in 1833, I attended Newman's church. I heard opinions widely different (I am not speaking of *ecclesiastical* opinions, remember that, throughout) from those I held. My intellect seemed to assent; my heart did not: and after a painful, I may add a dreadful struggle,

* Walter Scott: Harold the Dauntless.

I thought I saw error in them, and rejected them. So long, then, as I had much time for reading devotional books, attending religious meetings, exhorting and praying in the cottages of the poor, all was well. But quiet times came on; my duties called me to continuous study in books unconnected with religion Then came the trial of that religious system I had lived in. I had seemed to many of my friends to be much advanced for a young man in spirituality of heart. But alas! I had laid nothing by: it was the natural result of that system that nothing should be laid by. I had been as a child walking across a room, helping itself by every chair and table: in a word I had lived upon the religious excitements of the passing day, and I had yet to learn that a *de die in diem* Christianity will not bring a man peace at the last.

. . . "I see that the Evangelical system feeds the heart at the expense of the head; and as a man is constituted what can be more perilous? I see that it tends to make religion a series of frames of feeling; that with spiritual cowardice it flies from forms for fear of formality; that it makes an unnatural union between the ideas of good works and legality, so as to infuse into the whole man and his life's blood the subtle baleful venom of Antinomianism; that it looks at truth only on one side.

. . . "I would fain turn aside, as far as may be, from this hubbub and perturbation, and listen to my God who calls me up into the mount to be with him. And it is good for me to be there. After Moses had fasted the Lord God passed with gracious proclamation before him; after Elias fasted the Almighty chose that season for coming to his servant in the still small voice; after the Lord of all creatures had himself fasted, then was the time for angels to minister. Surely God's view of fasting must be different from man's; for greatly has he blessed me in it. And with fond eyes I turn to the primitive Church, and sit at the feet of her apostles, bishops, and doctors, studying that system of penitential discipline which this self-indulgent age derides; and I doubt not that I shall find, as they have left on record that they found, that the girdle of celibacy, and the lamp of watching, stood them in good stead in times of trial."

This letter describes pretty accurately the state of his mind down to the date of his ordination (1839). He was assigned to the parish of Ambleside, Kendal, and soon endeared himself to his parishioners by his gentleness and the excellence of his sermons. Here he remained until 1841, when, in the capacity of private tutor to a young gentleman of fortune, he began a tour upon the Continent and in the East. The results of his keen observation and sympathetic appreciation of everything beautiful and interesting that he encountered on his journey, were afterwards embodied in a poem entitled, "The Styrian Lake," and in a book which he called "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples." As an evidence of his delicacy of perception, we subjoin an extract from "The Styrian Lake." The idea is the contrast between what has been called the "*classical* mind" and the "*romantic* mind." "This contrast," remarks a great master of criticism, "is traceable in the respective languages, and has been beautifully illustrated by the names of 'good omen' which the Greeks delighted in, and the names of 'dark mystery' which were congenial to those who dwelt in the gloom of the North."*

The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strewed:
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good.

* Henry Reed: English Literature.

their little griefs and sins to me. I really cannot without anguish confront the idea of throwing this up, and leaving these souls to—I know not what."

He saw his friends, his master, Newman, embracing the faith; he was warned not to resist the impulse of grace which bade him follow their example. The embarrassments, difficulties, doubts, which, he pleaded, detained him in the Anglican communion, were removed as by a divine hand. The way was clear before him, and after a season of prayer, he received strength to take the final step. On Sunday, November the 16th, 1845, he preached his farewell sermon to his flock and besought them to follow him into the true fold. The little community that he had established imitated his example, and in company with him, were admitted into the Church, next day, by Dr. Wareing, Bishop of Northampton.

After their conversion, they were anxious to resume the quasi-religious life which they had led before, and accordingly Faber, with the cordial approbation of Cardinal Wiseman, determined to collect them together and to take up his abode with them. With this view, they rented a small house in Birmingham. Mr. Hutchison has left us an amusing account of his visit to the community, a few days after its establishment.

"I visited them on the 22d December. Preparations for dinner were going on. The Superior (Faber) was acting as cook, and though terribly scorched by the fire, was perseveringly stirring without ceasing, a kettle full of pea-soup. He and the lay brothers wore black cassocks of the Anglican pattern. I remember well the impression that John Strickson (afterwards Brother Chad) made on me. He wore a cassock made of some very woolly, shaggy material, and he looked so gaunt and hungry that I thought him the very beau ideal of a wolf in sheep's clothing. I have since found him, however, to be a most innocent and excellent wolf. The furniture of the house was very scanty. They had certainly a chair apiece, and a long deal table for their meals. Each had also a knife and fork and a mug; a benefactor had given them some pewter spoons with the temperance pledge stamped on them, and as they were too poor and too ascetic to drink anything stronger than tea, the pledge was not likely to be broken. A small, round, three-legged deal table, split across the centre, and a Windsor arm-chair, completed the furniture of this room, the front parlor, which served as refectory, recreation-room, and parlor for guests. The arm-chair and round table were for Faber. On it stood the ivory crucifix which used before to stand in his oratory at Elton, and at this table, when I first visited the community, he was busy, when not cooking, in writing his pamphlet, which soon after appeared under the title 'Grounds for Remaining in the Anglican Communion.'

"Behind the refectory was a miserable back kitchen, and up stairs four small rooms. One of these was used as the chapel. It had no furniture whatever, not even an altar, but only a crucifix on one wall. Here they assembled at fixed hours, and recited various litanies and other prayers. The other rooms were dormitories; the beds were all on the floor, as they could not afford to buy bedsteads, and there was an old second-hand chest of drawers in which Faber kept his clothes. His bed was on the ground like the rest."

These days of want and hardship were followed by a season of entire success. Friends and patrons soon came to the aid of the little community and enabled them to build a house and church at Cotton Hall, the munificent gift of Lord Shrewsbury. Faber's bent, however, always lay towards the Ora-

tory of St. Philip Neri, and in 1848, he and his community joined that congregation. From this period to his death in 1863, he labored unremittingly in founding the London Oratory, and his last moments were cheered by the sight of the band of noble, self-sacrificing souls who had gathered about him, in the heart of London, and who gave him the sweetest of all consolations to a dying saint,—the assurance that his pious work would endure.

It was as Superior of the London Oratory that he composed that series of religious books which have won for him the thanks and prayers of the thousands of souls whom they have encouraged and supported in the Christian warfare. The widespread circulation of these works is the very best evidence of their merits, for, unfortunately, a taste for spiritual reading is rare among Catholics in this age and country. Hence, when a pious book is eagerly sought after and extensively read we infer that it is peculiarly well adapted to the spiritual wants and peculiar spiritual phase of the day. True, Faber's simple yet finished style contributed materially to the success of his books. He devoted much time and attention to the elaboration and perfection of the merely literary portion of all his works. Indeed, he rated the importance of this almost as high as their doctrinal and theological accuracy. In his Essay on the Lives of the Saints he thus expresses his views on this point:

"If the Arian heresy was propagated and rooted by means of beautiful vernacular hymns, so who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its pages. . . . The extinction of the establishment would be a less step toward the conquest of the national mind, than, if it were possible (but we are speaking humanly and in our ignorance), to adopt that Bible and correct it by the Vulgate. As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it, and who would dream that beauty was better than a blessing?"

But the intrinsic beauty of his books lies in the clearly conceived and precisely expressed theological principle from which each proceeds. They are not simply the outpourings of a heart filled with the spirit of God. They are, also, expositions and developments of some great Christian truth, pondered over for years and studied by the light of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. With the exception of "All for Jesus," and "Spiritual Conferences," which are chiefly exhortatory, and "Growth in Holiness," which is a continuation of "All for Jesus," all his works treat some cardinal mystery. Thus "The Blessed Sacrament," as the name indicates, is a treatise on the mystery of the Real Presence: "Creator and Creature" deals with the mystery of creation, and predestination; "Bethlehem" has to do with the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy,

and "The Precious Blood," with those of the Redemption. In all of these he combines a marvellous eloquence and felicity of expression with the most exact theological teaching. He had the power of "popularizing theology," of rendering it interesting and intelligible to all. Goldsmith, said Johnson, will make his Natural History as charming as a fairy tale. The same remark, in a limited sense, is true of Father Faber's skill in treating knotty theological subjects.

We cannot close our imperfect sketch of Faber's writings without referring to his hymns. When he told Wordsworth his intention of joining the ministry, the poet replied: "I do not say that you are wrong, but England loses a great poet." Nevertheless, Faber did not suffer his gift of song to remain unemployed. Seeing the doggerel that passed for hymns, in the old English prayer-books, he prepared a set of hymns for the use of his congregation. These are now sung in all the Catholic churches and Sunday-schools of the English-speaking world.

When we look at his life so filled up with good works, so entirely devoted to God and his neighbor, so holy, simple, sublime, and think that the greater part of it was passed in the keenest physical suffering, that he wrote the books which comfort and teach us, at times when he could scarcely raise his head, from pain, we feel that we have been reading the biography of a great saint.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Deep within the massive portal stands the old cathedral door,
Iron studded; high above it, speaking of the days of yore,
Forms of kings and mitred prelates, from their niches grim and gray,
Look out upon the storm and sunshine, summer night or winter day.

Many centuries have incrusted o'er the walls unmouldering
Memories that like lasting ivy round each aged buttress cling;
'Mid the hoary aisles and arches linger thoughts of bygone times,
Dreamy as the low vibrations heard amid the clang of chimes.

Pictures of the past uprising, dimly glow upon the gaze,
And the present pales before the visions of departed days:
Pontiff, monk, and brave crusader, in strange cerements folded long,
Once again the proud cathedral people with a countless throng.

Far between the clustered columns winds the white-robed priestly train;
Filling nave and lofty chancel, floats on high the choral strain;
Glistening from the sculptured laver see the mystic waters flow
Into the baptismal emblem, traced upon a monarch's brow.

Now that gorgeous seeming melteth into twilight's mantling gloom;
Down the stone-roofed choir descending evening's parting rays illume
Helm and lance; armed knights are kneeling on the pavement while they swear
Through the armies of the Paynim lifelong the red cross to bear.

Passing with the passing moments, like a vapor from the sight,
Sinks that scene of sunset glory under the deep pall of night;
Faintly seen through pillared vistas, lifted altar tapers shine
Like the stars of midnight sparkling through dim woods of stately pine;

Footsteps slow and solemn voices murmur in the dusky air,
Gleam the red funereal torches on the vault unclosed and bare;
Through reverberating arches, wild and sad the death-dirge rolls,
Like the wail of unseen spirits pleading for departed souls.

Hark! another tone is mingling with the *Miserere's* swell,—
Tolling out the hour of noontide, peals the great Cathedral bell;
And the phantoms of the bygone, wavering melt and fade away,
As the midnight's troubled visions vanish with the break of day.

Poured through Gothic pointed windows, veiled and mellow, sunbeams pass,
Casting gules and azure over tomb and monumental brass;
And between the mullions pointed, kneeling in a fair array,
Robed in amethyst and ruby, saints and martyrs seem to pray.

Angel-faces fair above us, lighted by the varied glow,
By the skilled hand of some ancient master carven long ago,
Resting on their outspread pinions, with mild steadfast glances gaze,
While the organ's mighty voices thunder forth their hymns of praise.

And when all the place is tranquil as some old slow-chanted psalm,
Downward still they look upon us, ever steadfast, mild, and calm—
Calm as faith, and mild as pity, beauty more than mortal dwells
In those silent angel-faces crowned with spikéd asphodels.

But the day-gleam dies upon them, evening hangs along the walls
Shadows like the sombre banners hung in trophy-crowded halls;
Through the portal with its statues, dim in the soft starry light,
Pass we from the old Cathedral into the descending night.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.

Scene I.

It was the spring of the year 18—, and duty had called me to Paris, which latter necessitated the waiting some time there to accomplish it. Much time being at leisure for me, I visited many convents and schools there, and admired greatly the care with which the good Sisters of the house tended to the wants and requirements of their pupils, and the gentle love that characterized all their conduct towards them. In particular, one in the Rue de la ——, it was my great delight to visit, and by degrees I got to be on speaking terms with some of the more advanced scholars of the convent school. It was here that I first saw Jeanne Bénoît, the heroine of my sketch. She was then a laughing romping girl of fourteen, with a rosy animated countenance, a sweet smile, and deep religious love; and she had completely won the hearts of the Sisters by her gentleness to her companions and her sweet temper, though most of all by her growing piety. In the church she had the appearance, when praying, of an angel banished from heaven and God's sight, and entreating for permission to return, burning with an ardent longing to regain Paradise and God; in the play-ground she was mirth itself; in the school-room she was all attention; and withal so gentle and so quiet, that often children younger than herself were committed to her charge; and she really *did* deserve the confidence placed in her by her superiors. Such was the account of Jeanne that I heard from Sœur Rosalie, the sub-prioress, when on one of my visits she had been eulogizing Jeanne to me. I called the latter to my side, and when she spoke, which she did only when necessary, she did so with a childlike simplicity that won her all hearts, and I did not wonder that the Sisters loved her as they did. I asked for her parents, and then learnt, to my great sorrow, that this angelic child was an orphan. Her father had been killed by the fall of a house about two years previous to this, and her mother—who I discovered was a native of Kent—had died of grief nine months after her husband's untimely end, leaving one young daughter, Jeanne, to the nuns, where I had found her. But she showed not the least inclination to follow their footsteps and to forswear the world. Indeed, she often avowed to them, with gay smiles and merry peals of laughter, that she would soon leave them and become a great lady in her native land, the country of her mother's birth.

"Poor girl!" I thought, when I heard this trait and others similar to it—"poor girl, what a false aspect the world wears to your young and innocent eyes!" She thought it a bright and pleasant globe whence care and anxiety were banished; and she knew naught of its wiles or its troubles. The nuns tried to reason with her, and to tell her some of its numerous cares. But it was useless; their words were thrown away, and Jeanne would not be persuaded or drawn out of her inclinations; and she had just

been telling some of the younger children, who always flocked around her in the playground, that she would soon be leaving them, and go far away from Paris, when I called her to me, and interrupted her narrative. She told me, in answer to my inquiries, that she liked the convent exceedingly; that nothing could surpass the love and care of the nuns for all of them; but she could never stay there all her life, she said; and she turned up her blue innocent eyes to my face and laughed.

"Just fancy," she said, "to be shut out forever from this beautiful world around us! O Père Jean, I could not live—I should die!"

"Ah, Jeanne," I replied, "you see it from a distance, and not as one who has mixed with it as I have. Would to God it were what you imagine it! If you had seen it in as many forms, Jeanne, as I have, and seen its vanity and folly, you would shudder at its misery and wretchedness."

She looked at me so innocently as I spoke, that I could not refrain from laughing, in which act I was joined by the merry girl at my side, who then ran away to rejoin her companions. These last were, to judge by their doleful looks, anything but pleased at my interruption of their amusement, by my summons of Jeanne. But their evil looks vanished as once more their favorite was amongst them, and soon they had doubtless forgotten my existence.

Turning to Sœur Rosalie, who stood close by, I said quietly:

"Pray well for her, Sister, and guard her well. I think she will one day join you in your labor of love."

She turned to me with a look of surprise, and said:

"Do you really mean it, Father?"

"I am really in earnest," was my reply; "and we shall see whether my words will be verified or not."

I frequently saw Jeanne in my visits, and she was always the same kind-hearted girl to her companions, and a loving help to her instructors. When I returned to England, also, often did I pray, when offering up the Holy Sacrifice, for the young girl who had so interested me during my stay abroad; and in the solitude and peaceful quiet of my mission life years glided along in the rapid gulf of time, and I heard no more of her.

Scene II.

Eight years passed by, and I was still parish priest at B——, whence I had been summoned when I made the acquaintance of Jeanne Bénoît. These eight years had flitted by, and I heard nothing of Jeanne; for Sœur Rosalie had promised that, if Jeanne should do as I had told her, she would write and let me know all the story of it. But no letter came, and I was beginning to doubt of the result; and yet I could not imagine whence had come the thought to me that morning to say my Mass for her.

I was sitting by the fire in my little cozy parlor on a chilly evening in October, when a knock came to the door.

"Come in!" said I; and the door opened, and my smiling housekeeper entered, bringing with her a letter.

"A furrin letter for you, sir," she said.

"A foreign letter!" I repeated

after her, as I outstretched my hand for the missive, "I wonder whom it comes from!"

Taking it from her hand, I opened it eagerly, and glanced at the top of the paper. There I read, "17 Rue de ——, Paris," and guessed then that it was the long-waited-for letter. And true I was in my conjecture, for it was written by Sœur Rosalie, and ran thus:

"A Mons. l'Abbé ——.

"Rev. Père,—Jeanne your protégée is to be professed here on the 15th instant, and she has often expressed a wish to see you. Come, if possible, and as soon as you can. Do not disappoint Jeanne."

And it was signed, "Rosalie de Notre Dame."

This strange epistle puzzled me somewhat, for I knew well that there would be some difficulty in obtaining permission of my superiors to go to Paris just then, through the prevalence of the cholera in the city. Nevertheless, my thoughts soon took a decisive turn, and I went to my superior, and showing him the letter, made him acquainted with all the facts. After but slight demurring, he gave me the requisite permission; and after seeing my successor, for the time, duly installed in my place, I started for Paris. Fourteen hours after I was on the pier at Dover, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the steamer which was to take us across the Channel. Of course, at the present day I could have been in Paris in less than the time it had taken to get as far as Dover; but at the time of which I write, railways were neither as plentiful nor as well managed as they are now.

We were soon aboard and steaming over the Channel to France "For Paris and religion," were my thoughts. "For Paris and pleasure," was echoed back by the thoughts of many of my fellow-travellers.

The night of the 14th saw me in Paris, travel-stained and wearied with my journey. I did not go to the convent that night, but waited till the next morning. At six in the morning I arose, and was soon ready for my walk. It was a good walk from my hotel to the convent, and I had the expectation of a quiet promenade there. In this I was not disappointed; for after a sharp walk through the almost deserted streets, I arrived at the convent and rang the bell. Sœur Rosalie answered it, and recognized me almost instantly. She ushered me into the reception-room, and told me that Jeanne was in the chapel, but that she would come directly if I wished. I said it were better not to disturb her, and asked Sister Marie could I say Mass. She said there was only one altar vacant just then, but if I waited, I might say Mass shortly at the community altar. But I wished to celebrate at once, and Sister Marie went out, saying that she would send the chaplain to me.

This good man was the Abbé Lamoricière, so well known, who expressed himself pleased to see me, and said I might say Mass at once. I vested, and turned to go to the altar. The noise of our entry disturbed Jeanne. She looked up and recognized me at once, and I could see a gleam of thanksgiving flit across her countenance, as once more she buried her face in her hands.

I said my Mass for her, and she was most recollected during its celebration. Shortly after I had finished, the ceremony of profession began, and I saw the timid novice clothed in the garments that were henceforth to be a defence and a protection for her amid the changing scenes of life.

"Happy child of God!" I thought. "Well has He kept His promise of being a father to the fatherless."

She looked so angelic in her new habiliments, that I could hardly recognize the romping girl of eight years ago in the staid and Holy Sister whom I saw on her knees before me; and I left the church and paced the corridor, reciting my Office.

After some little time I was disturbed by hearing the sound of footsteps, and turning in my walk just then, I looked up (for I am very curious), and saw a few yards before me Sœur Rosalie and Sœur Marie de la Sainte Croix—such was the name Jeanne Bénoît had taken in religion.

Coming to me, calmly and with a sweet smile upon her pale countenance, she said:

"I am very glad to see you, Père Jean." And then she relapsed into silence.

Sœur Rosalie told me, when we were alone, that Sœur Marie had told her that Père Jean's words had made her what she was; that she attributed her conversion, next to God, to him.

Sœur Rosalie, after my departure from Paris on my last visit, had told Jeanne what I had said; but she had laughed gaily at my words. Then, after a time, Sœur Rosalie observed that she grew more pensive as week after week went on, and would often quietly send away her young companions, in order to give herself up to her thoughts; and, moreover, that her story of going to England and obtaining fame there was heard more seldom, and finally ceased to be heard altogether. Then she had thought of what I had told her of the deceit and misery of the world, and, comparing them with the peace and calm of a life devoted to God, had decided to choose the latter. "And she knows, Père Jean," added Sœur Rosalie, "that she has chosen the better part." And she left me then, to wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence.

The day before I left for England, I went to take leave of Sœur Marie. She came to me soon, and said:

"I am very sorry you are going away, Père Jean, but it is God's will, and you must obey."

Taking my rosary, I gave it into her hand, and said:

"Pray for me sometimes to God, Sœur Marie, and I shall do the like for you."

She took the beads and kissed the Crucifix reverently, and fixed them in her girdle, though without making any reply; and as I looked at her, I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. I bade her adieu, and the next day I returned to B——, though I often thought of Sœur Marie, and prayed for her often; knowing well, however, that God had her under His watchful eye.

Scene III.

Three more years had gone by, unmarked by any change to me.

One event that struck me was the coming of the Sisters of Charity, and taking up their abode in this money-seeking city. I heard of it some time after their arrival, for I lived very retired at B——, and news travelled but slowly; and the name of their Order called up thoughts of Sœur Marie, though I did not think it probable that she had come with them. About the middle of the fourth year from the time of Sœur Marie's profession, I was sent to London by my superiors, as the cholera was again very prevalent there, and more priests than usual were required to administer to the wants of the sick and dying. Slowly yet surely was the pestilence working its way, and leaving a wide gap in its track, into all the dens and wretched hovels of the great city.

One evening in June I was saying my Office, after having returned from one sick-call, when I was again summoned away. A poor Irishman had been attacked, and was calling frantically for the priest. So said my guide, as, after taking the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle, and commending his soul to God, we traversed together some dozen of the most wretched lanes and alleys of London. I have often wondered how the Protestants of London would behave if they met one of their parsons carrying the bread and wine to a sick man of his flock—whether they would jostle and laugh at him as they do at us, Catholic Priests as we are. Catholics seem to know by intuition when a priest has the Most Holy with him; and I have known many rough and uncultivated artisans doff their hats in reverence as they pass their priest on his sad though consoling mission, when they know that he bears their God and his resting on his breast.

To return. After a sharp walk we arrived at a break-down house, and I was really afraid of its falling if any one should do anything but tread lightly within. My guide opened the door, and beckoned me to enter. He followed, and guided me up a rickety flight of stairs, and stopped on the first-story landing at an open door.

"He's in there, yer riverence," said my guide, pointing to the door; and making the sign of the Cross, I entered.

Turning my gaze round the room, I saw a bed in one corner, and some one in the garb of a Sister of Charity kneeling in silent prayer by the bedside. She turned on hearing some one enter, doubtless to enforce silence upon them; and in her features I recognized those of Sœur Marie.

The recognition was mutual; but she spoke not a word, only pointing to the man on the bed. I looked keenly at him, and saw that his last hour was very close upon him. He called aloud and fiercely for a priest. Placing my hand on his burning forehead, I bent over him, and said:

"I am here, my son. What is it you wish?"

He looked at me, and burst into a loud laugh, so terrible that I started back in alarm, while he sank back exhausted. After the lapse of a few moments I spoke to him again; and he was quite sensible then of my presence, and who I was. He made his confession,—he was an Irishman and a good practical Cath-

olic,—and communicated, and was anointed. Then, as quietly as I could, I told him of his dangerous state. Turning to me, with a smile, he said:

"I know I am dying, father; but I have no fear of death. Sister has taken *that* away long ago;" and as he finished, he turned on the good nun a look of gratitude for her care of him.

Sister Marie was on her knees, and I, with the hand of the dying man in mine, praying for him, when, after a short struggle, his soul was summoned to the judgment-seat.

"Requiescat in pace," I said aloud.

Sister Marie started—for her head was bent low, and she had not seen him die—and looking up at the face of the dead man, answered quietly,

"Amen."

We said the prayers for the dead, and I left soon after, leaving Sœur Marie to perform the last sad duties to the body of the departed soul; but before leaving, I extracted a promise from the Sister to send me word soon of her health, for I could see plainly that she was pale and wan-looking. She promised what I asked with a smile, and I have often thought since that she had a foreknowledge of the future.

Three days after, I was again summoned away, and this time to a visit of greater light than heretofore.

"To a Sister of Charity," said my guide.

On my inquiring if he knew the sister's name, I received a reply in the negative. He said that he was passing the convent, where he was very well known, when he was called in to see the prioress, who immediately sent him for me. I started when he told me this, and there came back to my mind the words and smile of Sister Marie. When I arrived, a Sister was in waiting, and she opened the door.

"Father S——?" she said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Your patient is a French Sister."

"What is her name?" I inquired, trembling for her answer.

"Sister Marie," was the reply. "Do you know her?"

"Take me to her," I said, without answering the Sister's question; and we went together to the bedside of the dying nun.

There I saw Sister Marie; but so altered in the last few days that I had some difficulty at first in recognizing her. She turned to me with a sweet smile as I entered, and said:

"You see I have kept my promise, Father John."

"Yes, my child," I replied; "but in a different way from the one I expected."

She received the last Sacraments, and waited patiently for the sound of the angel's trump to summon her to judgment. She knew that it was coming, she said; but she only blessed God for calling her to Himself so soon.

Then she told me the events that had occurred between our parting at the bedside of the dead Irishman and our reunion at the bedside. After her return from his bedside, where I had left her, she went back at once to the convent, feeling too tired and weary to visit just then any more of her patients, though she little knew that she

would never set foot outside the convent more. She told the superioress of her wearied state, and was sent by her to bed. The next morning she was worse; and before noon it was known throughout the house that Sœur Marie was attacked by the cholera. On the evening of the second day she was so bad that medical aid was at fault, and the disease was let run its course.

Then they had sent for me, in agreement with a request that she had made in the beginning of her illness. It did not take her long to prepare for death. She had lived in a continual state of preparation, and

"No suffering from slow disease's pang"

was needed to make her fit for heaven. She knew well she was dying, and her last act I shall ever remember. Once she called my name, and on my giving her my attention, she took up a rosary that lay beside her, and gave it into my hands. It was the one I had given to her in Paris on the day of my departure, and I have it still; and when I descend into the grave, it shall go there with me. A little before midnight she entered into her agony, and exactly as the midnight hour struck, she passed quietly away.

"One more angel for heaven," I thought as I closed her eyelids.

The next morning I said Mass for her; and at its conclusion I felt one of those strange and unaccountable feelings, which told me, as plainly as if I saw her soul entering heaven, that Jeanne Bénoît, or Sister Marie, had passed through the gate of Paradise, and was then enjoying the beautiful company of the Most High, and His company of saints; and would enjoy that blessed state of peace forever and ever.

TRIFLES.

THE griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear—
Great sorrows are half holy things.

But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.

And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemies must fall,
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.

MODERATE LIBERALISM.

Some things there are which are bad only in excess, while in moderation they are harmless or may be even beneficial. Others are so essentially bad that any appreciable quantity must prove injurious. To this latter class we consider Liberalism to belong. It is bad in its essence, and acts deleteriously in its smallest grain, for this simple reason, that it is a moral poison, and must therefore act on the body into which it is infused in proportion to the size of the dose. Moderate Liberalism is not, then, radically different from ultra-Liberalism; and, if for the time being it does not produce effects so palpably destructive, it is simply from deficiency in quantity, not from difference in quality. Give it time, let it work in the system, and you will discover that it is perfectly identical with the other, which is but its legitimate and logical development. The one does but openly avow what the other implicitly and covertly contains. Hence it is that we must own to regarding with special dread a moderate liberal, just because he does not avow, very commonly does not himself perceive, all that his principles involve. He would recoil from them if he did, as would those to whom he recommends them, and upon whom he helps to impose them in the concrete form of legislative measures, if he possess political power and place. There is a time when such a man, particularly if gifted with abilities and a considerable amount of respectable and estimable qualities, is supremely dangerous. Such a man succeeds in inserting the thin end of the wedge, and the rest naturally follows.

Moderate Liberalism is unlabelled poison, and as such the most dangerous. Whether its promoters be blind or no to its true character, and, so far as they are innocently blind, free from the guilt of deliberately administering poison, it is poison none the less. When we say blind to its true character, we mean blind to its logical and inevitable results; for no "liberal," however sincerely persuaded of the merits of his theories, and however unsuspicious of the gulf to which they lead, can be exonerated from the guilt of holding principles of error which involve political, social, and moral ruin. For it is of the essence of Liberalism, first, to displace the source of authority; secondly, to change the basis of society and its institutions; thirdly, to aim at a civilization which is to be the result of enlightened and educated human reason, and of material progress. Secularization is the word which best sums up the idea. Your modern liberal is either himself a convert, more or less, to this new form of irreligion, or, seeing that what is called public opinion is loud in demanding it, he thinks it incumbent on those who rule affairs to satisfy its clamors. It is not necessary that he should see all that the bad principle which he himself holds or accepts really involves; but he must have admitted the principle in its germ, or submitted to it, which practically comes to the same thing. A principle is precisely the same

whether you see all its bearings or not. It is true or it is false; there is no medium. There is no such thing as moderate falsehood. There is no neutral or debatable ground where principles are concerned. The principle on which Liberalism is based is Secularization. Now what is the legitimate issue and goal of Secularization? It is nothing less than the un-Christianizing of the world, of government, of society, and lastly, as its climax, of the individuals who compose society. And it must be borne in mind that to un-Christianize is not to throw back men on the state from which Christianity raised them; it is not to restore Paganism; but to bring about something far worse. The Pagan world was not without a religion, bad and corrupt as that religion was, but the state of the un-Christianized modern world will be unbelief—Atheism, hideous, cold, universal Atheism. It will be an utter revolt of human reason against GOD, and when the human reason is no longer divinely influenced and controlled, it will deify itself—become its own god and make earth a hell. This is the necessary programme of Liberalism, whether its partisans perceive it or no. We might, therefore, even say that there is no such thing really as Moderate Liberalism. Liberalism can only be Liberalism pure and simple, and Moderate Liberalism is merely Liberalism in disguise; Liberalism in its hypocritical phase, using fair and delusive words, and holding out false promises. Hypocrisy is indeed the condition of its acceptance in the first instance, and its special characteristic in its early stages. It is by this means that it has found entrance wherever it has established itself and taken root.

A striking instance is presented in Spain. Liberalism was there no spontaneous production, and no soil could possibly be more uncongenial to it than that Catholic land. It was an exotic, says the *Pensamiento Español*, transplanted thither in an evil hour to poison the atmosphere; the principles of the Liberalistic sect being, in fact, as much opposed to all the traditional notions and customs of the nation as to its faith. "If," says that journal, "Liberalism had presented itself in the Progressist guise, fierce and impious, Spain would have certainly rejected it; but the Moderates introduced it in the name of science and of social reforms, saying that what was good in the Revolution might be taken, and the bad rejected; and by this kind of language they deluded a number of incautious persons." No doubt, Spain was not then what once she had been. Although the mass of her population remained sound, the upper strata of society had not escaped the intellectual and moral contamination of the day. Hence, although the Liberal party was far from numerous in itself, it found a field for its operations in the deterioration prevalent amongst those classes who might have offered it an energetic resistance. Thus, an acquiescence, the fruit of an indifference and apathy of which the nation is now suffering the chastisement, gave it the appearance of a strength which it did not possess, and which it would have been shown not to possess, but for its plausible pretences and assumed moderation, which lulled fears to sleep, or furnished an excuse for

inaction. But when the ground was sufficiently prepared the Progressist made his appearance, "torch and pick-axe in hand," burning convents, plundering churches, and giving the full rein to all the instincts of Liberalism. Then Spain was alarmed, roused herself, and desired to show the world that she was Catholic, and resolved to remain so, by ejecting these impious men from her bosom. And she might easily have accomplished her desire, but once more she fell into the snare laid for her by the Moderates, who, affecting to blame the excesses of the advanced party, pushed themselves forward to restore order and effect a satisfactory compromise. They were the men who alone could do this: so they affirmed. We are Liberals, they said, but we are Catholics; we wish to concede what is required by the spirit of the age without refusing to God what belongs to him. Once more they were trusted, the destinies of Spain were again committed to their hands, and we see the result! This sort of game has been played over and over again; it is always continuing to be played under varying circumstances between the so-called Moderates and the Ultras; the former pretending that they are the only party who can possibly put a check on the latter, for whom they are always preparing the way and smoothing the ground.

If Liberalism be suffered to assume the sway it bids fair to obtain, the Revolution, in which it everywhere ultimately results, will be indeed terrible. It behooves us, therefore, to be the more sensitively alive to the danger, and to present a phalanx of consistent and united resistance to Liberalism in every form.

PARIS PICTURES DURING THE WAR.

I. Paris under a Cloud.

That waking up, about five o'clock on a summer morning, that lifting the human head, grown limp and almost pulpy with snatching uneasy sleep from cushions, and then seeing the outposts of Paris growing more and more crowded, is always the most welcome of impressions. The tall white houses, the factories, the bright smiling air of the whole, the rich solidity, all seem to proclaim that you are entering the finest city in Europe; very different from the huddled, dingy red and black brick purlieus which are our gentlemen ushers for a great English city. But one bright morning, not many days ago, when the panic of the enemy being at its gate was strong on the great city, it was curious to notice the change that has come over the approach to Paris, and to find ourselves flying by a great white chalk trench, that trailed off serpent-like far as the eye could see, and whose sides swarmed with what seemed little blue and white insects crawling thickly over it—the citizen blouses at work on the fortifications. Further on come the

familiar grass-covered mounds; but we see the new slices cut clean and neatly to make embrasures, and every embrasure has its clean new gun ready mounted and pointed.

Visit Paris as often as we will, and after driving down some mysterious back streets, emerge suddenly on the Boulevards, the gay and entrancing sight never loses its novelty. The trees, the glittering current always moving on, as if it were perpetually going round and round the rich background of house and palace, and gilt balconies; the kiosks, the colors of different costumes, the carriages that shine even to stickiness—there is nothing like it in any city. The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, too, seem to strut by with pride, as if they knew they were on a stage, and the whole world were audience, and come to that theatre expressly to see them. But in these days of panic and mortification, the most stupid observer would see an utter change. The great crowd was gone, and those who walked had a sad air. They seemed like people in a dream, and who could not yet believe—and it was hard to expect them to do so—that Paris, the queen of the world, should be brought to this indignity.

Every one stops to look at something military, and something military and significant turns up for every one, every moment. Here go by, slowly, six great wagons, each drawn by what seem four cart-horses, whose traces are ropes, and who are ridden by very dilapidated soldiers. But this is the fashion of the French artillery, always in a rude dishabille. On these platforms recline, like nothing so much as huge seals, and looking as helpless, enormous unmounted cannon, all swollen at the breech, and very awkward customers indeed. We all stop to stare after these monsters, and the men in blouses, with trays on their heads and loads on their backs, begin to talk vehemently, and gesticulate wildly. Then a mounted dragoon spurs past as hard as he can gallop. Then three or four of the Free Shooters lounge by in their neat uniforms, surrounded by admiring friends, and a perspiring French gentleman in a white waistcoat, and carrying a most inconvenient amount of human figure within his waistcoat, provides them with cigars all round. This somehow seems to give fresh confidence, and the blouses again gesticulate, and laugh the distant Germans to scorn. Everywhere are men of the Garde Mobile in every stage of imperfect dress and accoutrement. Some have merely the red-bound képi, yet saunter along, their hands in their pockets under their blouses, as if they were already trained. Here are more, who have not even the képi, but who carry their tin can, and the sticks of the portable tent on their backs. Why they do this it would be hard to say. Now we hear a far-off roll of a drum, and see the glitter of half a regiment crossing past the Madeleine. Now we lounge into the court-yard of the Louvre, and there see a squad of men with complete uniforms, learning the Chassepot drill. A sergeant who has seen battles, thunders out his directions. He carries his own Chassepot, draws it back as if to meet a charge, and they do the same. Then he opens the breech-

loading part, takes an imaginary cartridge, and puts it in, clicks all home, and is faithfully imitated. An enormous crowd of women and men stand round, and, true to the French character, laugh at the awkward: the men laugh too. The officer walks round with a sad and rather weary air, very different from the pert and fussy officiousness usual on a peace parade. To me there was something very depressing in this spectacle, and in the laughter, which on the men's side, was hollow enough; for these soldiers thus hurried through drill were to be sent off in the morning to the front, and it was evident were being merely taught how to load and handle their weapons.

Never did Paris look so beautiful as at this moment, never was the air more balmy and delicious, the scene more enjoyable. The trees on the Boulevards still display their honors; the assiduous laying of the dust goes on; the ladies drive about in their Victorias. And yet there is a lurid and heated look over all, an indescribable restlessness and flutter, which even a stranger cannot help catching. Every one, too, is devouring newspapers that tell no news, and indeed are too often full of a childish rant and vaporing which would make one smile, if they were not mere ravings of over-excited brains.

II. Paris by Night.

Along the Boulevards the usual gay spectacle of Paris by night repeats itself. These real halls of dazzling light are, of course, peopled; but the crowd, the gay abandon, the self-satisfied enjoyment are gone. The times are too hard and serious for them. The theatres are nearly all closed; those open but half filled. In the face of disaster it is plain that the bourgeois cannot enjoy himself, or order his breakfasts and dinners—and exquisite pastime that was!—with the same unction as before. The enormous groups who gather every night near kiosks, who listen to an animated discussion on the war, and hear explained how Bazaine is to cut off the Prince Royal, as he is called, and how MacMahon will effect a masterly junction with him, and drive the invaders from the soil of France, are easily imposed on.

The Parisians may be excused for only half expecting the worst, for looking to junctions of Bazaine and MacMahon, and to consequent whirlwinds of French victory, recalling the days of Brunswick and of Dumouriez. Cruelly hoodwinked, shamefully kept in the dark, not only by those in authority, but even by their own press, an eager, impulsive people still flushed with the past glories of France, has not without reason, hoped too much and too long. It is extremely nonsensical,—the childish ravings, the utter froth of some of these Paris papers. You may buy them half a dozen times and never find a scrap of news; but, instead, paragraphs of wild, heated nonsense, with which the Paris reader is, unhappily, too ready to be content. I read to-day, "At last a great victory!" which is the success of the loan. "At Berlin they would tremble—Bismarck, the assassin, would shake in his shoes!" The favorite phrase is, "From day to day everything ameliorates." "The government is in possession of

news, which for strategical reasons it forbears to communicate." Or such twaddle as this: "Last night as the Sieur X was proceeding home, he was consternated to see his child—a ravishing little boy of six years old—seated on the steps in a miniature Garde Mobile cap. 'See, papa,' lisped the engaging child, 'how I have laid out grandpapa's present.' The father took him in his arms and could not refrain from tears. The bystanders testified their emotion at this touching spectacle." I see on the walls everywhere little manuscript notices from those who think it a suitable opportunity to make a little money out of their country. These gently offer themselves as substitutes in the most enticing terms. "An ancient militaire in retreat, who has served in the Crimea, will be willing to serve during the whole of the present war as substitute. Lowest sum, seventy-five pounds." Some ask a hundred pounds, some so low as twenty. "But this," as a bystander remarked, "was some old remnant, who would be dear at the money." On these little notices all sorts of impertinences offensive to the proposers are scrawled.

In this disastrous state of affairs we try and keep up our spirits by all the arts we know. This is done laboriously, and with never-flagging pains, but, somehow, it does not answer. The eternal Marseillaise is appealed to again and again, and a good deal of money and trouble is laid out upon this famous song and others of congenial spirit. Thus, in the White Cat, one of those prodigious spectacular efforts which last a whole night, a little boy comes on between the acts, with a wheezy, though shrill, voice, and, dressed in green tail-coat with white facings, gives The Volunteers of '92. He does it with spirit, and nearly cracks his little throat as he tramples imaginary invaders under his small boot, and shrieks about "le sol de not' patrie!" But the applause, though good-natured, is mild enough. The thoughtful part of the audience is, perhaps, beginning to see that there has been too much trust in these stage effects, and that they have small effect on invaders off the stage. So, too, when I look in at another great theatre, and find that the director of a certain London music hall has transferred his ballet to the French stage. Here, at ten o'clock, the curtain drew up, and discovered a glade where some forty or fifty glorious defenders of liberty—in song at least—appear, arranged in cocked-hats, and leggings, and breeches, standing in a long, gloomy, and certainly meaningless line. The bill promised us over a hundred, but there did not seem nearly so many In their faces was written a stern determination not to allow "the soil of the country to be touched by the invader's foot," if hard singing could prevent it. A hectic-looking hero, dressed half like a sailor, half like a chief, stood ready, bearing what was really taken by many English present for a barber's pole, but which, on being unfurled, took shape honestly as a tricolor flag. In this gentleman's air was clearly business—and gloomy business too. Then a tremendous orchestra—strong in brass and drums—struck up Allons Enfans, &c. But the singer's voice was comparatively

feeble, his chest inferior, and out in the open air, where his lungs were supposed to encourage the flagging volunteers, would have been ineffective. The orchestra seemed to contain cannon, for the grosse caisse thundered terrifically at Aux Armes, and, indeed, the whole scoring was very unconventional and spirited. At the third verse he, of course, took the flag from a bystander, and with it did wonderful business—now holding it aloft, now carrying it on his shoulder like a gun, and letting the bunting float behind him as a background. Yet the whole fell flat. The audience did not leap to its feet, and though the claque worked hard in the gallery, the encore that followed was of a humiliating sort—an encore from the stage. Again, looking in, on a lovely balmy night, at those pleasant concert cafés in the Elysian Fields, where, afar off, through the trees blazes the brilliant stage, and the notes of a singer float to us with wonderful distinctness; a young lady gives En Avant to a spirited marching tune, which ought, at least, to have set every foot in the place moving. But, no. There are a couple of hundred volunteers present, in caps and blouses, all placed together by the administration, and most likely admitted free, but their applause is very faint indeed. It must be owned that the administration everywhere is very indulgent and patriotic; and at the great theatres I see a good-natured director taking up some of the soldiers, who are in bad places in the parterre, into choice and select berths in the boxes. Poor souls! all this is like providing a good breakfast for the condemned criminal.

To come home about midnight after the play is over has some dramatic points. The cafés are about closing, so the country's health cannot be drunk any more. But in the distance we hear the cracked voices of roysterers, trying to yell the national hymn, and we presently find that these disturbers consist of a select party of four. No one joins in, many turn away as if bored by the whole thing.

III. Paris at Prayers.

But in all this fanfare, and dressing-up for the stage, if we should wish to come upon a bit of genuine nature, let us cross this noisy place in front of the Exchange, where Mammon reigns, and where on the steps of that fine building a screaming as of ravens and vultures mounts to the sky. Then down this dark, old-fashioned street to the right, past that great archway, whence in old days the huge diligence of Lafitte used to emerge. Here, at the end of the street, is a great old-fashioned church, that of Our Lady of Victories. All day long, from morning till night, the open space in front is crowded with carriages; all day long, and all night long, the stream of people is pouring in and pouring out. Inside it is a huge antique interior, with enormous oil-paintings hung round. But the altar and all about the altar is ablaze with votive candles, and here are praying—oh, how earnestly!—the mothers and sisters of Paris. Nothing more touching can be imagined. That pale small face, of the regular French lady type, the black silk, the shawl wrapped round, eyes uplifted, hands clasped, all turned to that image of

Our Lady of Victories, the patroness to whom so many a soldier has put up his prayers. Here, too, unusual sight, is many a Frenchman, and, stranger still, many a French officer. They have sons, perhaps, in Metz. Every inch of the walls of the church is incrusted with small marble tablets, literally in thousands, each with an inscription of acknowledgment for some prayer heard or favor received. There is something very pathetic in the warmth of gratitude in nearly all these little offerings, which mostly relate to war. "For my husband, preserved to me during the Crimean war." Every hour of the day it is the same; the silent quick entry, the flinging oneself down on one's knees, the earnest agonized entreaty of a few minutes, the quiet withdrawal. Amid all the clamor and excitement of poor Paris, how beautiful, how touching a scene! Who could witness it without a tear? Who can hear of it without a sigh?

CHASTENED.

My soul was stricken on a summer day
With sudden sickness in her bloom and pride,
And through the length of all that year she lay,
Feeble, sore-smitten, trusting to have died.
She rose not up to see the reapers pass,
To lay their sickles in the yellow wheat;
Nor did she move when winter trod the grass
And flowers, to nothingness with icy feet.
But when the spring-time ruled the land again,
Mysterious yearnings in my spirit woke,
New energies endowed her heart and brain,
And she essayed to break her sorrow's yoke,
And said to it, "Thy rule is my disgrace,
I have been blind, now will I see thy face."

Then rose the grief that long had ruled my soul,
And these two struggled for the mastery;
But God had made my spirit's vision whole,
While grief was veiled, and might not plainly see.
Then sprang my spirit conquering and free,
To draw the veil from off the dreaded face,
And lo! the face was marvellous to see,
Divine: an angel's; full of awful grace.
"God sent me," said the angel, "unto thee,
A chastening rod, for loving-kindness' sake,
And if thou choose to hold me, I will be
A staff for leaning when all others break."
"I take thee," said my soul. "Of no true worth
Is life without thee. Walk with me henceforth."

PRECIOUS STONES.

POSSIBLY the commercial value of color was never exemplified in a stronger manner than in the matter of precious stones. Indeed, jewels often depend upon their tint only for their names and value; the same identically composed precious stone being either an amethyst or a piece of rock crystal, an oriental topaz or a ruby, by the addition or absence of a small portion of mineral pigment of different hue. Thus, a piece of rock crystal is comparatively valueless, whilst an emerald is one of the most costly of jewels; a ruby again is even more valuable than a diamond, whilst the topaz is of very inferior value. Even the faintest flush of color often gives a value to the diamond which is far beyond its worth when pure—an instance this of the value of adulteration. To illustrate this fact it is stated that a diamond, the worth of which uncolored would have been (from its weight) only $110, was lately sold for $1500, in consequence of possessing a vivid green tint.

Although the diamond is not really the most valuable of jewels, yet as it is supposed to have precedence of all other gems, we shall speak of it first. Possibly, however, its commercial value is most constant of all jewels, as it is the subject of investment to a greater extent than any other. In times of commotion, kings or princes and the wealthy—generally subject to suffer from sweeping changes—look upon diamonds as their best friends, their passports, in fact, to the attention of the foreigner. What pemmican is to meat precious stones are to value. They are the concentrated essence of wealth—a king's ransom in the compass of a marble. Nations, civilized and only semi-civilized, believe in this currency; it is a circular note that the bearer never need fear will be dishonored in whatever quarter of the globe he may happen to be. Diamonds, and other precious stones, however, like gold, are liable to fluctuate in value according to the laws of supply and demand, like the meanest article of commerce. A revolution brings forth these "flowers of the mineral kingdom," as they have been poetically termed; at first a number of them are thrown upon the market, and they decline in value in consequence. An example of this occurred in the revolution of 1848. In all cases where civil commotions are of long continuance, however, and causes of fear are prolonged, they gradually rise again in value until they reach exorbitant prices. In the great revolution of 1789, for instance, diamonds rose to a famine price, and up to the termination of our late civil war, they were gradually becoming more valuable in this country.

The diamond, like most other jewels, is found generally in granite gneiss, and in torrents of rivers, distributed over the whole world; but they are mainly to be found in tropical countries. It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendor, where the vegetable and the animal creation put on their most gorgeous colors, there also in the depths of the earth the vivid lustre of this gem shines the

brightest, and assumes the largest proportions. The mines under ground bloom as gorgeously as the flowers above. The diamond, as we all know, is composed of pure carbon crystallized, and is the hardest known substance. Indeed, this quality, upon which much of its value depends, has in many instances been the cause of its destruction, the old rude test of its genuineness being to place it upon an anvil, and to strike it forcibly with a hammer, the idea being that, if pure, it would rather break the hammer or bury itself in the anvil, than split. Of course many valuable diamonds have been destroyed by this ignorant trial in times past. The diamond is by no means always colorless. It is sometimes yellow, red, pink, brown, green, black, and opalescent; the admixture of color depending in some cases upon a metallic oxide. The Indian diamond appears to be the most prized in the market. Newton, from its great power of refracting and dispersing light, when compared with glass, came to the conclusion that it was combustible; a scientific forecast, which Lavoisier verified by burning it in oxygen, and obtaining as a result carbonic acid. Although our analysis of this gem is perfect, all efforts have failed to construct it; indeed, chemistry is wholly at fault to produce artificially any of the precious gems, with the exception of the ruby, small specimens of which have actually been produced in the laboratory. The diamond is split easily with the grain; but it is upon the tact and judgment with which it is cut and polished that much of its value depends. The English were at one time famous as gem cutters; but the art is now wholly lost among them, and most of the fine gems are now intrusted to Dutch Jews. The gem is cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond dust—the only material that effectually touches it—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed by means of steam power. At the present time the most fashionable form is the double cut, which presents a great number of facets, rendering the flash of the gem very brilliant. The table cut, such as we find in old diamonds, is much less sparkling, as it has a very much less number of facets, and a great expansion of table or flat upper surface. The Indian diamond-cutters leave as much of the gem as possible when cutting; an instance of this was seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where the Koh-i-noor was exhibited, in which the cutting followed apparently the original outline of the stone. Its weight was then 186 carats. In the intervals between this and the last Exhibition it was, after much consultation, given into the hands of M. Coster, of Amsterdam, who recut it with such skill that, although it lost in the process 80 carats, it yet appeared quite as large, and was transferred at once into a blaze of light. When diamonds are found difficult to split, without fear of great loss, they are sometimes sawn with fine wires, fitted into a saw-bow, and anointed with diamond powder and olive oil. Rose-cut diamonds are now coming much into fashion, as they are very brilliant in appearance at a very

small expense of stone. It is really wonderful the delicacy with which these gems are cut, considering the smallness of their size; as many as fifteen hundred having been known to weigh only one carat.

The larger diamonds, from their great value, have all some extraordinary history. As a rule, like the stormy petrel, their appearance in the market in numbers is an indication of a storm. Their portability makes them the companion of royal fugitives, and more than one brilliant of value has witnessed bloody and tragical scenes. The Koh-i-noor, for instance, has changed hands in many of the convulsions that occurred in India. It was seized at the conquest of Delhi by Ala ed Din, and subsequently came into the possession of the Sultan Baber, the Great Mogul, in 1526; it continued in the possession of this line of princes until Aurungzebe intrusted it to a European to reset it. This he did, but so unskilfully that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186 carats—the size, in fact, it appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London. The Emperor refused to pay the workman for the destruction of his jewel, and we think it speaks well for Aurungzebe, as Indian Emperors went, that he did not take off his head at once. It afterwards fell into the hands of the great conqueror Nadir Shah, was passed on in his line, and finally it came into English possession at the capture of Lahore, and was presented by the British troops to the Queen, with whose family it will remain, we suppose, until some future conqueror seizes it to set in the crown of some empire yet to arise in the New World. The Cumberland diamond, of the value of $50,000, was presented to the Duke of Cumberland by the City of London after he had transferred the burghers from the Stuart dynasty at Culloden. We fancy the city would have kept their money had they foreseen that it would ultimately pass to the treasury of the King of Hanover. The Orloff diamond, set in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, weighs 194¼ carats, and possesses a most romantic history. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of an idol in a Brahmin temple, and to have been set in the peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and ultimately fell into the possession of the Empress Catherine II. The Regent, or Pitt diamond, was so called from having been purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George. Scandal said that the Governor stole it. It is certain, however, that it was purloined from the Garde Mobile, in 1792, but was restored in a very mysterious manner. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the sword of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Florentine diamond, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, is said to have been one of three lost in the battle of Granson, by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold by him for one florin. It afterwards came into the possession of Pope Julius II, who presented it to the Emperor of Austria. The Sancy diamond's history is still more curious. It was actually taken from the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and found its way in 1489 to Baron de Sancy, who sent

it as a present to the King of Portugal. The servant by whom it was being conveyed was attacked by robbers, when he swallowed the stone, and after his death it was found in his body. James the Second afterwards possessed it, and he sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared in the French Revolution, but turned up again, which the renowned blue diamond, by the by, never did, and was purchased by Napoleon I, who again sold it to Prince Demidoff. The Nassak diamond, of 78⅝ carats, was taken by the Marquis of Hastings at the conquest of Deccan. The Hope diamond is of a sapphire blue, and since the great French diamond was lost it is considered the most unique gem of its kind in existence. In the Russian treasury there is a brilliant red diamond of ten carats, and at Dresden there is a green diamond of 48½ carats, that once belonged to Augustus the Strong.

The value of diamonds has considerably increased of late years, and as the wealth of the country goes on augmenting, it is likely to increase still further. Brilliants go on increasing in value as they increase in size in an extraordinary degree. Thus, a brilliant of one carat is worth $90; of two carats, $325; of three carats, $625; of four carats, $1100; of ten carats, $1600. Beyond this weight they become fancy articles, and, of course, fancy prices are demanded for them.

The most valuable of all jewels, however, is the ruby. This precious stone depends upon its color, as we have said before, for its value. The ruby, sapphire and oriental topaz are composed of identically the same materials; the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue ruby a sapphire, the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed Corundums, an Indian name. The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond. The finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon, and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Birmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The color varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. The Queen exhibited two stones said to be rubies, in the Exhibition of 1862, but Mr. Henry Emanuel, in his work on Precious Stones, asserts that they are nothing more than spinels, a spurious kind of ruby of little value. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from $70 to $100; of two carats, from $350 to

$400; and of four carats, from $2000 to $2250, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight. As we have before said, small rubies have been made by chemists artificially, but never gems of any size. Now, as small rubies are plentiful in nature, it is very doubtful whether it will pay to make them, even upon a manufacturing scale.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the coloring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The color often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The clever lapidary can correct this by cutting away all the black part, excepting a small spot reserved for the cutlet, or small, fine flattened point underneath. When looked at through the table, or broad upper surface of the gem, this point of dark blue gives by refraction a beautiful azure lustre to the jewel. The ancients used to call all blue stones sapphires, just as they called all red ones either rubies or carbuncles. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison that, if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of one carat of pure color being worth $100. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in England formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of $50,000, and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity; such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water. Both the oriental amethyst and the oriental emerald, which are varieties of corundum, are very rare; the green variety, or oriental emerald, indeed, is so curious that Mr. Emanuel, with all his vast experience, says that he has only seen it once in his lifetime.

The cat's eye jewel we are told, is becoming fashionable, being considered in India—and, what is more strange, even in Europe—lucky. We wonder at nothing in the shape of superstition; and can quite understand that a gem of this kind only lately was purchased by a nobleman for one thousand pounds. The topaz is now little sought after. The colorless ones are termed Nova Mina, or slave diamonds; those of light blue are termed Brazilian sapphires; those of a greenish hue are termed aquamarine; and the Brazilian ruby is the artificially obtained pink or rose-colored topaz.

It is often obtained in large masses. In one of the cases in the British Museum there is a mass of white topaz that for many years was used as a door-weight by a marine store dealer. In London a very fine stone can at the present time be bought for a few shillings.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The finest colored emeralds are found in New Grenada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salzburg and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru, hence their value fell in the middle ages. Orientals, especially the Mohammedans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is insured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribe many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, and when perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from $100 to $200 the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nine ounces. The value of the beryl or aquamarine is trifling. It is said that an enormous beryl was found in this country weighing five tons. It is used in Birmingham, England, for imitation jewelry. The garnet, again, has many varieties, and is scattered over the whole globe; when cut tablewise and "tallow topped," as it is termed, or convex and smooth at the top, and flat at the bottom, it is termed a carbuncle.

There are a large number of what may be termed valuable, rather than precious stones, which belong to the quartz system. Among these are amethyst, cairngorm, onyx, sardonyx, carnelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, bloodstone, rock crystal. Rock crystal has been used in the arts from the most remote times. It is found in large crystals sometimes, and is scattered all over the world. There is a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measuring three feet in diameter, and weighing 800 pounds. It is used by opticians for the lenses of spectacles, and in India it is hollowed into cups and goblets of amazing thinness and beauty. The Chinese, the Japanese and the Egyptians also use it for ornamental purposes. Like most precious stones, it is very cold, and the Japanese make balls of it to cool the hands. In old goldsmith's work crystal is often introduced, and as it was considered that it would turn color if poison came near it, cups and goblets of it were often used of it by the great, who went in fear of death in this shape. The onyx and sardonyx have long been used for cameos, and the value of the material is vastly enhanced by the art that is sometimes employed upon them. Some of the ancient cameos are very valuable. The art of engraving upon these stones has latterly vastly improved; a taste has sprung up for fine cameos, and some very creditable engravings have been made.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted

opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and the Mexican opal. When the different tints in an opal are distributed evenly over its surface, it is known in the trade as Harlequin. This is a rude way of designating the exquisite blending of hues which make this jewel so beautiful. The iridescence is owing to minute lines on the surface of the gem, which decompose the light, just in the same manner as they do in mother-o'-pearl. Steel buttons used to be engraved with very minute lines to produce the same effect. The flashes of color in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day; the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Mr. Emanuel, referring to the fact that a Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to water,—from the fact, we suppose, that the water fills up the fine lines in it, and prevents the decomposition of the reflected light into its primitive elements,—says that Sir Walter Scott having in "Anne of Geierstein" ascribed this fact to supernatural agency, the stone came to be considered unlucky, and they consequently went out of fashion! We are willing enough to believe in the folly of fashion, and in the amount of superstition afloat, especially in the upper circles, but we think the fall in the value of opals can scarcely be ascribed to such a cause as this. They are now again in fashion, however, and are likely to continue so; for in addition to the singular beauty of the gem, they are, we are told, the only precious stones which defy imitation. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as $5000 has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius, a Roman Senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at $850,000, which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth $150,000. There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl, a gem—if we may term a simple excrescence by that name—which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl-fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some central body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphate are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The Chinese, with singular ingenuity, have taken advantage of the method of action on the part of the pearl-oyster, and have for ages been in the habit of inserting small objects inside its shell, in order to in-

lish persecution had subsided into gusts of petty tyranny and annoyance. A worthy Irish gentleman is debarred, by his Catholic faith, from all avenues to worldly fortune or success, and after a series of unavailing endeavors to better his lot, dies in extreme indigence. His widow, who appears to be of an irresolute and timid nature, is forced by stress of circumstances to receive aid from a Protestant minister, who prevails upon her to abandon her Catholic religion and to accept at once his hand and doctrines. The hero of the story is her son by her former husband. The boy is educated a Protestant, and on arriving at manhood chooses the military profession, enters the British army then engaged in the Napoleonic wars. He is taken prisoner by pirates, but in company with two fellow-prisoners succeeds in overcoming the pirate crew. Whilst steering the ship to an English port the three, "to while away the tedious hours," tell a number of excellent stories, the principal one being "The Priest's Blessing."

THE "OUR FATHER." Being Illustrations of the Several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer. Translated from the German of Veith, by Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo., pp. 307. Received through Cummiskey.

In addition to his own thoughtful exposition of the Lord's Prayer the learned author has enriched his book with the beautiful Commentaries of the Fathers. As an instance of the completeness of this treatise, we may remark that twelve pages are devoted to the explanation and illustration of the word "Amen."

THE CATECHISM. Illustrated by passages from Holy Scripture. By Rev. J. B. BAGSHAWE. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo., pp. 176.

A valuable feature of this Catechism is its containing, in the shape of a margin, copious illustrations, texts, and examples from the Scriptures in proof of the Catholic doctrine unfolded in the Catechism.

THE GREEN ISLAND. A Tale for Youth. By A. F. P. KIRBY. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1870. Pp. 195.

The plan and treatment of this story was evidently suggested by St Bernard's *memorare*, as it sets forth the efficacy of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, in a simple, unpretending, yet forcible manner. The character of an Indian boy, who proposes questions about Catholic truths, is beautifully drawn.

THE YOUNG SODALIST'S COMPANION; OR PRAYERS AND PRACTICES IN HONOR OF THE HOLY ANGELS. By a Catholic Clergyman. Approved by Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood. Gillin & McGuigan, Philadelphia.

This is a neat little Sodality Manual, brought out expressly for Sodalities, of the Holy Angels, and contains the Office, Prayers, Practices, and Hymns in honor of the Holy Angels. In a country like this, where so many youths are almost daily lost to the Church, too great care cannot be taken to keep our children from dangerous occasions, and inspire them with a love for our holy religion. Associations like the Sodality of the Holy Angels are, in our opinion, an excellent means of keeping children united, and of inspiring them with a love for pious practices. The volume before us is intended especially for Sodalities of this kind, and has been brought out in a handsome and durable muslin binding, at the exceedingly low price of $10 per hundred copies. We cheerfully recommend it to the Reverend Clergy and the Heads of Sodalities as an excellent Manual for the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

LEISURE HOURS; A SELECTION OF SHORT POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS. By JOHN A. LANIGAN. Published by the Author.

Most of these poems evidence a delicate fancy and descriptive powers of a high order. The pictures of Nova Scotian life and scenery are charming, and calculated to astonish those of us who are wont to associate with that country all that is bleak and cheerless. The poem entitled "Midnight Mass in Montreal Chapel" is composed in dactylic measure, and, in our judgment, is equal to many passages in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

An extended Review of Archbishop Spalding's Works will shortly appear.

furniture. This stone used to be far more valuable than at present, as the finer tints were ground to make the costly color ultramarine. But chemists have found out the means of producing this color artificially at a very small cost. Malachite, again, is used for vases, &c., by the Russians. The doors of this material in the London Exhibition of 1851 will be remembered for their brilliant green color. Jade, again, seems to be in especial favor in Japan. Amber used to be fashionable, but it is now wholly gone out, except for mouth-pieces to pipes. It is still used in oriental countries for the adorning of various articles of furniture. Amber is a resinous gum, and is found principally on the shores of the Baltic, swept there chiefly from the exudations of the pine forests on its borders. Coral is another material, the dark rich variety of which has latterly been in little demand. In our youth we remember that the only color ever seen was that of the lip, a deep red; now the run is all upon the delicate pink tint, the color of the rose-leaf. A large drop of this color is worth from $150 to $200, and even the smaller pieces are worth from $600 to $750 the ounce. There are white, yellow, and black varieties of coral, but they are of little value.

Mr. Emanuel, in his book on precious stones, gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file, are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. They are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. We are told again that passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers are often taken in by the natives at Colombo, with blue and other colored stone cut in facets, and imported from Birmingham as doublets. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones; the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp, in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted to throw a tinge of color into the gem, and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow color, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable color. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in color, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost. The moral is, that when buying a pearl necklace, the purchaser should cut the string and examine each bead separately. As we cannot imagine any of our readers making such purchases upon their own judgment, this advice seems superfluous, as a professed valuer of gems would be pretty certain to make this precaution.

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[Form of 5 per cent. Bond.]

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Entered..... Recorded.....

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Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, $5000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form, (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter days.

The whole proceeds of the new loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing

Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and cancelled $2,470,000 of the Three per cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

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Total saving per annum by refunding				$23,500,000

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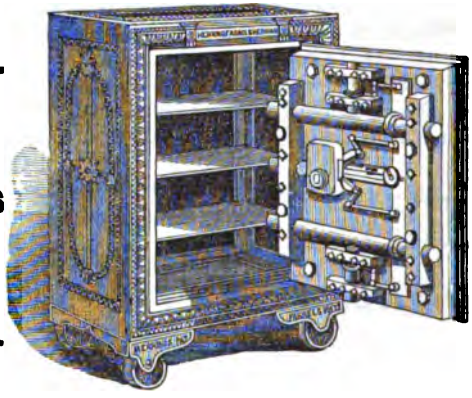

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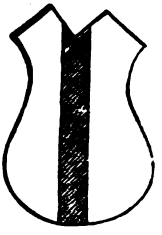

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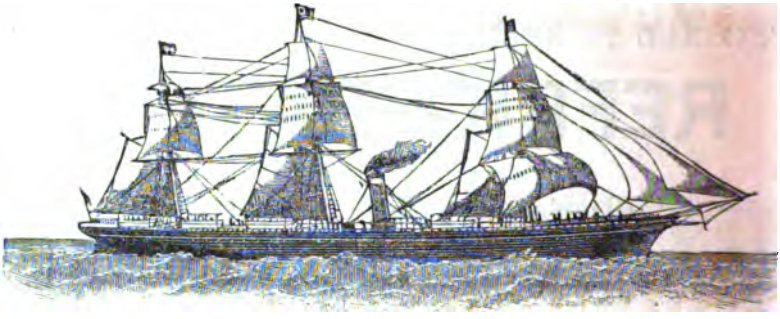

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. I, NO. 8.—JULY, 1871.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS DONE FOR WOMAN.

WHEN you doff your hat to a woman, or yield her your place in a crowded railway car, do you ever think that your politeness marks the chief difference between two great orders of civilization, the heathen and the Christian? The withering scorn with which an ancient Assyrian, Egyptian, a Greek or a Roman would have regarded your act could be equalled only by the contemptuous surprise which it would awake in the breast of a modern Japanese, Hottentot or Indian. The respectful attention which you pay the lady shows that you are, consciously or unconsciously, acting under Catholic influences. Your act is a recognition of the Catholic idea of woman, and an acknowledgment of the dignity to which the Church has raised her.

For the proof of this statement, that deference to woman is the characteristic which mainly distinguishes our modern social life from the ancient, we need only compare the leading features of the two civilizations. Taking the common division of civilization into the three elements—the individual, the family, and society—and viewing each in its merely natural growth and development, we find our modern civilization to be at best only a counterpart of the ancient. If we compare ancient with modern forms of government, we find that we have only improved on their models. No monarchy to-day is better administered than was Babylon or Egypt. No military republic has realized its ideal better than Sparta; nor has any modern republic enjoyed a more efficient, a more glorious rule than republican Rome. Gibbon's description of the ancient Roman empire, with its perfect political *regime*, will occur to the reader. Again, viewing the ancient civilization from a scientific point, Bacon, Descartes, Newton, Galileo, and Leibnitz declare that in the sciences the ancients were generally our equals, and in some respects greatly our superiors. To this day, the traveller wandering among the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis or Rome

is overpowered with the evidences of the perfection to which the mechanical arts were carried in olden times. The fallen temples, the crumbled arches, the exquisite porticos and colonnades witness the scientific genius of their builders. No feat of modern engineering skill has surpassed the building of the Pyramids or the construction of the Roman aqueducts. Again, if we ask for genius of the purely intellectual and artistic type, we need not leave Greece to find works which in make and finish reveal the profoundly poetic and æsthetic nature of their authors. No modern land has produced another Homer, Eurpides or Praxiteles. So in every other department of material civilization do the ancients meet us face to face and contest with us the palm. Who will say that they do not bear it off?

But when we leave the domain of science and art, and enter the ancient family circle, the scene changes. The beauty and charm of the one are a strange offset to the loathsome degradation of the other. After gazing in admiration on the Babylonian gardens, which beautify every square of the fifty measureless streets of that vast city, let us enter one of its dwelling-houses. We pass through the outer courts, which are encircled with statues, the chasing and chiselling of which, Wilkinson tells us, no modern lapidary can imitate, and we find ourselves in a spacious room, hung about with all manner of ornaments. A crowd of the inhabitants of the city has gathered to assist at the sale of the women of the house. The father acts as auctioneer, and gives his daughters to the highest bidder. Should he fail to dispose of them all, he bestows the money his sold daughters have brought on their unsalable sisters, so that the dowry may move some one to bid.

If we go to Persia, we find in one of the great squares of Persepolis an immense house, which is almost entirely concealed by a wall from the view of passers by. There all the children of the city are kept until they have reached their fifth year. Immediately after their birth they were taken from their mother's arms and placed in this asylum. If either parent dares enter this house, or seeks in any other way to obtain a glimpse of the children, he or she is punished with death. Should a child die, its parents are not told.

In Egypt, polygamy in its worst form, was practiced. The eldest brother married all his sisters. A woman was not suffered to leave the house even to escape death, and such was the contempt in which she was held that her body after death was never embalmed. Excepting the bodies of the Egyptian queens, no female mummy has yet been found in the Egyptian tombs. As it was the belief, that one whose body was left unburied was deprived of future happiness, we may conjecture in what low esteem woman was held in Egypt.

With a sad heart we pursue our road to Greece, in which beautiful land we hope that woman's lot is not so hopeless and wretched as it is in the lands we have left. Our hope is disappointed. Scarcely have we entered Sparta before we encounter a mother following a company of soldiers who are carry-

ing the body of her son, fallen in battle. She seems wild with joy, and in the pauses of her pæan of victory, sneers at the sad-faced women whose sons have returned safe from the war. However much we may admire her patriotism we cannot help feeling how unseemly is her exultation, how unwomanly and unmotherly is her joy.

Our excursion into heathendom will end at Rome. We visit it when, at the height of its prosperity, it held tributary all the nations of the earth. As we walk through its great streets we cast our eyes upon the ground, for, glittering on the arches and colonnades above us, are pictures and statues of the grossest obscenity. Children going to school meet in the way every kind of sinful occasion. Through the *vomitoria* of the Circus Maximus, three hundred thousand men and women are surging out, having just assisted at a gladiatorial combat, or perhaps the martyrdom of some glorious Christian champion. We pass temple after temple dedicated to the goddess of impurity. We dare not enter a dwelling-house, for no effort is made to mask the fearful corruption that pervades the whole society from Cæsar to the meanest plebeian.

Fortunately, however, hiding beneath this boundless city of sin and vice is the Church which is destined to purify it, and from a city of abominations to make it the dwelling-place of virtue, from the chosen habitation of the evil one, the fair city of God. As soon as Rome begged her ministrations, she began the work of reforming society at its foundation—the family. And as the family is constituted by marriage, she carried into effect the divine doctrine of the sacramental character of matrimony and the indissolubility of the nuptial tie. Out of this doctrine springs the dignity of woman. In proportion as it is denied or neglected, does she approximate the condition of her sex in heathendom. This doctrine invested the marriage relation with a new and a sublime character. The husband and wife were taught that their marriage shadowed forth the marvellous and eternal union of Christ with His Bride, the Church. Woman was restored to the right of which heathenism had deprived her. She was no longer the slave of man's passions, but his companion and help. In the light of this faith, her sphere and mission grew clear. Ennobled by the truth that she typified the Church's union with Christ, she strove to realize it in her life. She was told to be obedient to her spouse, even as the Church is subject to the Lord. Purity, fidelity, meekness, charity, and devotion were the virtues which the husband and wife were taught to show to one another, in imitation of the mutual fidelity and love of Christ and the Church. Heathendom regarded children only in the light of prospectively useful members of the army or the state. The Church told the parents that their children were begotten for God, predestined to immortal life, and intrusted to them for religious direction and support. The mother was bidden to imitate the loving-kindness wherewith the Church cherishes all her sons, feeding them with the bread of life, and guiding their footsteps to the home of eternal joy.

The second measure which the Church took in the reform of woman was to teach her perfect religious equality with man. Strange as it sounds, it is nevertheless true, that heathenism believed woman to be devoid of reason and conscience. Under the brutalizing influences of Paganism she certainly had sunk to a grade little higher than that of the brute; and the debasement which was man's own work gave some grounds to his opinion. The ancient women whose genius and energy raised them above their sex were deemed goddesses by the people, so rare was it to find a woman possessed of even ordinary powers of mind. Thus Semiramis, we are told, was the daughter of the Sun; Cleopatra, of Isis. Even Aristotle hesitates to class woman in the category of rational animals. In fact, the impression throughout heathendom was that the gods had created woman to be the curse of men—a belief which we find embodied in the mythologic legend of Pandora and her box.

The Church, on the contrary, taught that woman is a religious being, capable through grace of reaching the most exalted sanctity; that she has an immortal soul made to the image of God, and created to enjoy everlasting happiness. For her, no less than for man, Christ died, established the Church, and instituted the sacraments. The Church at once admitted her into full communion, gave her a share in all the blessings of redemption, and provided for all the wants of her moral nature. Obedient, however, to the apostolic mandate, and consulting for the highest interests of woman, the Church from the beginning excluded her from the ministry; and woman has ever acknowledged that it is neither lawful nor proper for her to share in the eternal priesthood of the God-man.

It is clear that this recognition of woman's capacity to live virtuously exercised a wonderful power in rescuing her from heathen degradation. Taught to look upon herself as a moral being having a grand destiny, in the accomplishment of which she was aided in every way by the Church, she grew conscious of her lofty calling, and showed forth in her life the fruits of her faith.

The third means which the Church adopted in elevating woman, was the giving to her of the noblest ideal of perfect womanhood that can be conceived. The Virgin Mother of God was held up to the sex as the pattern of the virtues that should adorn their character. It is horrible to think that the heathen maidens were taught to worship and imitate Venus, the goddess of voluptuousness and sensuality. The innate purity and modesty of woman were destroyed by such a creed. She thought that her shame was her glory. This foul ideal sank deep into her imitative and impressible nature, and the consequence was that she had fallen into the deepest depth when the Church bade her lift her eyes to the unsullied Mother of the Most High. Instead of adoring a prostitute, woman was taught to venerate the purest of creatures. We feel as if guilty of an irreverence to the Mother of God by associating her name with that of deified impurity. Our only excuse is our desire to show what all of us owe to her

without whom the world would be worse off than it was before she bore her Divine Son. The least of the benefits which she has conferred on her race was her redemption of her sex from the slavery in which it was held by the demon's art and the passions of men.

The Christian maiden called to imitate Mary, and aided in this imitation by the Virgin herself, beheld in the Mother of God the ideal of all womanly graciousness, dignity, sweetness, and purity. The thought that this peerless woman was her sister by nature only increased her confidence in her prayers, whilst deepening her veneration for virtues that had merited the high dignity of the divine maternity. Mothers found in her a model of motherly excellence—love and care for their children, quiet unobtrusive manners, assiduity in prayer and meditation, and gentle uncomplaining submission to the trials and sorrows of life, as the discipline purifying us for the enjoyment of heavenly peace.

A new world was opened to woman's mind. She had never heard of such virtue. She for the first time beheld the glory with which God had encircled one of her sex. The reflection that Mary had brought forth the Only Begotten Son of God, awakened holy exultation in her heart. She no longer was an outcast from men. For the sake of this Woman, man would reverence woman. Thus the glory that surrounds the Queen of heaven and earth fell upon the lowliest of her sex.

The fourth blessing which the Church has brought to woman is the opportunity afforded her of carrying her imitation of the Blessed Virgin to the perfection of the religious state. In the Church, woman has attained perfection as high as her degradation in heathendom was low. Under the tutelage of the Church she has devoted herself unreservedly to God and her fellowman, going out into the dark places of earth which brighten beneath her footsteps. Does she wish to follow the Apostle's advice and secure the high privilege in the other life, of following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? The cloister welcomes her to its quiet retreat. There secluded from the world, she may have a foretaste of that happiness promised to those that give up all for Christ. Like the women of the Gospel she continually ministers to the Lord. Her pure life, her prayers and mortification make perpetual expiation for the sins of the world outside the cloister walls, and bring down blessings even upon those that persecute and calumniate her.

Before the spectacle of the Christian heroism which she has displayed, infidels and Protestants are lost in admiration. We ourselves are astounded at the unflinching courage shown by the women-martyrs to the faith. It seems incredible that delicately-nurtured women should brave tortures, the bare recital of which makes strong men shudder. With that cowardly inhumanity which the pagans showed in their persecution of the faithful, they subjected holy women to cruelties and insults which their tender and fragile nature was naturally least fitted to stand. It was the refinement of cruelty to force the blessed martyr to witness the butchery of her child, or the fearful death

of those that were nearest and dearest to her. The Church, with her rare, beautiful appreciation of the sufferings of her glorious children, refers to this incapacity of woman to endure physical pain, in the hymn for Virgin Martyrs:

> Haec enim palmæ duplicis beata
> Sorte, dum gestit fragilem domare
> Corporis sexum, domuit cruentem
> Cæde tyrannum.

How quick the Church has ever been to recognize womanly sanctity is best attested by the innumerable female saints that grace her calendar. Among them are found holy women who have attained sanctity in every walk of life. In order to do homage to these diversities of holiness, the Church has prepared masses and offices corresponding to the different states in which these women have sanctified themselves.

Thus did the Church lead women out of the heathen bondage. When the ancient civilization was swept away by the barbarian invasions, she took the savage hordes in hand, converted them to the faith, and bestowed the blessings of her civilization upon their women. The lot of these women differed somewhat from that of their civilized sisters under the Roman sway. Cæsar, it is true, has left us a disgusting account of the domestic habits of the Northern barbarians, but it is certain that these women were not so debased as their Southern sisters. It seems to be a law of heathen civilization that its social corruption is proportionate to its growth. The influence of the Church soon made itself felt in the life of the barbarians, and the whilom savage woman grew up into grace and beauty beneath the Church's fostering care. Did space permit, we could cite many a canon in which the earlier mediæval councils embodied the Church's idea of woman and her rights. The wise laws of the Church on the subject of marriage were put into execution by the civil power, and in this manner secured the peace and welfare of families. That woman might be left free and untrammelled in her choice of a husband, the Church decreed the severest penalties against all who should dare to interfere with the freedom of her will, or her liberty of action. In those lawless times, this was the only effective means of checking the practice, borrowed from the Norsemen, of carrying off a woman by main force, when she refused her hand to a powerful suitor. In times of war and social confusion, woman found a refuge in the great abbeys and convents, which ever stood open to receive the homeless and unfortunate.

In time, the Catholic idea of woman was embodied in the peculiarly Christian institute of knighthood or chivalry. The knight pledged himself by vow to the defence of woman's rights and the redress of her wrongs. He was taught to cherish exalted sentiments of her worth and character. He was bound to treat her with respect and affection, to obey her just behests, and to observe strict purity of life and conversation. The violation of these rules was punished with the forfeiture of knightly dignity. The brightest page of mediæval history is that which records the steadfast loyalty of the knights to their vows. These gentlemen of the old Catholic stamp, stand without equals in the list of noble and gallant men. It is enough to say that our modern eti-

quette is in its leading features only a transcript of the knightly code of honor. They have set us our lessons in politeness.

Coming to our own day we find the Church still holding her shield over woman, and beating off the enemies that seek to bring her down to the old heathen level. Protestantism, unfortunately, has undone much of the good which the Church has wrought for her. By teaching the dissolubility of the marriage tie it has withdrawn from her one of her strongest defences against the passions and injustice of man. Under Protestantism, she no longer enters the married state with the conviction that her companionship with her husband will be life-long; that the troth he gives her is inviolate: and though this apprehension does not affect the validity of the contract, it certainly deprives it of much of its solemnity and significance. Stripped of its sacramental character marriage is to her a mere civil contract, subject to the jurisdiction of the courts. Once the principle of the dissolubility of marriage was admitted, the clause fixing as the sole ground of separation the faithlessness of either party, was forgotten. Divorces are granted on frivolous and ridiculous pretexts. Wives are driven from their homes, and the children are left to take care of themselves. Protestantism, by sanctioning divorce from the bond of wedlock, thus threatens to bring down woman to the depths out of which the Church has lifted her.

Protestantism, moreover, has left woman without any ideal or model of feminine perfection; to it the Virgin Mother is but a common Jewish girl, highly favored, indeed, by the Lord, but not blessed above all women in her sinlessness, dignity, and power. Woman is told not to venerate or respect her: nay, she is to be contemned rather, lest the love and admiration given to her should detract from the adoration due her Son. This teaching has led Protestantism from Nestorianism, through formal Arianism, out to absolute infidelity. It is a fact, established by ecclesiastical history, that as in proportion to the love and veneration shown the Mother, the honor and majesty of the Son are exalted, so contempt or neglect of her is invariably followed by the denial of Him. In fine, Protestantism has denied woman any means of following the inspiration of grace which draws her to a higher, holier life. The apostolic counsel of chastity is spurned, the efficacy of good works denied, the convent system foully misrepresented, and "Popish ideas" about religious perfection are coldly discountenanced.

The Church has had to protect woman, not only against Protestantism, but also against its fruits, the socialistic and communistic doctrines of modern rationalism. Fourierism, and the doctrine of "elective affinities," have, alas! laid waste many an American home, and our only barrier against its advances is in our loyalty to that Church which can alone impart to us strength and guidance.

Another class of enemies against whom American women should stand on their guard are associations purporting to be champions of their rights. It is not that the views advocated by these men and

women, on the subject of woman's mission, are very wrong or very hurtful, but such persons are not fitted, either by religion or character, to determine what the duties or obligations of womanhood are. At present, they have nearly succeeded in persuading the country that woman's *natural* rights are trampled upon, by her exclusion from the elections, and it is highly probable that they will not cease pushing their claims until the state, like the unrighteous judge in the Gospel, yields to their importunity. Looking, in the abstract, at this question of woman's eligibility to vote, we confess that, for our part, we have never seen any conclusive argument against her ability to hold and exercise the elective franchise. It is a civil right which the state may give to whom it pleases. The favorite argument, thoroughly discussed in all the debating societies of the country, to the effect that "woman is incapable of understanding politics or of depositing her ballot with that judgment and discretion so necessary in the grave matter of the choice of our rulers," fell to the ground when the fifteenth amendment was adopted.

But all movements looking towards the withdrawal of woman from the home circle are at variance with the Church's idea of her duty. Let her not soil the bright garments of purity, modesty, gentleness, and meekness in which the Church has clothed her. She could not escape the defilement which she should meet in the highways and byways of public life. The sphere of her ministrations is home—their object her husband, her children, and herself. Faithfulness to this ministry will win for her present peace and future happiness.

AT WAR.

Night yields to day, the day yields to the night;
The coursing of the orbs is timed so true,
Light follows darkness, darkness follows light,
And morning evening, all the seasons through.
The Spring returns to deck the earth anew,
Endowed with powers that grim old Winter lacked;
The dusk's preceded by the falling dew;
The moon is by the lesser planets tracked.
All natural things in natural order move:
But as for me, a counter-current flows
Through all my soul; order of peace and love
Yields to a chaos, wild with griefs and woes;
While the harmonious sameness of the days
Jars my sad heart to tread their trodden ways.

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter III.

"I always begin my instruction by a prayer to the Holy Ghost. I ask of Him, first, understanding for those about to listen to me, that my words may be useful to them. For myself I ask for fortitude, knowledge, and counsel, as I am about to venture to explain God's word. We then all make the sign of the Cross together, and I begin. My first explanation is directed towards making the scholars understand that the Ten Commandments, which are the hinge of our whole faith, were given to men by God, that God Himself made them over to Moses engraved on stone, that they might forever remain graven and kept in our hearts, as in perfectly pure shrines.

"The first Commandment enjoins us to love God above all things; how must we live so as to fulfil this Commandment? There are three conditions:

"1. The mind and body, which together form our being, must unite to make that act of worship we all owe to our Creator.

"2. God must be loved above all visible and invisible creatures.

"3. God must be loved with faith, with charity, and with hope. How must we make use of the mind and body to fulfil the commandment to love God?

"The mind worships God by being raised up towards Him, being occupied with Him, by calling upon Him, thanking Him, making known its wants.

"The body, by bowing itself down, bending the knees, looking reverently at holy things, kissing reverently things blessed by the Church. The mind, by restraining its wandering thoughts, putting a curb on the imagination, driving away the images produced by levity or passion, and firmly directing all the powers of the soul towards God.

"The body, by the mastery over the eyes, ears, and tongue; mortifying them so that each one remains externally submissive to the law of God. Laughter must not be violent or imprudent; grief must not be immoderate; tenderness must not be manifested without measure; admiration must not go to excess, &c. This is to love God with the mind and body.

"My Adelina, before going further, I should like you to make a meditation upon all this. I get my boys to do so in the following way: After morning or night-prayers I give them the point I have explained to meditate upon, that they may go over and over it again, and beg of our Saviour and His sweet Mother to help them to fulfil this first part of the First Commandment. To-morrow, if you like, and if I have time, and you patience, to read and meditate afterwards, we will pass on to the second part. If you think that it does you no good, and that you know and feel it all already, tell me so without hesitation, and I shall thank you for your straightforwardness. I have but one object—to be of use to my goddaughter. St. John has made

this a duty for me, and my love for you renders it a pleasure. Good-bye, then, my dear little angel. Love your godmother, aunt, friend, and mother, Ada."

"POSILIPPO, June 14, 1858.

"MY DEAR CHILD: Supposing your yesterday's meditation made, I will put another before you: What we have to do is to love God above all things. To be sure that you love Him thus above all created things, compare in meditation the love you bear Him with the love you feel for other things that you care about the most. Would you sacrifice cheerfully the good health you enjoy, to gain the love of God? Would you spend the whole of your life in bed, to cling to God's will? Would His love make up to you for so sad a state? Think well over this, meditate well upon it, put yourself in this situation, and see if feel within you the strength to sacrifice your health to God. If you really can attain to the interior acceptance of such a martyrdom, God will accept this holocaust in Heaven, and bless you just as if you effectually and truly suffered it for His sake. But you must well understand, my Joy [*Gioja mia*], that you must not make this a lip-offering. Vain words satisfy men, but not God. If your offering is made *truly* from the bottom of your heart, as if the sacrifice were there ready to fulfil, the offering will be reckoned to you in God's sight, and you will have the merit of it forever. As you have done in regard to your health, so apply the sacrifice to other things that you prize. Would you give up your birth and position in the world for love of God? Life, honor? Would you be judged other than what you are—deceitful, false, and mean? Would you bear to see every one dear to you taken from you one after the other, while you stand face to face with God, who has thus stript you? And would you give them all up, rather than offend His love?

"If, indeed, you feel able to renounce everything in this way for Him, you can say with truth that you love God above all things. But as 'to will and to do' are not the same to us, beg of our Saviour and His blessed Mother the strength which is wanting to put your thoughts into practice. Of ourselves we can do so little; but with God's help the impossible becomes possible. I will not enlarge upon this. Meditate with God's help, and pray for your godmother and friend, Ada."

"June 15.

"MY DEAR GODDAUGHTER: We must love God with faith. Try, therefore, to reckon up the ways in which we may fail in this duty, and you will then avoid the occasions of this grave offence. For instance, we sin against faith by believing in superstitions. Many otherwise sensible people are subject to this absurd defect, which ought only to attach to the narrowest minds. In this category must be placed such mischievous superstitions as the evil eye, casting a blight upon any object, bad luck on Fridays, spilling salt and oil, dining thirteen at table; and many other inconceivable superstitions, with which we are flooded to such a degree that, as I say, we meet with well-edu-

cated, sensible, and even pious people, who are not ashamed to give in to a faultiness which is not only offensive to God, but even sins against natural reason and plain good sense. I know that you are not given to this pettiness; but we must watch against it. There comes a time when the human mind declines with age, and seems to return to its first childhood; when the bold become wary, and the wary timid; when the large and open heart narrows, and the natural activity languishes. We must therefore bear in mind this deterioration of age, and strengthen those weak places which are most liable to decay. Fly from all superstition in youth, arm yourself with religious strength and holy reason, and you will never fall into it."

"POSILIPPO, June 27.

"MY DEAR LITTLE CHILD: Another way of offending God's love is not to obey His holy law; for love dictated this law, and by despising it, we despise the love that imposed it. To infringe the Divine law, is a sin which disturbs the order of creation, and the harmony of its great whole. We are too imperfect to understand the vastness of the material and intellectual worlds; the uncreated and Almighty Creator alone can understand and contain them; consequently He alone can impose upon all the component parts of His creation the laws they are to follow. It is possible to understand approximately this truth by applying it to a machine invented by human intelligence. Take, for instance, a pianoforte. The ingenious workman who made it has subjected each of the parts composing it to some particular law. The keys on which we place our fingers lift the hammers, the hammers strike the wires, the leathers which cover the hammers deaden the blows; and thus each detail is contrived, and follows the law fixed by the contriver. Tell me, Adelina, what would be the consequence if the keys did not lift the hammers which strike the wires, or if the wires obstinately refused to vibrate under the blows received? In this case what would become of the instrument contrived with such care and intelligence? Would it not become a mere mass of useless fragments which have ceased to form an instrument? What would the artisan, who ought to love his work, do in this case? Would he not burn every refractory piece of it, or oblige them altogether to follow their first laws? Thus God, who loves His work, and sees it disturbed by the rebellion of some one of the souls He has created, requires that rebellious soul to return to the law of order, which is the law of love."

"POSILIPPO, July 2.*

"To-day I shall leave you without any meditation. It is good for you to rest, and it is not bad that I should rest a little too. Let us, then, leave Sinai, child of my heart, and let us climb Mount Parnassus. There too we shall have light from above, but with a difference; for on the summit of the holy mount we are in the centre of the great fire of charity, whilst on Parnassus we only find one of its beams, which is Beauty. But it is the self-same

* This letter is in French.

light, as you acknowledge, do you not? Come, let us climb together to the peak, where we can gather the laurel; and before we get so far I shall leave you to the care of your Muse,—*Erato*, I think,—not being able to mount so high. There is a region which I cannot go beyond; but I will be your Virgil so far, and will even give you some advice before trusting you to the care of that Beatrice who will lead you to the upper heights. This is my first advice. You wish to compose verses to set to music; try, therefore, to bring into your verses some phrase expressing the leading idea you want to convey. All the words that are set to a melody do not reach the listener's ear; some are inevitably lost in the air, which then takes the first place with the audience. To communicate your intention, therefore, to other minds, some predominant word is necessary, which disposes them to understand what the music expresses. Let me see if I cannot better explain my idea by an example. For instance, here is one. Azioli composed a piece of eight or ten verses, the first of which begins, *Solitudine campestre, &c.** After which the poetry says a thousand things that one does not enter into; but these words suffice to convey the leading idea, and after they have struck the ear, it is impossible to expect a tarantella or a march. Again, supposing verses, in which the word *anathema* occurs, preceded and followed by such as express *who* is anathematized, and all the circumstances of the time, the place, and the persons pertaining to the situation,—the keynote of the music is the word *anathema*, which contains the principal idea. Do you understand this? And now here I am at the end of my tether. Follow your Muse, and climb to the mountain top.

"After you went away yesterday, Monsignor Ferrieri* stayed some time, and we were sorry that you were not here when he enumerated the qualities which he thinks ought always to characterize a Papal Nuncio. 'The sacred character of the priest,' he said, 'should always prevail above that of the diplomatist. Straightforwardness and loyalty should be his two principal virtues; for if he serves the state, he should never forget that it is the Pope whom he represents.' He was admirable upon this and several other subjects, and interested us very much."

"Posilippo, July 12.

"The voice from Sinai has been a long time silent. Moses sleeps, and I am dumb; but this morning, while I was getting up, the Third Commandment seemed to resound in my ears, and I now begin again, or continue my meditations: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day.' In hearing these words, it seems to me that they are a counsel to Martha to cut short her activity, and to Mary to redouble her prayers. *Servite Dominum in lætitia*, says the Psalmist, Let us serve the Lord with gladness, and make a good and cheerful use of those created things He gives us to use."

"July 20.

"I delayed going on, because the subject is difficult for my small

* "Ye woodland solitudes," &c.

* Papal Nuncio at Naples.

understanding and briefer knowledge. But I should like to do my best to fulfil my duty towards you, my darling goddaughter. All the masses that have been celebrated since our Lord's time till now, and all those that will be celebrated till the Last Day, are *only one Mass.* The multitude of priests is but one priest. The Victim is one, the Sacrifice is one; for Christ being both Priest and Victim, and he being infinite and eternal, the sacrifice, priest, and victim can be but one and lasting. Tomaso Rossi, the great theologian and philosopher, makes a beautiful comparison on this subject, explaining remarkably well the unity and multiplicity of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He says that one articulate sound, expressing an idea by means of the human voice, is one and simple when it leaves the mouth of the speaker, but becomes multiplied indefinitely in the air by the sounds which, with perfect likeness of form and substance, strike the surrounding multitude. This is the result of a natural cause, by which unity is multiplied without division. Let us apply this thought to the word Incarnate, and the sacrifice of the Cross he once offered for us; that sacrifice which, without ceasing to be one, is multiplied by the numberless sacrifices offered upon the Altar, which all of them, everywhere and forever, communicate to each one of the faithful the effects and merit of the first and only sacrifice of Christ. When, therefore, we assist at Mass, we do not assist at a *representation* of the sacrifice of Calvary, but at that sacrifice itself, which is *enduring.* Oh, if we could imbue our minds thoroughly with this great truth, with what devotion we should assist at the holy, most holy, Sacrifice of Mass!

"I am almost afraid to write to you on such a subject; and I earnestly beg of the Holy Spirit, to whom always I commend myself in these cases, to suggest to me terms which shall be exact, and not too unworthy for what I strive to convey to you on these high and solemn subjects."

"POSILIPPO, Sept. 9, 1858.

"We are not the least troubled at finding you somewhat occupied with the positive matters of life; for we must not forget that we walk upon this earth. No doubt, during our brief stay here, we are permitted sometimes to fly like birds to recreate ourselves, and to rise to a greater or lower height on the wings of science, literature, or art, and to stay more or less time in those airy regions at which we are allowed to glance, but in which we may not stay. Sooner or later we must return to our place in this great slough, to which we are bound by Adam's sin. Let us, then, learn to explore our place of banishment, and try to draw out of it the greatest good we can; and, with this aim, let us make some inquiries into the positive and material side of our being. I hope that a commendation thus expressed will not lead you to suppose that I wish to see you plunged into this same morass. No, no, give part of your mind to calculation and reasoning; part of your intellectual faculties to the world; but keep the best and highest part of your being for God. Mount upwards to Him on the wings of His love; nothing wearies them,

weigh the extent of their sacrifice, or thought of asking the reasons for making it, any more than the sisters did of rendering an explanation of their deeds.

These recollections, I must own, suggest comparisons which are not without sorrow and shame. My memory depicts afar off, in the midst of the wealth and splendor of Paris, a poor shabby little chapel, not even sufficing for the devotion of those who frequent it, much less providing for the wants of those who cannot find room in it. The need of a church in this district, or at least of a larger chapel, is felt by every one; and yet there is no one who thinks of silently sacrificing a portion of his goods to carry out this much-needed and desirable work. I repeat it with shame, there cannot be found in that opulent neighborhood wealth enough to carry out what two generous women did unaided, without noise or display, at Naples.

By a curious chance, when Adelaide Minutolo came to Paris in her hour of trial, she was lodging close to the little chapel I am speaking of, and often went into it to pray. Probably she observed its poverty with surprise, and contrasted it with what the splendor of the neighboring quarter might lead one to expect. But I can certainly undertake to say, that such reflections as I have just been making never occurred to her mind; and that she had no more idea of complacency in her own acts than on the day when, yielding to the necessity so generously and freely imposed upon herself, she left her beloved home forever.

Whilst the church and turrets of Bellavista were rising from the foundations, serious events were succeeding one another in Italy, and Naples especially had gone through a violent, rapid, and radical change. What impression had they made upon Adelaide's noble character? what had been the feelings of her religious heart, and the thoughts of her steadfast and manly mind? These things must be told; for the picture I am drawing of her would be unfinished, if I either suppressed or changed a single feature. And it must also be remembered, and we must never seek to deny it, that when, early in 1859, the words *power*, *independence*, and *liberty* were uttered for the first time, they caused all hearts to beat quickly. Some sudden vision appeared of a country waited for, beloved, craved for, but never possessed; and this rapid thrill of feeling was experienced by a large number of good and fervent Catholics, no less than by those who so promptly arrayed themselves on the enemy's side. But when that day came—alas, too speedily!—when blinded and ungrateful Italy grasped with violent hands the property of the Church, uplifting her impious voice against its august Head, and making arrogant pretensions upon Rome, it was these very people who suffered most of all.

I may almost say, that they were the only sufferers; for the partisans on the other side, to whom the excesses and mistakes of their country were a boon, took advantage of those very excesses and mistakes to reap a harvest for themselves. I venture, therefore, to repeat, that the Italians who suffered with truly

bleeding hearts were those who, while loving their country, and sharing many of its aspirations, loved their faith, their Church, and their God a thousand times more, and were now forced to know, with unspeakable anguish of soul, that an impassable barrier had sprung up between the two affections which are the sweetest and most desirable to unite. And in this way Adelaide also felt, discerned, and suffered.

Still, it was not in her character to give way to dejection and discouragement, and she hoped, in spite of everything, to the end—hoped, perhaps, under delusion, but with passionate desire, that a day would come for Italy when these two affections might meet in the same heart—a day when, pausing upon the fatal precipice, awakened from a fascination unworthy of all her recollections, and destructive of all her hopes, Italy should open her eyes clearly to her grand mission and true office; should bow down with joy and with *pride*, if the word were a fitting one for repentance, before *that holy spot where the successor of the great Peter sets his chair;** and thus should deserve that blessing, and with the blessing its peace:

"From those fatherly hands whence blessing comes."†

This was, in brief, the state of Adelaide's mind at this difficult and painful juncture; and it was not satisfactory either to the exclusive defenders of a past time, or to the excited partisans of the future—to these last perhaps less than to the former; for while entering into all that was lofty and generous—perhaps we might say ideal—in their love for their country, she never ceased to show a personal, keen, and respectful affection to the princes whom the changes in Italy had overthrown. Whether right or wrong, she discerned in the transformation undergone by her country the plans of Providence; she lent faith to such changes, but grieved over the losses which ensued from them; she loved those whose high position obliged them to suffer, and lost no opportunity of testifying without fear her esteem and regret. Once, among other occasions, she sent a bouquet of flowers to the young Queen,* whose crown had fallen almost before it had been placed upon her head. This act was blamed by the more violent of both sides; but those to whom the reverence was paid—more generous than either their adherents or their enemies—understood and accepted it, and later on welcomed the giver with a goodness at once honorable to themselves and to her. This time also neither their graciousness nor the act which called it forth was well received by all. In history there are days when nothing but violence seems to make itself heard; as during a storm nothing less noisy than itself is observed. But when time shall have rolled on, and the stormy days we are passing through shall have gone by; when the hatred they have engendered shall be ex-

* "Lo loco santo,
U' siede il successor del maggior Piero."
Dante.

† "De ces mains paternelles d'où le pardon descend."
V. Hugo.

* Of Naples.

tinct, the face of things will be changed, and we shall be better able to judge of those who maintained their mutual affection and esteem throughout the heat of the struggle; and above all, of those who, mastering the bitterness of their reverses, still preserved their sense of justice, and never confounded the opponents divided from them by disinterested and sincere conviction, with the crowd of traitors and base men who advocate every revolution, and are always the worshippers of success. When this day of peace and moderation shall have dawned—though scarcely, alas! in our time—then Adelaide's withered nosegay will be not only a relic, but a symbol also.

(To be continued.)

CALLED AND CHOSEN.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

STILL runs the river past the broken wall
Where Claude and I were wont to sit of old,
Watching the limpid waters slide and fall
Over the dam—a sheet of molten gold;
What time the clouds, like faeries gaily dressed,
Built up their glorious castles in the west.

II.

Our sketch-books idly open on our knees,
And smell of wall-flowers filling all the air—
'Twas dreamy joy to watch whole argosies
Of gorgeous dragon-flies make shipwreck there;
And bees go diving with their foolish heads,
Into intoxicating lily-beds.

III.

"Sweet idleness!" said Claude, and then he drew
His smiling lips into a graver line,
And looked out with his earnest eyes of blue,
To where the rosy river ran like wine;
"O purple dragon-flies! O golden bees!
To you belongs this life of summer ease—

IV.

"But not to me,"—and then his face grew broad
With purest purpose, and his eyes gave out
Great placid rays, as if the stars of God
Within their azure heaven wheeled about;
"Except a man deny himself—" he said,
And then broke off, and drooped his classic head.

V.

Again: "The kingdom suffers violence,
And naught save violence shall win the prize;
Dost comprehend, dear heart, the mystic sense?"
I shivered as with cold, and hid mine eyes;
And all the glorious skies and glowing stream,
Swept into shadow like a broken dream.

VI.

That was five years ago. To-day, beside
The ruined wall, I sit alone and study
The same rich sunset clouds, the same swift tide,
Glassing the mill-dam with its ripples ruddy;
But on my lap, 'twixt folded hands, there lies
An open letter, traced 'neath foreign skies.

VII.

Dominican and priest, where Lacordaire's
First white-robed friars preached, and prayed, and read,
He that was Claude, now Father Saint Pierre,
Speaks from the written page as from the dead;
And joyous as a lover at the tryst,
Sighs ardently to shed his blood for Christ.

VIII.

O happy Claude! O happier Saint Pierre!
O happiest of all the souls that take
The cross of self-denial up, and bear
It bravely to the end for Christ's sweet sake.
Sail on, gay dragon-flies! hum on, bright bees!
We envy not your life of honeyed ease.

GIVING AWAY.

No one will be inclined to deny the importance of the great question of charity. It is a matter upon which all sober people must occasionally at any rate, bestow some thought. And there are certain times and seasons when we are more especially inclined to give it serious attention. A national calamity; unusual and wide-spread cases of distress and poverty; a terrible failure in a gigantic charitable scheme; something or other of this description is certain now and then to rise up and cause our minds to ponder the subject well in its different bearings.

We can all give some thought to it; but they are few, comparatively speaking, who are able also to give it time and attention; to make it one of the purposes of their lives; so that in this matter, as in others, they shall leave the world better, for their own individual exertions, than they found it.

And, of those who do accord to it time and thought and attention, how many bring strength of capability and judgment to bear upon their work? How many are not carried away by an undue softness of heart? or by a disinclination to inquire into things, the result of inertness? or by a notion that giving away money *must* be charity, and cannot ever be a mistake, or do harm? If we were to sift these numbers, as to their fitness to be personal donors, it is to be feared the result would be as in some competitive examinations; first take ten out of the thousand, and then select two out of the ten.

Charity is enjoined upon us. No one will deny that. The laws of God and man alike demand its exercise; "give freely, and without grudging." These words, written 1800 years ago, hold good to-day, and will to the end. But at the same time we are to give wisely. And if neither wisdom nor discretion is brought to bear, our alms will run the risk of doing a great deal more harm than good.

Charity is charity only so long as it relieves real distress. When it ceases to do this, it ceases to be charity. Many people wish to do good. They give away money because they feel that they ought to do it, and that if they neglect the duty, it may not be well with them at the last; but they are too often content with the wish and the action; and never trouble themselves to ascertain further. For this reason, perhaps, nothing is more certain than that a great deal of the charity given away, is the cause of very much of the idleness and vagabondism existing, and of the evil and distress that must of necessity follow in their train.

I would not say one word to lessen charity, to diminish the love that exists in the hearts of men towards their fellows, prompting them to acts of goodness and benevolence; but I would most strongly urge upon every one the necessity of care and prudence and inquiry in giving away money; as much care and prudence in this, as a man of business would exercise in the pursuit of any serious branch of his affairs.

If all would do this to the best of their ability, we should hear less of the heartrending scenes of poverty and distress that so often play havoc with the more sensitive parts of our nature; and the records of crime in our prison calendars would be lessened. I do not say that charity will be alone to blame for all this. The events of the past ten years, alas, too sadly prove the contrary; but there is no doubt that charity—or rather the miscarriage of charity—will have been one of the great promoters of a state of things that ought never to have existed. And therefore it is impossible to speak in terms too strong, to utter warnings too solemn, or to give censures too severe against the indiscriminate and unwise use of false charity.

Let me repeat—I would not seek to lessen the impulse of true charity in the heart of any man; I would not for worlds stay the hand stretched forth to help. On the contrary, would I rather say to all who can afford it, give this year, or next year, twice the amount you have ever given before. Give it freely, and openly, and generously, and receive back into your conscience repayment a thousandfold; but see that you give it wisely. Take care that what you give fulfils its object; that it goes into proper channels, and does *not*, as is now too often the case, foster indolence and encourage vice.

Of one thing we may be sure: the necessity for real charity will exist as long as the world shall last. God has implanted this greatest of the Christian virtues within the heart, and will never leave it to starve for want of food. In this world there must always be the poor as well as the rich; and by "the poor," I mean that portion of humanity that, but for the rich, would die of cold and hunger, and wretchedness. This is partly the result of the fall and its curse; but I believe it would exist, if for no other reason, to give God's people an opportunity of showing and proving their love and gratitude to Him, for all His wonderful care and goodness. "The poor ye have with you always." And it is to these, and to such as these, that our help should be given.

There is one thing to be said on the other side. That even as in this world nothing is perfect, so the administration of charity can never be perfect. But we can strive after amendment, and we can do our best.

Charity does not consist in the mere giving away of money. It consists also of sympathy, and of the many forms in which sympathy is expressed. But this is individual and concerns only the person offering it. Kind words cannot hurt; but money may do harm, as well as good. One great misfortune is the extreme difficulty that exists in finding out the really deserving poor. Those who thrust themselves prominently forward; who take care that they shall be seen plainly and heard loudly; are as a rule undeserving of assistance. They may be in distress, but idleness has most likely brought them to it; and they would rather go on in this state of existence, begging their bread, and appealing to public sympathy, than earn their livelihood by honest labor. They do vast harm, these semi-impostors; for they take up

the alms that are wanted by the really necessitous; and when their worthlessness is found out, one gets angry and buttons up his coins. A man who is often imposed upon grows hard at last. He is apt to think every fresh case he hears of nothing but one of fresh deceit; and he gets to undraw the purse strings but on rare occasions —a collection at church, or a national subscription.

Of course this ought not so to be. It is punishing the just for the unjust on one side; on the other a man becomes close and hard where he ought only to have been cautious and prudent. One who allows himself to be often taken in is little less to blame than the knave who imposes upon him. There are certain occasions of course where the wariest of us are deceived; but as a rule a little trouble, and certainly a little experience will enable us to detect fraud.

But, no man should allow his heart to grow callous because he has been once in a way deceived. On the contrary, he may look out for imposition and expect it, just as now and again we meet a counterfeit coin amidst the true metal. Sometimes it will be as difficult to detect the imposture as to single out the false coin from the real. In all things there is a negative and positive; there will always be good and bad; perfect and imperfect; everything real is imitated. Therefore if we are wise we shall be on guard against imposition; but not be disheartened though it now and then get the better of us.

Real poverty and real cases of distress, are, it must be repeated, as a rule hard to find out. People who are really in misfortunes do not trumpet their woes aloud in the market-place. They are ashamed to beg; they are bowed down with humility, crushed with sorrow; they have never had to ask before; and they don't like to begin now, and don't know how to set about it. They are not too proud to accept help; on the contrary, they will do so thankfully and gratefully; but they cannot seek it; they must be sought out themselves. And it is this latter seeking out that is so difficult.

Every one has not the gift. It would be as impossible for some people to go about and find out the deserving poor, and talk to them and relieve them, as it would be for a simple plough-boy to work out a proposition in Euclid. With the best intentions in the world, these people would only do harm; in fact they could not attempt to do it at all. They can only give. And it is all they are called upon to do; all that God will ever demand at their hands, or he would not have denied them the talent. As long as the world lasts there will always be givers and seekers; and the givers should see that the seekers are never without means to relieve the distress they look for. As it is, how often you hear these missionaries exclaim: "If I only had more money, how much good I could do with it! how much it is wanted!" They are not kept properly supplied with funds, though if the rest of us did what we ought, there would be funds in abundance, and to spare.

"It is the few that give," remarked a friend one day; "not the many." And looking at one's ex-

perience, it is to be feared that this is often the case. In a community you frequently find that a few, a very few, give liberally; whilst the greater portion either don't give at all, or to a very limited extent. They seem to think it no concern of theirs. They are not called upon to help. It is quite enough for them to pay their way, and keep up their own position, and, perhaps, put by. And this especially applies to large cities, far more so than to small towns and villages where there exists more of a home feeling than can ever spring up amidst a population of millions. There we know every one by sight, if not personally; we are more in the position of one great family; everybody is literally a neighbor; and we feel bound to help wherever exceptional misery shows itself. In cities a great deal of the giving away is prompted by a sense of duty only. The mere feeling of obligation is not the highest motive that can influence men; but it is a very prevalent one, and if every one would listen to and act upon it, less would be heard of misery and poverty. And, a strict sense of duty would act for good in other ways also. It would for one thing prevent much of that waste that exists in the houses of the rich. It has been calculated that this waste alone, going on in London houses, would more than feed all the town's hungry poor. Thus the rich, without self-denial, without effort, without additional expenditure, might relieve much of the abounding distress: though of course some organization and system would be necessary.

And if this is true, what sort of a responsibility are those incurring, who allow this waste to go on month after month, and year after year?

Why don't they do it, may be asked. Simply because they are taken up and absorbed with the cares and pleasures of the world: and there'd be the trouble. The very fact of their abundant wealth destroys their sympathy. Human nature feels most those things which most nearly affect it. Riches cannot realize or imagine poverty and its evils. A man in strong, robust health, cannot by any possibility put himself in imagination in the position of another dying of some wasting malady. One with a wonderful love for music or painting can scarcely understand that there exist people with no ear for the one, no eye for the other. It is as a rule only where things touch and affect ourselves—come home to us in a measure, and assimilate with us, that we can enter largely into them.

This is one reason why the poor are the friends of the poor—a saying as old and true as the Flood. The poor could not get on without the poor. It is because they know so well each others' cares, and sorrows, and privations. And with all their ignorance, with all the evil influence around, we often find in these poor far more of the spirit and life of Christ, than in those who from their birth have been clothed in purple and fine linen, and had lavished upon them every advantage of care, refinement, and education.

This carelessness, and the indifference it engenders, is one of the great and crying evils of the day.

To be somewhat less taken up with our own cares and pursuits; to spare a little more attention—and it would require but a little from each—to bestow upon others, would make all the difference, and set much right that is now wrong.

Riches are a great responsibility; and only in proportion as men fulfil their responsibilities must they look for a blessing upon themselves and their work. "No man liveth to himself." This is true of every one that ever came into the world. Each one by his life and conduct is consciously and unconsciously influencing the life of another or others; and though, like the seed that is put into the ground, it may not at first be seen, it will eventually spring forth and bear fruit for good or ill, thirty, fifty, or a hundred fold. And the influence of some men is so great, that they can scarcely give a look, or stir a step, or speak a word, without exercising it.

Give then freely, with a good heart; to the best of your means. God is no man's debtor; be sure you will never be the poorer for it; though don't give hoping for a reward in this world. But give wisely and discriminately; take care, as far as you possibly can, to *know* that it will do good; that your money is not going to the encouragement of idleness, and beggary, and vice. There is so much real distress in the world, especially at this present moment, that there is no fear of your having more money to spend than ways to spend it in.

"That which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A saying that it would be good for man never to lose sight of; and the more especially in the matter of alms-giving.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres,
Through chinks, styled organs, dim Life peeps at light;
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feigned evil Nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, Wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven,
By tyrant Life dethroned, imprisoned, pained?
By Death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; Life, the soul.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

I. Poetry.

By the Catholic idea in literature we mean the multiform traces and evidences of Catholic teaching, and the profound impress of the Church's influence, which are to be found in modern literature. We purpose showing, in these papers, that the masterpieces of modern literary genius are, on this account, due to the inspiration and the teaching of the Catholic faith. Before beginning our theme, it is well to fix with precision, the true conception of literature—a word which is so loosely and vaguely used, that it has wellnigh become meaningless. We hold that a people's literature is a revelation of our common human nature, as it is modified by national peculiarities and institutions, and by popular customs and modes of thinking. The highest and best form of literature is that in which human nature is depicted in its general spirit and manifestations. This is the literature which, as Henry Reed says, "addresses man as man," namely, by delineating those characteristics which are found everywhere the same in each member of the human family. This "universality" is the mark which wins for literature its power and immortality. This mark is the criterion which the world follows in its estimate of authors and their productions. The few books which constitute the world's library are those whose revelation of human nature is the fullest and truest.

In illustrating our view, we begin with Poetry, because it is in verse that the richest treasures of literature are kept, and through its medium the best revelation of nature is communicated. Indeed, Aristotle defines poetry as the interpretation of a people's mind and the forecast of its destiny. All students of literature know that it is in poetry chiefly, that a nation's moral temperament and distinctive intellectual features appear. The poet is pre-eminently the interpreter of the heart and the mind. His office is to reveal the spiritual characteristics formed in his countrymen by the education which they receive from the system of religion and of law under which they live, and through which their higher nature is manifested. Hence the value of poetry as a means of gaining an insight into the moral and intellectual development of a nation. The poet, moreover, is keenly alive to impressions to which less finely organized minds are not subject. He is easily imbued with the grandeur of religion, nature, and art, as he finds them in his own land. His poems, in consequence, are so many pictures of his nation's life, which are shaded or glorified according as the scenes and associations in which he dwells, exert a depressing and malignant influence on his genius, or develop and ennoble it. The only instance in which this national influence is limited in its power over the poetic faculty, is where a poet's vast and comprehensive genius enables him to create worlds of his own, as Johnson says of Shakspeare. Such a poet, instead of being moulded

and controlled by the world about him, reverses this normal relation, and by the creative energy of his genius, fashions and directs the minds of his contemporaries. He divests himself of the trammels of time and country, and becomes the teacher and interpreter of humanity. His ministry is thus catholic in its scope, and perpetual in its lessons. His works cannot be exclusively claimed by his own country, for he embraces all times and lands, and his poems awaken in every human spirit a responsive echo. Only to such a poet can the Latin word for poet, *vates*, be applied, since such as he are alone endowed with the prophetic power of so creating heroes and heroines as to make them types of character to be seen among men, as long as our nature remains the same.

But the generality of poets, great as they are and sweet as is their song, may not be classed with the prophet-bards. *Their* ministry is neither universal in its range of thought and character, nor is its teaching perpetual. They are the revealer of the minds of particular peoples, and their poems in consequence, must be studied under this limited aspect. From their revelation, we learn the spirit which informs the time in which the poet writes; we grow familiar with his people's habits of thought. He depicts the commonplace incidents and objects of their life; their humble joys and sorrows. His popularity is proportionate to the perfection of this revelation. If he fails to understand their character, or if he attributes to them ideas or sentiments alien to their nature as this is modified by their education and institutions, they will refuse to recognize his ministry, whilst they reprobate his work. On the other hand, if he faithfully embodies in his poems the spirit of his age and country; if he does homage to whatever is noble in their character and hallowed in their recollections, even if he reproves their faults and censures their follies, they will admit the truth of his revelation, and enshrine him in their memory and heart.

It is a saddening reflection, however, that in periods when vice is dominant, only those poets are popular who, by pandering to prevailing low tastes and by chiming in with current, false views of morality, prove faithless to their high ministry of teaching truth and godliness. Nevertheless, even these poems, but too faithfully delineate the times. Thus in England, during the seventeenth century, an age in which the standard of morality and of intellectual culture was extremely low, the doggerel of infamous poetasters was received with general applause. Such popularity, proceeding as it does from a perverted and abnormal condition of society, must, from its very nature and concomitants, be short lived. Men naturally abhor sham and falsehood, and despise an author whose language and life show him to be one who has lost his self-respect and forgotten the dignity of his manhood. Forced to obey this law, which bids even the libertine respect virtuous actions and sentiments, a people will eventually reject an author whose works reveal impurity or unworthy views of life and its duties. Thus the after-condemnation of intrinsically bad

books which once were in favor indicates both a more discriminating spirit of criticism and a higher tone of morality. Any book which is unable to stand this test which will one day be applied to it, will ultimately sink into oblivion.

Applying these general notions of the nature and scope of poetry, considered as a revelation of a people, to the enduring poetical remains of ancient and modern times, we discover, in all this the shadowing forth of the national life. The stirring notes of Homer, the philosophical verse of Hesiod, the exquisite stanzas of Archilochus, show us the Greeks under their threefold aspect of warriors, thinkers, and artists. The deification of nature, so apparent in Homer and the Cyclic poets, is the natural expression of the spirit that pervaded the whole system of Grecian mythology. Virgil, in the Æneid, reveals to us the phase which the religious sentiment assumed in the mind of the Latin races. Both Greek and Roman bards interpret for us the peculiar spirituality of the heathen mind and show us the foundation of truth (garbled and mystified as it was) which sustained the dream-fabric of mythology. They strike the keynote of the mingled harmony and discord which re-echoed throughout the polytheistic system. Occasionally we encounter a passage in Hesiod or an Eclogue in Virgil, which evidences the yearning of the pagan soul for a purer creed—the upspringing of the immortal spirit to its Creator. The thoughtful student of ancient poetry recognizes in the distorted truths which heathendom possessed, and to which the poets gave expression, scintillations of the Light which, in its perfect effulgence, irradiated from Christ, "the Day-spring visiting us from on high."

Passing from the poets that interpret the spiritual nature of the Greeks and the Romans, to those that show us the same nations in everyday life, we find in Aristophanes and Horace a complete delineation of their race in its domestic and social relations. The petty vices, small tricks of trade, narrow-minded prejudice, in short, the general characteristics of social intercourse under Augustus are shown up by Horace in so graphic, and, withal, so truthful a guise, that we seem to mingle with the crowd in the forum, and to recognize each character as he hurries by. But the exclusive and malevolent spirit of Paganism debarred the poet whom it swayed from that communion with the inner life of his people without which he could not grow conversant with their moral strength or weakness. The spirit that breathes in the *barbaros* of Homer, and in the "*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*" of Horace is in direct antagonism to the kindly sympathy which Christianity bids us cherish for our fellow-men. Hence the poetry of heathendom reflects the ungodly and inhuman creed which held the Gentiles in thrall. This fact explains the shallowness of the sociological theories broached by the later Greek poets, and the entire absence, in all heathen poetry, of that tender reverence for man as man which Christianity alone can inspire. Mythology, by subjecting the spiritual elements of man's being to the sensual, directly op-

posed the teachings of the natural law, and introduced into heathendom the direful condition of moral ruin and degradation which the apostle sketches. (Rom. 1.) The poet, in consequence, was unacquainted with the hidden springs of human action, and therefore was obliged to study the human spirit only in its external manifestations. Hence his revelation was imperfect and unsatisfactory.

It is evident that Christianity, by exhibiting to man the place which he holds in creation and redemption, and by disclosing the manifold affinities which subsist between God and himself, between the present and the future life, and between the individual man and the universal brotherhood of men, furnishes the poet with a full revelation of humanity in its eternal and temporal relations. The profound philosophy, harmonizing with the moral, intellectual, and emotional in human nature, which the Church unfolds; the copious light shed by her teaching upon problems which our unaided intellect cannot solve; the science of Catholic theology and anthropology supply the only sure and adequate position from which the poet can look upon and delineate man. Thus, we discover in the first efforts of the Christian muse—the Latin hymns of the primitive Church—the presence of a divine and soul-satisfying philosophy, which the most finished productions of the poetic heathen mind entirely lack. We look in vain through the range of pagan poetry for those simple, sublime views of life, and that intuitive perception of the grandeur and the lowliness of human nature, which appear in these unpretending hymns of the Church.

In the ages of faith, when the presence and power of the Church made themselves felt in all the relations of life, religious, civil, and social, the poet studied his people through her medium and under her tutelage. We find, accordingly, in the poetical remains of the middle ages the workings of the powerful religious influence which placed the poet in accord and sympathy with the mediæval mind. Nor does the intermingling of the religious element with the purely ideal give to the poetry of the middle ages the grotesque or ludicrous phase which several modern critics, Hallam among the number, pretend to see. This very union of poetry and religion is a profound revelation of the intellectual cast of the age. The Church had for the poet the same fascination that drew the painter to her shrines, though the inspiration she imparted to each was different. Whilst the painter was constrained to sketch the outward, and, so to speak, the material beauty of the Church, the poet's nobler function enabled him to embody in verse those forms of spiritual loveliness that no pencil can draw. The artist strove to picture the face of Christ; the Church taught the poet to trace the Christ-life in men.

As we draw near our own time we cannot but deplore the destructive influence exerted on poetry by the advent of Protestantism. The spirit of the Reformation is directly antagonistic to aught poetical or beautiful. Under its sway, the first reformers devoted to destruction the choicest remains of art

that fell into their desecrating hands. The Gothic cathedral was supplanted by the meeting-house, the cross by the vane, the sculptural altar by the bare reading-desk. But Protestantism did not stop here. It carried the work of destruction into the realms of the intellect and the imagination. By proclaiming doctrines not in harmony with human reason; nay, in direct contradiction with the spiritual perceptions of man, it destroyed the intercommunion of the poet and his people. How could he interpret minds continually agitated by doubt and religious speculation? He could no longer counsel the performance of good works, for, according to a fundamental Protestant doctrine, good works, if not actual sins, as Luther and Melancthon taught, are unnecessary and useless. He could no longer sing the triumphs of the Christian warfare, if in the battle against the infernal powers the Christian remains inactive. He could no longer discourse upon the blessedness of divine charity, if faith alone saves. How could he speak of the dignity of human nature, if that nature is essentially and radically corrupt? Why endeavor to depict the glories of the City of God in order to cheer the faltering soul in its earthly pilgrimage, if the future lot of mortals has been determined by the irrevocable decree of God predestinating a favored few to Heaven and the majority of the race to hell.

Protestantism thus destroyed the ideal man of Catholicity, and set up instead a caricature constructed from distorted texts of Scripture. It lowered to the dust the lofty standard of morality which the Church establishes. It impeded the spiritual development of the race. In fine, it threatened a relapse into heathenism, inasmuch as its fundamental principles struck at the primary doctrines of Christianity. Could the poet demand of such a creed, a revelation of God? Could he, on beholding the ever changing forms of its doctrines, believe that a religion which thus in its very essence, contradicted the oneness of truth, came forth from God? The Deity cannot reveal contradictions, and hence, Protestantism cannot be a revelation from him. Moreover, it is not a revelation of humanity, since it represents our nature as something integrally evil and essentially debased. It insults the intellect by proposing to its belief, doctrines whose patent absurdity mocks the soul's longing for truth. It shocks the moral sentiment, by excusing on theoretic grounds, the gravest sins. Its view of public worship is at variance with the conception of divine service, as shown in the liturgies of all religions. In a word, the poet viewing humanity from the Protestant point, can never interpret its nature. Nay, his ministry is entirely excluded by the Protestant doctrine on the human will, for, if man is not free, as Protestantism teaches, then man's actions do not proceed from an inward free principle, and consequently they are not human, in the theological acceptation of the term. Protestantism thus denies to the poet what heathenism conceded, namely the possibility of delineating man as he revealed his spirit in outward acts. Nay, Paganism,

which, as we have seen, bore in its bosom mementoes of the Lost Eden, suffered its poets to discourse on the spark of Divinity which glimmered in even the heathen soul; but Protestantism must logically condemn such a view, as it directly clashes with its doctrine on original sin.

The conclusion follows that Protestantism can neither inspire nor teach the poet in his efforts to reveal the inner life of his people, or to impart to them lessons of moral worth or responsibility. The admirable poetry, consequently, which the Protestant bards of England, Germany, and America have given to the world, must not be attributed to the inspiration of Protestantism, but to the indirect influence of the Catholic Church on the poetic mind, and to the true instincts of a human nature untrammelled by the false doctrines of a pseudo-Christian religion. Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, in which he instinctively recognizes the Catholic doctrine of communion with the departed, Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Psalm of Life* with their lessons and counsels of moral heroism, are outbursts of genuine poetic feeling which Catholicity alone can evoke, but which Protestantism must consistently repress.

The only great poem in our language, to which Protestantism with any plausibility can lay claim, is Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But this poem, finished as it is in execution and matchless as it is in rhythm, is nevertheless, essentially unchristian in its conception and scope. Not to speak of Milton's erroneous view of the Fall, or his ridiculous idea of the Paradisiac man, his characterization of Satan and his impious descriptions of God, are abhorrent to all Christian sensibility. If Homer deifies Nature, Milton deifies Satan. We have the archfiend described so pathetically that we almost fancy the poet felt that an injury had been done his hero, in his banishment from heaven. We cannot conceive how a fallen spirit possesses the virtues of heroism, compassion, gentleness, and patience, yet Milton invests the devil with these and other noble qualities. Hell, as portrayed by this "distinctively Protestant poet," is not that region of unspeakable woe, of which the Scripture speaks, but it is a kingdom in which the "ruined archangel" sits in state and ministers to the needs of his subjects. Contrast with this Protestant poem Dante's Catholic epic on a kindred theme, and observe the effects of the totally different religious influence under which the Catholic and the Protestant poet wrote. The adoring awe with which Dante prostrates himself before his angel, and humbly protests his unworthiness to gaze upon Paradise, is in striking contrast with the irreverent boldness with which Milton describes the angelic hosts, and blasphemously treats of the nature of the Only Begotten Son. Dante shows throughout the self-abasing spirit of the Catholic faith, the consciousness of always treading upon holy ground, just as Milton displays the unshrinking presumption of Protestantism, the careless treatment of things sacred, the spirit that despoiled the altars and scattered to the winds the venerated dust of

martyrs and saints. The song of the Catholic and the Puritan bard mirrors his respective faith.

The inadequacy of Protestantism to inspire true poetry is further shown from the fact that the English language contains no great poem constructed upon Protestant principles, or permeated by Protestant doctrine. Even Spenser, whose Puritanism was of marked type, and whose hatred of Catholicity in every form was more than theoretic, draws upon Catholic legend and faith in his *Faery Queen.* The poetry of subsequent epochs, which has touched the popular heart, owes its success to Catholic views of morality and life. The only poems of Dryden's that outlasted a century, are those which he wrote after his erratic genius was drawn within the circle of the Church's influence. It is to be regretted that Pope's brilliant mind was suffered to follow the false lights of Bolingbroke's deistical philosophy, but the poet having once abandoned his ancestral faith, found nothing in Protestantism, or in infidel philosophy to satisfy the cravings of his poetic nature. Yet his *Essay on Man*, though in the main trifling and unsound, contains truths which evidence their Catholic origin, even when partly concealed by the garb of Voltaire's philosophy. Those who are familiar with the poetry of Cowper must have observed the painful uncertainty of mind under which he labors, when he would fain speak of God and His relations with men. Protestantism could not answer his prayer for guidance, and his mind, which if attuned to the grand harmonies of Catholic truth might have "discoursed music most admirable," became in the end "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Walter Scott's true poetic instincts enabled him to find in mediæval Christianity, that form of the chivalrous sentiment which the Church fosters, and which blends so happily with the poet's own conception of "a noble knight and most worthy gentleman." The idea of Christian faith, which Southey elaborates in *Thalaba*, is distinctively Catholic. The Catholic thoughts and even expressions which occur in Wordsworth and Keble sufficiently indicates the tendency of their mind to the sole well-spring of pure, Christian poesy. And not without significance is the gradual return of poetry to subjects whose very titles are Catholic. We may instance Tennyson's *Holy Grail* and our own Lowell's *Cathedral.*

It is time then that such expressions as "Protestant poetry" and "Protestant poetic inspiration," which authors and reviewers of immature and unphilosophical scholarship are fond of employing, should be excluded from literary magazines and histories of literature. All real poetry is essentially Catholic. It can be inspired by Catholicity alone. The great English poets have found their Protestant creed a hindrance instead of a help to their poetic culture, and they have been obliged to draw directly or indirectly on the Catholic Church for that guidance and revelation, without which they cannot interpret nature or discharge their lofty ministry of teaching their fellow men. To the Church, the interpreters of the divine revelation and the unveiler of the arcana

of human life and its destiny; the venerable mother of all our civilization, art, and literature, to her must the children of song have recourse, and from her lips learn their ministry and receive their inspiration.

(To be continued.)

FROM BORDEAUX TO PARIS, 1871.

THE DOVE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MESSAGES.

Laden with sorrow—laden with love,
Soar to thy home again, beautiful dove!
Like rain to the desert thy tidings shall be,
Bird of good omen, our hope is in thee!

Up in the sunny air, up and away,
Swift as the dawn that announces the day,
And safe as the dawn from the shafts of the foe
That lurks in his murderous myriads below.

Tidings and messages float on thy wing;
Some of them glad as the blooms of the spring,
Some of them sad as the leaves when they fall,
But fresh from the hearts that have prompted them all.

From lover to lover, from husband to wife;
Volumes, one-sentenced, of death or of life,
Or message of hope from brave mother to son,
To nerve his right arm for the fight to be won.

Soar with them, haste with them, beautiful bird,
Untiring, unerring, unseen, and unheard,
And stay not thy flight on the breeze or the blast,
Till Paris, the lovely, receives thee at last.

Oh! proud will she be, the sad Queen of the World,
Oppressed, not uncrowned, with her banner unfurled,
To learn that her France in defiance and scorn,
Is armed to avenge every wrong she has borne.

Speed with thy tidings, beautiful dove!
Carry to Paris our hope and our love,
Our will to be free whatsoever betide.
Bird of good omen, may God be thy guide!

SAVED FROM DEATH.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years; and he often came down to see me, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings, and jealousies, and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good, and true-hearted, and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor, little, insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said yes I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast; and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly; and somehow I felt very happy—so happy, that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room, I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said: "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him; and after that, matters went on in a very quiet unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was anything but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate; and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said in a quiet strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive!" I exclaimed; "why, we shall be rich."

"Rich? yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke; "but I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you cannot accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a

stumbling-block in his path, when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive: I am selfish!" I exclaimed: "you must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered: "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling?"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently; and so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment; and though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait;" but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and in one short fortnight all was settled; farewells had been said: and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible, that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical

evening that I elicited that response from him; and as he spoke, he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping anything from me, Clive?" I said gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance, you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said lightly; and then, in an undertone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous?"

"Yes, love. Three days ago, one man was employed pumping; the next day, two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening; to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung aleak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said, "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms' length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily

moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the rippling plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke, it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About mid-day, they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'en Webster," said an old bluff-looking sailor; "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting again it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done; and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am, cap'en—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again; who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word, when Captain Webster threw them in a compass, and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when for the first time Clive spoke: "Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours, she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words; but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy; and upon its being launched, sails, masts, and cordage were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard; and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backwards and forwards from the cabin carrying necessaries for use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone, and that it was not until every effort had failed that I left my ship." He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to seize their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first, I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side; and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on, and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defence we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept, but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time, I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay. As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction, to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation, the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bale out the water which con-

stantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable, by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed round, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time, even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril, the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provision had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted towards keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other, for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around,

ever tantalizing, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken, and though with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draught that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwarts, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled upon me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and in spite of my effort to restrain it, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress, and before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified, but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared, but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterwards, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak, but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive stony figures, whose fixed and heavy eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting upon my breast, while the sigh of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face —moisten his hair," whispered a harsh voice, which I did not recognize as the captain's; but I tried to obey it, and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling mine, and his eyes half closed; and then it was, that with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him so young and brave to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been

content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingled with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half-supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so; but it was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end, that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sign, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so care-worn, pallid, and anxious, as to be almost unrecognizable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor; and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months

that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterwards that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

THE GENERAL COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.

The First General Council was that held at Nice, under Pope Sylvester, in the reign of Constantine the Great, in the year 325; at which there were three hundred and eighteen bishops present. The sovereign pontiff presiding in the persons of his legates, Osius of Corduba, in Spain, and Virus and Vincentius, presbyters of the Roman Church. In this council were condemned the Arians, Quartodecimans, and Melitians.

The second was that of Constantinople, held under S. Damasus Pope, and Theodosius, Emperor, at which were a hundred and fifty bishops; it opened in May, A.D. 381, and continued till July of the same year. In this, the Macedonians, who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, were condemned, the Nicene Faith was confirmed, and the creed which is still recited at the Mass, commonly styled the Nicene creed (because it does not differ from that of Nice only inasmuch as some words have been added by way of explanation) was published. This council was composed of few bishops, principally from the East: yet it is regarded as œcumenical, because it followed in all things what had recently been defined in the council of Rome, in 378; to which the oriental bishops had been summoned by letters addressed to them while assembled at Constantinople. Moreover the decrees of this council, in matters of faith, were approved in another council celebrated at Rome, in the year 382. Hence those three councils, on account of their perfect agreement, are to be considered as but one and the same.

The third was celebrated at Ephesus, in 431, under S. Celestine Pope, and Theodosius, the younger. In the name of the pontiff, St. Cyril of Alexandria presided, with Arcadius and Projectus, bishops, and Philip, a presbyter. Two hundred bishops were present. It decreed, in opposition to the heresy of the Nestorians, that in Christ there is but one person, and the Blessed Virgin Mary is the Mother of God.

The fourth was that of Chalcedon, anno 451, under S. Leo, Pope, and Marcian, Emperor. Leo was represented by Paschasinus and Lucentius, bishops, and Boniface,

a priest. Eutyches and Dioscorus, admitting but one nature in Christ, were condemned.

The fifth was the second of Constantinople, under Vigilius, Pope, and Justinian, Emperor, A.D. 553, at which a hundred and sixty-five bishops, all oriental, were present; but which was afterwards approved by Vigilius and the Western bishops. It condemned the works of Theodore of Mopsuesta, of Theodoret against St. Cyril, and the epistle of Ibas Maris, the Persian: these three works are known under the title of the three chapters.

The sixth was the third of Constantinople, under Agatho, Pope, and Constantine Pogonatus, Emperor, anno 680. In the name of the pontiff, presided Theodore and George, presbyters, John, a deacon, and (as St. Anastasius writes) Constantius, a sub-deacon. Two hundred and eighty-nine bishops were present, according to Theophanes and Cedrenus; but according to Photius only a hundred and seventy. From the acts, however, in the last session, we find that a hundred and sixty-six subscribed their names.

In the year 679, in April, a council was celebrated at Rome, over which the pontiff presided in person. From this, three legates were deputed to the council of Constantinople; and in both, which should be considered but one, the Monothelites were condemned, and the two wills in Christ vindicated.

The seventh was the second of Nice; convened at first at Constantinople, but translated to Nice in 787, under the pontificate of Adrian I; Constantine and his mother Irene reigning in the East. The Pope's legates were Peter, archpresbyter of the Roman Church, and Peter, Abbot of S. Saba. There were present three hundred and fifty, perhaps more, oriental bishops, who decreed that the use of sacred images was to be retained, and that they may be venerated.

The eighth was the fourth of Constantinople, under Adrian II, who presided through his legates Donatus and Stephen, bishops, and Marinus, deacon, during the reign of Basil, A.D. 869. In this council, composed of one hundred and two bishops, S. Ignatius, who had been unjustly expelled from his see, was restored, and Photius, who had invaded the Patriarchate, was deposed and excommunicated.

The ninth was the first of Lateran, celebrated at Rome in the Basilic of the Lateran, anno 1123, in presence of Calixtus II, with three hundred bishops and six hundred abbots. It was convoked for the purpose of settling the difficulties growing out of the usurpation by secular princes of the investitures of benefices, and to commence the holy wars in Palestine and Spain against the Saracens.

The tenth was the second of Lateran, celebrated in 1139, in the presence of Innocent II, and about a thousand bishops. It condemned the schism of Peter Leo, and the errors of the Petrobusians and Arnoldists, and restored ecclesiastical discipline.

The eleventh was the third of Lateran, A.D. 1179, under the Emperor Frederic I, presided over by Alexander III. Three hundred and two bishops attended. The object of this was to provide against schism, to reform the morals of the

clergy, and to condemn the errors of the Waldenses and Albigenses.

The twelfth was the fourth of Lateran, under Innocent III, with four hundred and twelve bishops; convoked for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land, reviving discipline, and condemning the heresies of the Abbot Joachim and the Albigenses. In this council was issued the famous canon, *omnis utriusque sexus*, anno 1215.

The thirteenth was the first of Lyons, during the reign of Frederic II, in Germany, and of St. Louis in France: over which Innocent IV presided, A.D. 1245. There were present a hundred and forty bishops. It was celebrated against the Emperor Frederic, to carry on the expedition against the Turks, and to enforce discipline.

The fourteenth was the second of Lyons, anno 1274, at which there were four hundred bishops, and a thousand abbots and inferior prelates, under Pope Gregory X. To this council St. Thomas of Aquin was invited, but died on his way, in the monastery of Fossanova, on the 7th of March, 1274. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal and Bishop of Albano, died during the celebration of this council, on the 15th of July, A.D. 1274. It was celebrated in the Primatial Basilic of John, to procure the reunion of the Latin and Greek churches, to reform morals, and to effect a more speedy election of popes, when the see becomes vacant, than before.

The fifteenth was that of Vienne, in Gaul, A.D. 1311, under Clement V, with three hundred bishops, and several kings, viz.,—Edward II of England, James II of Arragon, Philip the Fair of France, with his three sons, who were afterwards his successors, under the style of Louis X, Philip V, and Charles IV. It was convoked in order to suppress the order of the Knights Templars; to condemn the heresies of the Fratricelli and Beguards; and to afford aid for the carrying on of the holy wars.

The sixteenth was convoked at Constance, under John XXIII, A.D. 1413, opened on the 16th of November, 1414, and concluded on the 22d of April, 1418, under Martin V, whose election was made in the 41st session, after the deposition of John XXIII, and Benedict XIII, and the resignation of Gregory XII. The forty-five articles of John Wickliffe, who had been dead several years, were condemned *in globo;* as also the thirty articles of Huss, who was delivered over to the secular arm, and doomed to the stake. Jerome of Prague shared the same fate. Three hundred bishops attended this council.

The next council was convoked at Basle. It was œcumenical in its convocation, but schismatical in its termination.

It was assembled by Martin V, in order to repress the heresies and seditions of the Bohemians, and to reform the morals of the faithful. It opened on the 14th of December, A.D. 1431, under the sanction of Eugenius IV, who had succeeded Martin. Julian, a cardinal, presided as apostolic legate.

After the first session Eugenius translated it to Bologna. 1. Because very few bishops had met at Basle. 2. Because a war had broken out between the dukes of Austria and Burgundy, which ren-

dered Basle unsafe. 3. Because the Greeks, whose union with the Latin church was much desired, required a more convenient place, and nearer the seacoast. 4. Because the fathers of Basle usurped an illegitimate power over Eugenius, the rightful sovereign pontiff.

The council opposed this translation, and contemplated the deposition of the Pope; who, for the sake of peace, revoked the decree for its dissolution. In the seventeenth session he authorized Julian to represent him, prescribing certain regulations and conditions, to which the bishops refused to submit. He again dissolved the council, and was unjustly deposed from the papacy in the thirty-ninth session. In his place Amadeus was intruded under the denomination of Felix V—the eighteenth antipope.

A few Gallican theologians have contended for the œcumenicity of this Council, at least in its earlier sessions. We do not see how this opinion can stand before the fact that the Church in accord with Eugenius has neither recognized any of its acts or proceedings from the 25th to the 45th session, nor in any way approved any decree averse to the supreme power of the Pope, and the infallible and irreformable character of his decrees *ex cathedra*.

The seventeenth was that of Florence, over which Eugenius IV presided; present, a hundred and forty-one bishops, with the Emperor John Palæologus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and legates from the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. In the first session the Cardinal Abergatus acted as legate *a latere;* in the others the Pope himself presided. There were sixteen sessions at Ferrara; the seventeenth was held at Florence. In this council the union of the Greek and Latin churches was effected, and the Definition of Faith issued, commonly styled *Decretum Unionis;* in which it is declared, first, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; and that the word *filioque* was lawfully added to the symbol. Secondly, that the consecration is valid, as well in leaven as unleavened bread. Thirdly, that *purgatory* exists, where some souls are doomed to suffer for a time, and may be assisted by the prayers of the living. Fourthly, that the Roman pontiff is the true vicar of Christ, and successor of St. Peter, the head of the whole Church, &c.

After the departure of the Greeks there remained at Florence some cardinals, bishops, and learned priests, by whom the delegates of the Armenian patriarch were instructed, and received into the bosom of the Church. They received the orthodox truths in the form of a decree, which is known in the schools under the name of the *Decretum Eugenii ad Armenos.*

The Jacobites, A.D. 1441, were likewise admitted into the Church. The council being removed to Rome, in the Lateran, there arrived ambassadors from Abyssinia and Æthiopia, who were likewise united to the Church.

The eighteenth was the fifth of Lateran. It was convoked, anno 1512, by Julius I, and continued by Leo X. There were present eighteen cardinals, the two Eastern Patriarchs, and bishops to the number of eighty. The Council abro-

gated the famous Pragmatic Sanction. It also declared in the most express terms, the superiority and authority of a Pope over a Council, though this declaration was an informal expression of the faith of the Church on the matter, rather than a formal definition.

The nineteenth was the Council of Trent, convoked and opened by Paul III, A.D. 1545, continued under Julius III., in 1551, and happily concluded under Pius IV, in 1563. In this was confirmed the Faith of the Ancient Church, against the errors of Luther and Calvin; and discipline, which had languished amid wars and heresies, was restored. There were twenty-five sessions, at all of which the legates of the apostolic see presided; and a hundred and twenty-seven canons were issued.

Of this famous council a false and foolish history has been composed by *Fra Paulo*, which is solidly and learnedly confuted by Cardinal Palavicini, from the authentic acts preserved in the Vatican library.

The twentieth, convoked by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, is called the First Council of the Vatican. It assembled in a wing of St. Peter's, in Rome, on the 8th of December, 1869. The only work thus far accomplished by this council is the solemn definition of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility, which took place on the 24th of June, 1870. It also published the two dogmatic decrees, "*De Fide*" and "*De Ecclesia Christi.*" In August of the same year, owing to the invasion of Rome by the forces of Victor Emmanuel, the Council of the Vatican was prorogued.

It may not be uninteresting to state that this council was composed of 767 prelates, of whom 542 were from Europe, 114 from America, 83 from Asia, 14 from Africa, and 14 from Oceanica. Of these, upwards of 120 were English-speaking prelates, representing the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, British America, Oceanica, and the East Indies.

The *Annuario Pontificio* for 1870 gives the ages of nearly all the bishops. By reference to its pages it will be seen that the oldest bishop at this council was in his eighty-fifth year, whilst the youngest, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, was but thirty-five, the age required for consecration. The oldest prelate in the Catholic hierarchy is the Most Rev. Archbishop of Lima, S. A., who is nearly one hundred years old, and who, in consequence of his age and infirmities, was unable to be present at the council.

This brief synopsis of the œcumenical councils of the Church will suffice, at present, for the general reader.

These admirable words of Saint Gregory the Great form an eminently appropriate termination to this article (Lib. i, epist. ep. 24): "Quia corde creditur ad justitiam, ore autem confessio fit ad salutem, sicut sancti Evangelii quatuor libros sic quatuor Concilia suscipere et venerari me fateor: Nicænum scilicet . . . Constantinopolitanum Ephesinum, Chalcedonense . . . quia in his velut in quadrato lapide s. fidei structura consurgit . . quintum quoque Concilium pariter veneror . . cunctas vero quas praefata Concilia personas respunt, respuo;

quas venerantur, amplector: quia dum universali sunt consensu, constituta, se et non illa destruit, quisquis præsumit aut solvere quos ligant, aut religare quos solvunt. Quisquis ergo aliud sapit, anathema sit."*

* St. Gregory died in the year 604, when only five general councils had been celebrated. With reason, therefore, do we extend his declaration down to the last, viz.,—the Council of the Vatican.

PEOPLE'S BOYS.

THIS is a theme which is always old and yet always new. Few persons reach middle life without having something to add to the general stock of experience upon the subject. Few can have been so fortunate as to have had no opportunities of observing the ill effects in after-life of bad management in childhood, or as to have escaped the personal annoyance inflicted by foolish parents on all who come in contact with their offspring. But the domestic habits and ideas of one age differ so from those of another, and our old young friend, the spoiled boy, assumes so many new faces, that there is always danger of his not being recognized, and of his unpleasantness to all about him being set down to some other cause than the right one.

In some respects the children of the present day are better off than their fathers were. "Spoiling" no longer takes the shape of giving them too much to eat, or, in the country, of allowing them to run riot among servants and laborers. They are taught habits of greater cleanliness, and their health altogether is probably better looked after. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the spoiling hasn't merely been transferred from the house to the school. Boys no longer fight because they "funk" each other. All the old rough hardihood which marked the school life of a bygone generation seems to have disappeared. Many children now are more comfortable at school than at home; and though we do not see our way through the entanglement of ideas thus presented to us, neither can we repress a kind of puzzled feeling that this ought not to be. Children, as a great man said, ought to find "home the happiest place in the world." It is to be hoped that we shall not make our children in future such little philosophers as not to be over-happy anywhere. However, that is too wide a field of inquiry for the present article, which refers solely to the treatment of children in their own families by their parents, brothers, and sisters.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as from the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usages of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease, and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in for-

getting that children are something like dogs, which require to be very well trained before they can safely be recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to *respect* any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child. For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult play-fellows. The confidence which well-bred children at once repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society. I remember once going for the first time to the house of a gentleman, wherein no sooner had I been shown to my dressing-room, than a number of small feet pattered along the passage, and a whole troop of children, boys and girls, all under twelve years of age, trotted in without the slighest ceremony, and requested to be allowed to unpack my things, adding that their mamma always liked them to do this on the arrival of a stranger. I was flattered, though for the moment embarrassed, by this delicate attention. But all apprehensions were speedily dispelled by the behavior of my small visitors, who, I saw at once, knew exactly how far to go, and obeyed every injunction I laid on them with the most cheerful docility. The only sign of dissatisfaction evinced throughout was by one little fellow who was ignorant of the nature of shaving-paste, and on being forbidden to eat it, desired leave to show it to his lady mother. He went away sorrowful, but was satisfied in the morning, when they all came back to see me dress, by watching its application to my chin. Now, any one would think this was going as far as children well could go towards making themselves a nuisance. But they were no nuisance at all. On the contrary, I was amused and delighted with them. No doubt this was an exceptional case: very few children are trained to such a pitch of perfection as that. And the liberties they are allowed should be in proportion to the polish they can take. When they can indulge in such proceedings with grown-up people without being rude or disrespectful, it does them all the good in the world. Generally speaking, however, what is now the very common practice, of allowing children to invade your bed-room in a friend's house, is much to be deprecated. The inconvenience they occasion to yourself, and the injury they may do themselves by taking away your razor, is the smallest part of the evil. The speculations which they reserve for the breakfast table, whether their early visit has been to a lady or a gentleman, are sometimes too suggestive for decorum, and the comparisons which they institute between male and female articles of attire, when they happen to be called by the same name, produce general consternation. The

little scamps nine times out of ten are aware they are doing something wrong on such occasions. But there are parents who either cannot or will not break them of such habits, and some who encourage them as the best antidote to shyness. But before children are subjected to this extreme remedy they should be taught docility and silence.

But closely allied with the mistaken license allowed to children in matters like the above is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage, all traits of singularity, oddness, or affectation which children may exhibit, as marks of genius which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus: they don't see the necessity of originals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate. When you see a child doing anything unlike other children, anything queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, *never laugh at or applaud it.* Children naturally very self-willed, and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into their brains that such sallies, naughty though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done. If the boy be a boy after all of weak character, his nonsense may be driven out of him at school; if not, it will only be driven deeper in. Adherence to his "own ways" becomes gradually in his eyes a mark of manly independence, till at last there may come to be no folly or excess which he will not justify to himself on the same grounds. That such men as children must make themselves perfectly odious to all, except their doting relatives, is a trifle. I have seen the finest intellects and the most generous characters wasted and ruined, in consequence of habits in great part attributable to the encouragement of boyish oddities.

What is called "precocity" in children is of course something quite different, nor is the improper encouragement of it attended by the same class of dangers as those we have described above. The danger in this case is, that boys who do not maintain the same relative superiority as they grow up which they maintained in childhood—no uncommon case—may become disgusted with themselves and sink into despondent idlers. There is indeed another bad consequence to be looked for in the opposite direction. A lad of twenty who does not go ahead of his companions as he did at twelve, may refuse to recognize the truth, hug himself in the belief in his own unimpaired excellence, and set down every failure to accident or want of industry. When this habit of mind becomes inveterate, the consequences are frequently disastrous. But they are too well known

to be dwelt upon. The former class of consequences have not been so generally observed. But we fancy the secret of many a wasted life is to be found in them. And when we consider, however dry the subject may be to childless persons, when we consider the wonderful powers of observation and assimilation which children possess, how extraordinarily apt they are to catch at anything in their own favor, how they magnify in their own little minds all they hear said about themselves either for good or for evil, it does seem wonderful that parents are not more careful than they generally seem to be with regard to such little matters, fraught as they are with immeasurable consequences, as we have here described. And before we quit this part of the subject, we would remark, in passing, on the singularly little trouble which parents seem to take to insure *obedience* from their children. We solitaries see a good deal of this; and suffer from it too. It is perfectly wonderful. "Don't do this, Charley," or, "I told you not to do that, Willy," are phrases with which every Cœlebs is perfectly familiar when he goes to stay with his married friend in the country. But what do the little people do? They are abashed just at first in presence of the stranger, but you see that it is *he*, not the *paterfamilias*, who keeps them quiet for the moment, and that influence being worn out in five minutes, in another five minutes they begin again, only to hear the old, empty "don't" repeated, to be disobeyed again for the hundredth time. Men treat their dogs more considerately than they do their children. They *make* their dogs obey, and the animal is happier for having learned his lesson. They don't make their children, and these are very likely miserable for not having learned *theirs*. These things are what we ourselves, we *cœlibes*, see and take note of, and are called brutes for doing so. But the fond parents don't.

But we are wandering. The last kind of "spoiling" that we need refer to is the common form of over-petting and cosseting. This is a lady's question, and Cœlebs hardly dare say much about it. Generally speaking, a husband of any sense is able to counteract *that*. Boys must be put upon donkeys and ponies, accustomed to climb trees, and to venture their carcases upon ice, while they are still light and young, and tumbles don't hurt them, or they never will do so afterwards; and what a pitiable spectacle is that of a grown-up man who can't ride a horse, get a bird's nest, or "go along somehow" on skates without showing the white feather. Ladies love courage. Let mothers reflect on what they themselves thought of a "chicken" before they married, and bring up their boys accordingly.

We now come to the other side of the question, and have a few words to say to those ineffably foolish parents who keep their children down. This, no doubt, is rather an old-fashioned error, but it is far from being extinct for all that. We have spoken of the mistake which people make by encouraging eccentricities in their children, but they surely make just as great a mistake by checking their natural aspirations. There are in the world peo-

ple with so little self-confidence, so little knowledge of real life outside their own small circle, that the bare idea of their children being able to distinguish themselves seems to them monstrous. *Experto crede.* These words are not written without warrant for them. Children must not have "too grand ideas." They must not think they are going to do this, that, or the other in the world. They must not attempt to cope with people who are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is quite absurd to suppose that in their humble station there can be any of the stuff that makes men wealthy and eminent. It is heresy and wickedness to entertain such an idea. Now, strange as it may seem, there really are people in the world who bring their children up on these principles, who try to crush in its infancy every tendency their children may show to raise themselves in life, and after they grow up would rather see them starve than advance a sixpence to help them in quite legitimate aspirations. It is difficult to get to the bottom of the state of mind in which such parents pass their lives. It seems to be a social conservatism of the stupidest and narrowest kind, though such men are not generally political conservatives. The phenomenon is almost inexplicable, but it exists, if a phenomenon can be said to exist, and it is opposed to all the healthiest traditions of a free country. One thinks it a monstrous thing that his son should want to study law. Another thinks it a monstrous thing his son should want to go to college. On the doctrine of chances, probably both governors are Liberals. Don't they see that they are fighting against their own principles? No, they don't; they can't be made to see that. They want to "keep their children down," and what is the result? That, again, is an old story. The high-spirited or the scholarly boy goes to grief in law or business, who might have edited Æschylus, or led his regiment over a breach. A middle-class man should be proud of a son who shows fitness for distinguishing himself in professions which are supposed to be the monopoly of the aristocracy.

To come back to the point from which we started—the management, namely, of young children—there is one thing to be laid down: let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference, if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And indeed nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be upon your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he himself the next moment will offend against his own precautions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.

OUR HOLY FATHER.

THE 16th of June, 1871, commemorating as it does, two great festivals in the Church, naturally carries the mind back over a period of twenty-five eventful years—years such as have never been equalled in the history of the Papacy. To-day our Holy Father, Pius IX (whom may God long preserve to us), "sees the years of Peter." To-day the nineteenth century is favored with a privilege which has not been granted to any era since the death of the first Pontiff, in the year of our Lord, 66.

There is a remarkable analogy between the day of the death of the first Pontiff, and that of the election of the 259th—both occurred in the same month (June), and almost on the very same day. The first and present Pontiffs have both suffered persecution, insult, and imprisonment, but it has been reserved for Pius IX, in the midst of his captivity, to be blessed with "the years of Peter."

The pontificate of Pius IX is, without doubt, one of the most glorious and eventful on record. Born of a noble family at Sinigaglia, on the 13th of May, 1790, the Holy Father has nearly reached the advanced age of fourscore years. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for those virtues, and for that energy and activity which afterwards won for him the proud position he now so worthily holds. Filled with a desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state, he was unremitting in his studies, and although suffering from the effects of epileptic fits, to which he was subject for some years, he sought and obtained permission from the Holy Father to receive the sacred orders of sub-deacon and deacon. This was in 1818. Not satisfied with this, and still yearning to offer up to God a pure and an immaculate offering, he again sought the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and solicited a further dispensation, so that he might be raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood. Pius VII granted him a special audience, received him with characteristic and paternal kindness, and granted the sought for dispensation, but in consideration of the malady with which he was afflicted, the condition was made that when celebrating Mass he should be accompanied by another clergyman. This condition the young Ferretti was desirous of having removed, and he again besought the Holy Father to allow him to offer up the Holy Sacrifice unattended. The Holy Father looking at him kindly, and taking his hand said to him: "Yes, we will grant you even this favor, as I believe that for the future you will no longer be affected by your disease." The words of the Holy Father proved true, and to the present day, a period of fifty-one years, he has never had a single return of epilepsy.

On the festival of Easter, 1819, the Abate Ferretti celebrated his first Mass in the Church of St. Anna dei Falignani, adjoining the orphanage in which he had hitherto devoted himself to the care and instruction of over one hundred

poor orphans. In June, 1823, the Abate Ferretti accompanied the Apostolic delegate who was sent to Chili, and whilst there and at Montevideo and Santiago, he lost no opportunities of performing the duties of his sacred calling. The poor were ever the special objects of his care and attention, and were the participators of all he became possessed of. It is related of him that when afterwards he was made Archbishop, he was obliged to dispose of some of his property in Rome, in order to meet the expenses necessarily incurred by his new position. Generosity and self-sacrifice have ever been the marked characteristics of this distinguished personage. Towards the end of the year 1825, Leo XII appointed him to the presidency of the vast ospizio or hospital of San Michele. Here his goodness of heart, his benevolence followed him, and are yet gratefully remembered by those who were then the recipients of his kind attentions. After nearly two years spent in this institution, Pope Leo appointed him to the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto. Archbishop Ferretti, on his arrival in his Episcopal city, immediately founded an orphanage for poor children, where they were instructed in mechanical arts. The spirit of charity which animated him in his early priesthood, did not forsake him with the acquisition of higher dignities, and the poor and the indigent ever found in him a good counsellor, and a kind friend. This orphanage yet remains as a lasting monument of his undying charity. While at Spoleto, the Archbishop experienced his portion of the difficulties and trials which are peculiar to the Episcopal office. His episcopal city shared the spirit of insurrection for which Italy is remarkable, and he was sorely tried by the circumstances attending these revolts. But God watched over His servant and placed words of wisdom in his lips, and he succeeded in doing much towards allaying the existing difficulties. To the insurrection followed the fearful earthquake of 1832, and here the good prelate again gave ample evidence of the charity and zeal which filled his heart. The most afflicted were those who received his first attentions. He shared their sufferings, and like the faithful shepherd, devoted himself entirely to the wants of his flock. At Naples, his devotion to the sick and dying during the prevalence of the cholera in that city, is still remembered with feelings of the most profound gratitude.

Administrative abilities, blended with prudence and charity, are qualities which are rarely found in any one man. Their possessor unconsciously draws upon himself the admiration of his superiors, who never fail to apply them to a higher and more extended field of usefulness. Such was the case with the Most Rev. Dr. Mastai Ferretti. From the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto, he was transferred to the See of Imola, as the successor of Cardinal Iustiniani. In the Consistory of December 23d, 1839, he was reserved *in petto*, and on the 14th of December of the following year, he was proclaimed Cardinal.

At Imola the pious Cardinal continued his works of charity as he had performed them in the early days of his priesthood. We have

said that he had the poor with him always. The orphan, the friendless, the abandoned, were ever sought out and provided for by him. Imola is indebted to his spirit of charity for a college for ecclesiastical students whose means did not allow them to complete their studies at the Episcopal Seminary; for a society for the guardianship and support of about "thirty children of the poorest class destined for the mechanical arts, who were provided with their daily food, and likewise received two good suits of clothes in the year, one for winter and the other for summer." To the Sisters of Charity the good prelate intrusted a conservario of female orphans, and in this establishment he founded two female schools, one for poor girls and the other for the more wealthy girls. To these we may add a public hospital, and an asylum for the insane. But the crowning charity of this noble Cardinal at Imola was the foundation of a refuge for the "lost daughters of the world soliciting admission to the fold of Jesus." The misfortunes of these forsaken outcasts touched his very heart, and at his request a number of religious of the noble order of the Good Shepherd came from the parent house at Angiers to take charge of this institution. The noble Cardinal welcomed these good Sisters with great joy; he invited them to his own palace, where they remained until their abode was ready for their reception.

Cardinal Ferretti was never idle. He prepared spiritual retreats in his diocese for keeping alive the vocations of his ecclesiastics. He visited them frequently, and the public institutions which flourished under his able management were ever the objects of his unremitting attention. The fame of the noble Cardinal spread far and wide; the poor loved him for his many virtues, for his benevolence, and for his fatherly care; the wealthy saw in him a fearless adviser, who was not slow to point out to them their duty; whilst the hierarchy felt a degree of pride in their learned brother.

The month of June, 1846, found Cardinal Ferretti surrounded by the priests of his diocese, and all employed in a spiritual retreat. In the midst of their devotions and meditations they are startled by the sad announcement of the death of the sovereign pontiff, Gregory XVI. Overwhelmed with sorrow the cardinal repairs to his cathedral and performs the solemn obsequies prescribed for such a mournful occasion. Immediately setting out for Rome he arrives in time to meet his brother cardinals in solemn conclave, on the 14th of June. On the following day the balloting commenced, and "Mastai Ferretti was selected to read the names. With the gentle dignity which characterized his manner, he proceeded to read the votes. Fifteen times he read the name of Cardinal Lambruschini. On the sixteenth ballot appeared the name of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. As he uttered it a white dove is said to have flown into the chapel through an open window, and after circling several times round the throne chair, perched upon the altar, glancing around with its bright eyes, and then quietly fixed them upon the

the discharge of the duties of his office. Among the principal ecclesiastical events of his pontificate may be mentioned the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in December, 1854; the publication of the famous Encyclical of 1864, and the convocation of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican on the 8th of December, 1869. In September, 1870, by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, Pius IX was left in an almost defenceless situation, his own handful of faithful zouaves being insufficient to afford him the protection he required. In the hour of his abandonment by the late Emperor of France, the wily and treacherous Victor Emmanuel invaded the papal territory ostensibly to afford protection to the Holy Father, but in reality to rob him and the Catholic world at the same time, of that which was rightfully their own. Thus Pius IX to-day finds himself a prisoner in his own palace. It is not necessary for us to repeat the history of this sacrilegious spoliation. It is too well known to our readers. We can only, as the faithful subjects of Pius IX, turn our hearts to God in prayer for a speedy termination of the Holy Father's troubles, consoling ourselves with the reflection that God has permitted him in the hour of his captivity to reach the years of the great Prince of the Apostles.

All that now remains for us to do, is to join in thanks to God for the hope which this auspicious day enkindles in our hearts,—that the words of the loyal French general may be verified; that France may redeem the recent vandalism of her recreant sons by another evidence of her fidelity to the Holy See (symptoms of which are already apparent), and that the Great Ruler of the universe may prolong the life of our beloved Pontiff, that he may crown his eventful Pontificate by being permitted to see the successful termination of the great Council of the Vatican. Let us hope that all will imitate the "beautiful example of the HOLY FATHER, in his personal piety, in his watchfulness, in his disregard for all human respect, and in his courage in maintaining the rights of CHRIST and HIS Holy Church."

THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT as young joy it seems to stir,
  And gain upon our mortal view,
As if it were a messenger
  Rejoicing while descending through
  The dewy depths of twilight's blue,
And travelling to this world below
With tidings glad for human woe.

USELESS WARNINGS.

IZAAK WALTON tells us in his discourse on perch, that "if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all catched one after another, they being like the wicked of the world not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight."

The inaptitude to take a hint on a matter literally of vital importance, which is here attributed to the perch genus, is not by any means confined to that rash and foolhardy tribe. Certain specimens of a race, the members of which ought to know better—the genus homo—are also liable to be taken in in the same manner, one after another, to an extent which is simply amazing. It appears positively to no purpose whatever, that the invariably unfavorable issue of certain proceedings is set plainly before a particular section of mankind. The trap, which they have been told, over and over again, will snap down upon them if they venture into it, is still not set in vain; the hook, which it has been carefully explained to them lies concealed inside the dangling bait, is ignored and set at nought till it is suddenly found to be firmly imbedded in their jaws.

Foremost amongst the examples of this curious incapability of taking warning I should place that extraordinary readiness, which a great many men evince, to fall into the clutches of those knights of industry who practice what may be called, for want of a better designation, the "ready-money swindle." This particular form of imposture, the shallowness of which is only exceeded by that of the mental capacity of its victims, is worked something in the following way:

A couple of gentlemen, endowed by nature with a greater capacity for spending money than for earning it honestly, appear in some public place—a river steamer, a railway car, or where not—and engage in a conversation which invariably takes sooner or later what may be called a financial turn. One of the confederates—he who is best provided with conversational powers—generally begins to tell his companion a long story varying with "the taste and fancy" of the narrator, but always coming to the same point in the end. The narrator has just inherited a very large property from an eccentric relative, or a commercial scheme in which he had long been engaged has suddenly developed into an enormous success, or he has just returned from the colonies, gold-diggings, diamond-fields, or other wealth-producing regions with a huge amount of ready money in his possession. This last is the one point in the narrative which never varies. The teller of the story is always the most fortunate of men, and the best provided with ready money. Another unvarying element in the transaction is, that some third person who happens to be by, and who is a total stranger to the other two, is always appealed to, or in some way or other brought into the conversation; and the most extraordinary part of it all is, that this

stranger always does fall into the conversation, and yields himself up as an implicit believer in the teller of the story, whether that gentleman describe himself as a diamond-finder, or a gold-digger, or a residuary legatee, or whatever else his imagination may suggest. The attention of the unfortunate gull once secured, all goes as merrily as marriage bells. Gull is invited by the rich gentleman to adjourn with himself and friend to some tavern, where they can partake of a friendly glass. There is something, the rich gentleman says, about Gull that he likes; he wishes for Gull's better acquaintance, and thinks that he can put him in the way of a pecuniary transaction which will turn out an exceedingly profitable one. Gull at once agrees to the proposal of the "friendly glass," and the three repair to a public house. Here the rich gentleman, to prove what a very rich gentleman he is, and that the story which he has told of his recent good fortune is all true, pulls out a quantity of gold pieces and bank-notes, which he duly displays before the dazzled eyes of Gull, and which he then hands over to his friend, begging him to take the same to that "party" he knows of who controls the funds of a certain investment, to have shares in which is to insure the acquirement of a large fortune. During his friend's absence the rich gentleman enlarges on the splendid nature of the investment, and frankly and cordially advises Gull, if he has any money about him, to do as he, the rich gentleman, has just done, adding, in answer to some inquiries concerning his friend's trustworthiness, which Gull—who goes in for being particularly shrewd and wide-awake—has thought it necessary to urge, that his friend is a man who may be trusted with untold gold, and that he has entire confidence in him, which he begs Gull to observe he has just proved by intrusting so large a sum of money to his friend's keeping.

The friend now comes back in high glee. He has seen the "party" and made the investment. It was lucky he went when he did, though, as the subscription-list was just closing, and after to-day it would not be possible to get "on" at any price; on hearing all which the rich gentleman expresses delight and gratitude, and once more urges Gull to invest, liberally proposing, if Gull will put down all he has about him, to lend him what may be necessary to make up a certain sum, less than which it would not be worth while to invest. To this proposal Gull, after a little hesitation, attributable to his profoundly cautious nature—on which the other congratulates him—consents, and hands over his money (supplemented by a small loan from the rich gentleman) to the obliging emissary, who acts in this case as a kind of benevolent go-between, and who goes off in a hurry with the money which he has just received, expressing great fear lest he may not be in time. After this worthy has taken his departure the crisis is not long delayed. The rich gentleman very soon begins to express anxiety at his friend's not reappearing, and volunteers to go off in search of him, bidding Gull remain where he is till he returns. Of course neither he nor his con-

federate ever do return, and the ingenious Mr. Gull sees neither his newly gained friends nor his newly lost money any more. This is an instance of only one of the forms in which this particular swindle is worked. It has many other developments. Sometimes the rich gentleman proposes a game of skittles for a large amount; sometimes he asserts that he can show a larger sum of money than anybody else, and dares our friend Gull to enter into competition with him. The result, however, is in every case the same.

Now does it not seem almost incredible that any human being, not absolutely an idiot, can be duped by such a shallow trick as any one of these, even on the very first occasion of its being tried? But when one comes to think that now, after the dodge has been worked over and over again, and over and over again exposed, people are still constantly taken in by it, one certainly does get at last to take a very hopeless view indeed of the intellectual condition of a large portion of the human race.

Another instance of this same inability, on the part of certain individuals, to profit by the experience of others, is furnished by the curious case with which a cheat of an altogether different order, whom we will call a shop-swindler, manages to cheat the proprietors of some of our large city and west-end businesses out of their property. A case illustrative of the proceedings of one of these "professors," and one which is sufficiently typical to merit quotation, occurred the other day. The professor—a lady in this case—walked into the place of business of an eminent jeweller and watchmaker in the city at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and asked to see several articles of jewelry. Her request was granted, and after a display of not more than the usual amount of indecision, a gold watch and chain, and a diamond locket—the whole worth about seven hundred and fifty dollars—were selected for purchase. So far all seems straightforward enough. It is after this point that the proceedings assume a circuitous character. The lady begins by requesting that a shopman may be sent with her to her residence to receive payment for the articles chosen, a proposal which the subordinates shrink from consenting to on their own responsibility, and which is referred to the decision of the proprietor of the business. Upon this individual our professor at once begins to practice all sorts of cajolery and mystification, showing him the card of a clergyman of his acquaintance to whom she professes to be related, and making out as well that she is well acquainted with a certain neighbor, with whom the head of the firm is on intimate terms. This gentleman—concerning whom it is narrated that "he was completely taken off his guard by the artless and simple manners" of his visitor—is at last induced to comply with her request, and in due time she drives off in a cab with the valuable property in her possession, but accompanied, as she herself had wished, by one of the shopmen. Not a very difficult undertaking this, hitherto, nor requiring any very special gifts for carrying it out. The crucial moment is, however, to come. Passing by one of

those large haberdashery and linen-drapery establishments, of which there are several in different parts of London, and which is provided with two entrances, one in a main thoroughfare, and the other in an adjacent side street, the lady with the "artless manner" stops her cab, and informing the young man who accompanies her from the jeweller's that she has a purchase to make inside, tells him that she will not keep him waiting in the cab many minutes, and then prefers the modest request that she may be allowed to take the case containing the valuables with her into the shop. On what pretext she bases this last demand does not appear in the published accounts of this most remarkable case; perhaps she represented that she was about to select a dress to be worn with the jewels, and wished to see them together; perhaps she professed herself to have become so much attached to her new purchase as not to be able to bear it out of her sight for a moment; but, whatever she alleged, the astounding fact remains on record that her demand was complied with, and that she was allowed to get out of the cab and enter the establishment with the two entrances, with the case containing the valuables in her hand.

The sequel need not be recorded. Of course, the artless one did not reappear. Of course, she made her escape—jewel-case in hand—by the side entrance; and, of course, the young man, after waiting for a certain length of time in sanguine expectation of the lady's return, became alarmed, and found out his mistake, and returned to his proprietor with the mournful intelligence that he had been most elaborately "done." "This is not the first occasion," the report of the case concludes, "on which Mr. —— has been similarly robbed."

Nor have other tradesmen in a large way of business, as a rule, fared better. There is hardly a large and prosperous establishment in any metropolis which has not more than one such instance of successful cajolery recorded on its annals. The way in which the cajolery is effected varies, no doubt. Sometimes the devoted goods are sent to a house where the gentleman who occupies the drawing-rooms, after demanding permission from the messenger, "to show them to the sick lady in the next room," passes gracefully through the folding doors into the back room, which has a door giving on the staircase, and is seen no more. Sometimes the goods are actually paid for, but with a check which, when the time comes for turning it into hard cash, proves to be wanting in some element essential to the right constitution of such a document. Sometimes the swindle is effected in one way, sometimes in another. In three respects only are its characteristics always identical. First—there is always some unusual request made. Second—the maker of such request is always especially conciliatory in his manner. Third—there is always some story narrated of that intricate and elaborate kind, to which we give the familiar title of "rigmarole."

Of course, the fear of offending important customers by injurious suspicions must make the responsibility of deciding whom to trust a sufficiently onerous one; still,

one cannot help thinking that the proprietors of these great business establishments might easily exercise a greater amount of caution than they do, and profit to a much greater extent by an attentive perusal of the police reports.

A MORAL MAN.

A STRICTLY moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I lent my friend a sum he could not pay,
I jogged his memory in a friendly way—
Then took the law of him th' affair to end—
The law to prison sent my worthy friend.
He died there—not a farthing for poor me!
I am not angry, though I've cause to be.
His debt that very moment I forgave,
And shed sad tears of sorrow o'er his grave.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I sent my slave to learn the art of dressing
Meat—he succeeded—a good cook's a blessing;
But he too oft would leave his occupation,
And gained a taste not suited to his station.
He liked to read, to reason, and discuss—
I, tired of scolding, without further fuss
Had the rogue flogged—all for the love of him:
He went and drowned himself—'twas a strange whim.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

My silly daughter fell in love one day,
And with her tutor wished to run away:
I threatened curses and pronounced my ban;
She yielded, and espoused a rich old man.
Their house was splendid, brimming o'er with wealth,
But suddenly poor Mary lost her health,
And in a year consumption wrought her doom:
She left us mourning o'er her early tomb.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PATRON SAINTS. By E. A. STARR. Baltimore. Murphy & Co., 1871. 12mo.

Studied in the spirit either of historical research or of philosophical investigation, the biography of the saints is extremely interesting. A record and a revelation, it details the life experience of the most remarkable men and women that have ever lived, whilst it unfolds the lofty principle which shaped their thoughts and found expression in their grand character. It introduces us to a class of men possible only in Christianity, that is, in the Catholic Church, which alone possesses the holiness of precept, and the ways and means of sanctity, without which precepts and aids, the saint-character, generally speaking, cannot be formed. All the saints are Catholic. Their life appeals with special Catholic force only to us.

Yet it is a saddening reflection that the lives of the saints, they whose life-revelation appeals so forcibly to the deeper elements of our spiritual being, are so hard to imitate. Despair mingles with the admiration with which we read their lives. They seem to us beings of a cast of temperament entirely different from our own. Their actions strike us as strange and fantastic, because we do not hold the key to their spirituality. A mist of visions and ecstasies surrounds them, and we can do naught but hide our faces at the foot of their Thabor. So it comes that saints are looked upon as models and ideals not to be realized. We get a misconception of the nature and workings of the Christian life. We look at the saints as the careless visitor to an art gallery views the glorious statues and the paintings, without thinking of the rough material out of which they were drawn, or of the patient steady work which brought out their beauty and splendor. Only by studying their lives do we learn that the saints were men and women like ourselves, who wrought their sanctity out of our human nature, with the graces which God is willing to bestow upon each of us, for the asking.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the reading of Miss Starr's beautiful treatise on Patron Saints. We have rarely met a nicer appreciation of the lofty spirit of the saints, or a finer expression of this appreciation, than that which we have found in this book. We hope that every Catholic will study the biography of his Patron Saint, as set forth in its pages.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. Fourth Series. Six vols., cloth extra. Containing Tales of Catholic Artists, Honor O'More's Three Homes, Sir Aelfric and Other Tales, Select Tales for the Young, Tales for the Many, Frederick Wilmot, &c. The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren St., New York.

Among the many cares that devolve on the parent there is none greater than that of training the youthful intellect. Whilst the surface is pliant, susceptible to the slightest impression, then is the time to mould the intellect into a healthy growth, then the time to lay the basis of an after vigorous thought and sentiment. How we can best attain these ends is a simple question and fortunately as simply answered. "As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined;" just so with the youth's mind—the principles it embraces in childhood will mature with the passing years and be productive of good or baneful results. After-precept and example at home, no influence, looking to the fashioning of the mind, is better exercised than that controlled by books. The two former may do much, but not all, and to supply the remainder is the mission of the publication. Of our publishing houses, The Catholic Publication Society stands amongst the foremost who are laboring to build up a juvenile literature, one in keeping with the youth's abilities and tastes—a literature peculiarly their own. A short time ago the Society commenced a series of volumes, the fourth of which is now before us. The merits of the preceding series have been highly lauded by the press, and we cannot but repeat the same for the fourth.

We have carefully read these six little volumes, and we cannot say here, for want of space, what we would in their praise, for we could write many pages in illustration of their worth. We cannot compare them with the general juvenile literature of the day, for we would be doing the Society's publications an injustice. Highly interesting, lifelike, and instructive, these latter do not exceed the bounds of reality. Exaggeration, a marked feature too often of volumes of this class, is wanting here; but, on the contrary, the young reader makes the acquaintance of those whom he can imitate as well as admire. Here he is taught to look higher than the mere page, to entertain loftier aspirations than those offered by an unreal heroism, or the startling adventure, for, with the beautifully pictured narrative is blended the sweet aroma of pure morality and good example. For true entertainment, unflagging interest, and a beautiful style, the fourth series is remarkably prominent. On these its merits we cheerfully commend it to the public, and hope it will receive the patronage it so deservedly demands.

MODERN HISTORY; FROM THE COMING OF CHRIST AND CHANGE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC INTO AN EMPIRE TO THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1867. With questions adapted to the use of schools. By PETER FREDET, D.D., Professor of History in Saint Mary's College, Baltimore, &c., &c. 25th edition, carefully revised, enlarged, and improved. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 1870.

History should truly be "the witness of ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of life, the interpreter of the past;" but how often are these, the necessary qualifications of the historian's work, wanting or grossly prostituted to base use and evil intentions by prejudice or calumny? On every hand we may take up histories purporting to narrate truthfully, to be actuated by no bias, to discard partisan views, but scarcely have we entered rightly into the perusal of a volume, when we are sadly disappointed in the expectations we are led to look for from the falsified preface. Especially is this the case when an event in the religious world is at issue. Regardless of the feelings or interests of the reader and irrespective of all argument and proof, the personal judgment and long-nourished prejudices of the author are brought to bear upon his conclusions. There it rests a standing memorial of the writer's bigotry, and an insult to those who profess the religion whose motives have been so unjustly maligned. Justice, without which no tribunal is anything but a mockery, is seldom a characteristic of these judgments. A mind fashioned in the school of a Hume or a Gibbon, whose writtings teem with partiality, intolerance, and even irreligion, cannot but imbibe the principles of its masters; but want of candor and partiality is diametrically opposed to the composition of a history which of necessity must be "the torch of truth, the faithful interpreter of the past." So much more acceptable then becomes a history that can advocate with sincerity these latter essential elements and challenge a review.

Fredet's Modern History, long used and thoroughly tested by many of our colleges and schools, comes to us quite enlarged and improved in many respects. Its general merits are too well known to be further commented on by us; and that the work is appreciated and has achieved a well-deserved popularity is apparent, since the work has already passed through twenty-five editions. The present and latest edition is conveniently divided into eight parts, and embraces a period dating from the coming of Christ to our own time. After the history proper follows a series of notes, valuable to the student, being brief yet successful answers to many of the disputed questions and misrepresentations of other times. A short defence of the temporal dominion of the Pope, a few pages on Religious Persecution, a word or two about the Inquisition, that so-called "offspring of papal ambition and ecclesiastical tyranny," and an account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, are the principal of these notes, and give an idea of their worth. These notes are supplemented by "tables of contem-

porary sovereigns," and a "chronological table of memorable events and remarkable personages;" the former embracing a period commencing with the reign of Cæsar Augustus, and reaching to the time of Napoleon III; the latter extending from the battle of Actium, B.C. 81, to A.D. 1867. Questions here again follow, most useful to the teacher, removing much labor that must otherwise be undergone, and so adapted as to correspond "exactly with the order and number of the paragraphs belonging to each successive page of the volume." Fredet's Modern History is a valuable auxiliary to our text-books, being truthful, impartial, and accurate throughout. Of these its particular merits, besides the neat and substantial form of the book in general, as issued by the publishers, we can speak with the greatest confidence, whilst the name of the writer must recommend it to all.

ANCIENT HISTORY; FROM THE DISPERSION OF THE SONS OF NOE TO THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM AND CHANGE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC INTO AN EMPIRE. By PETER FREDET, D.D. 22d edition, revised, enlarged, and improved. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 1870.

The author, aware of the peculiar interest that attends the study of the remote ages, has taken extra care and spared neither time nor trouble in writing his history, consulting the best authorities and sources of information. Following the method adopted by the ablest historians, he does not treat of a people or nation separately, but gives a grand, general view of the whole, as more conductive to convenience, and a better idea of the mutual relations that the nations of antiquity bore to each other. . . . "It must also be confessed," says Polybius, a Greek historian, "that particular relations are by no means capable of yielding any clear or extensive view into general history; and that the only method which can render this kind of study both entertaining and instructive, is that which draws together all the several events, and ranges them in their due place and order, distinguishing also their connection and their difference." Not too detailed, therefore, yet avoiding the opposite extreme, the author has kept in view the leisure of the student or reader, and made at once the study of his work and the retention of the knowledge acquired in the memory, comparatively easy. The present volume is divided into seven parts or epochs, six of which embrace an interval of about twenty-two centuries. The religion, laws and polity, arts, manners and customs of the nations of the past are noticed in their place in the body of the history, whilst a special treatise, making the seventh part, is devoted to the same subjects towards the close of the work. An appendix is added containing much valuable information, being illustrations or convincing proofs of the positions the author has assumed in treating of certain important questions. As in the Modern History, there is also a table of memorable events and a lengthy series of questions for the use of the teacher. In fine, the greatest regularity, care, and skill have been displayed in the preparation of this latest edition. Fredet's two histories — Ancient and Modern — together, "present a complete history of the civilized world throughout the whole duration of its existence from the creation down to our own time, a space of 5854 years. It is comprised in two large 12mo. volumes of nearly equal size, and containing jointly upwards of a thousand pages."

THE TRUCE OF GOD. By G. H. MILES. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., 1871.

Mr. Miles has been long known to the literary world by his sketches, poems, and stories. The reputation which he deservedly enjoys will be increased by his last book. The Truce of God is an historical novel, descriptive of an interesting era in the history of the Church, and of a peculiarly mediæval institution. We trust that this graceful, vigorous writer may continue to instruct and delight us, by such productions as the one before us. Messrs. Murphy have issued the book in beautiful style.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. I, No. 4.—AUGUST, 1871.

THE CHURCH, THE ABIDING MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST.

THERE is one difference between the Catholic and the Protestant modes of worship which is eminently characteristic of the two creeds. We Catholics believe that Christ is really and truly present in the Church, not only under the sacramental guise, in every material temple in which the Holy Eucharist is kept, but also in His Spirit and power, in the spiritual Church, which He guides in all her ways, and makes His visible, abiding presence on earth. This faith imparts peculiar solemnity and impressiveness to all her public devotions, and gives to her prayers that remarkable force and expressiveness which partly remains, even when uttered by a Protestant sect which has rejected the faith that inspired them. But the religious services of Protestantism are either merely commemorative of Christ, or expressive of the hope that He will bless "those here assembled." The idea that Christ is so intimately present to the Church, that she forms one with Him,* is to a Protestant, unintelligible. His idea of the Church is a gathering of men to worship God, hear a sermon, from which he is free to dissent, sing a hymn, and then solemnly retire to the tune of a grand march played by a first-class organist.

If the minister (who generally preaches "On the Delights of Friendship," or "What I Saw in Texas," or "Two Political Rings," or "Romanism in America"), condescends to preach on the gospel, he views Christ only under the historical aspect. He talks about Him, much after the manner of a biographer. Between Christ and himself exactly eighteen hundred and seventy-one years intervene. He goes into calculations to fix the precise date of the birth and the death of our Lord. He tells the congregation the number of miracles wrought by Christ, number of sermons preached, probable number of souls converted, number of square miles in Galilee, and so forth. He explains the meaning of proverbial expressions made use of by Christ "to accommodate Himself to the rude minds

* Eph. 4.

of His hearers," and, if he wishes to be astonishingly learned, he traces many of Christ's sayings to the Talmudic writings, the Cabala, to Confucius, and other Chinese sages. He speaks gushingly of the great impetus given by Christ to the "good which is in humanity;" of faith, justification, and sanctification in and through Him alone; of His peculiar personality and divinity; words and phrases which leave rather undefined impressions on the mind of a hearer unacquainted with the "peculiar" meaning which the minister attaches to them. He regards Christ as one whose mission and ministry ended with His mortal life. He deems absurd the idea that Christ is continuing in the world to-day, His mission and offices, as truly and as efficaciously as when He spoke from the mount, forgave the sins of the paralytic, or died on the cross. Even if he believes in His divinity, he, nevertheless, scouts such a notion.

But to the Church, Christ is not a mere historic personage who lived and died so many centuries ago; whose life has long since merged into the ever-flowing tide of all human life. No, He lives forever in the Church. All her services point to Him as real, living, present. She makes the circling seasons tell the story of His life, so that year by year, we worship at His crib, listen to His teachings, follow Him in His sufferings, weep at His tomb, rejoice in His resurrection, and gaze upon Him ascending. And if, like the Christians of St. John Chrysostom's day, we are at times inclined to say: "Ah! that we had lived in His day, had touched His robe or kissed His feet, or felt His hand in benediction upon our heads," we console ourselves with the faith of the saint: "Lo, He is in the Church. Through her he still speaks to us, still blesses us. She is His abiding Epiphany upon the earth."

This faith in the perpetuation of Christ's mission in the Church is in full harmony with the conception of His divinity. It is in beautiful accord with our idea of His infinite love for men, that He devised a plan by which He could always remain with us, not only as our Food, as the Bread whereof he that eats shall not taste death,* but also as our Teacher, Saviour, Guide, Shepherd, Priest, King, and Lawgiver. The Church, for which He died that He might make it wholly pure and spotless, must image Him far more perfectly than the material universe which is strewed with traces of His presence and power. It is a characteristic of all the divine works, that they thus reflect their Creator. The imprint of the creative hand lies clear and broad upon the face of the whole earth. The divine wisdom is revealed in the exquisite order and harmony that prevail in the creation; in the unswerving precision with which countless planets perform their revolutions; in the careful adjustment of means to ends which the economy of creation manifests. God's omnipotence is faintly seen in the mighty convulsions that sometimes shake His worlds; in the potent sway of the wind and sea currents which He at times sets free. His bounty is shown in the copious largesses of light and life and happiness in which His entire creation rejoices. His infinite beauty gleams in the beauties of animate and in-

* John 6.

animate life, in the splendors of the day, and the glories of the night. Profounder revelations of Him are furnished by the human soul which He made in His image and likeness, and which, in its simplicity and threefold power, shadows forth the Trinity of Persons subsisting in the one divine nature.

So is it fair to infer that the Church, the greatest of His works in the spiritual order, is filled with His presence. We naturally look for fuller manifestations of Him in the spiritual than in the material creation, because, being a spirit, He is best seen in His spiritual works. If the heavens show forth His power and the earth reveals His handiwork, the Church also should evidence that the hand which made her is divine. If the sea lifts up its voice of many waters in testimony to its Creator's majesty, the Church should, far more clearly, reveal Him to men. If the sun is so manifestly His work that He calls it His throne, her setting forth of His royalty and glory should be correspondingly great.

So it is. No object in the material world bears so direct a relation to Him as she. When the young earth lay before Him, in all its primal loveliness, He pronounced it good. When He created the Church and doweried her with her prerogatives and powers, her beauty moved Him to call her His bride. So perfect is her union with Him that her voice and acts are His. No mere handmaid, she; but His vicegerent and representative; Himself still in the world.

The limited space given us in a magazine article, prevents us from considering more than three of the offices or functions of Christ which are perpetuated in the Church, viz., His priestly, teaching, and redemptorial offices. The Church has succeeded Him as the priest, teacher, and Saviour of the human race.

We find the Church's perpetuation of Christ's priesthood foretold by the Psalmist: "Thou art a priest *forever*, according to the order of Melchisedech."* The mention of the Priest-King of Salem recalls the character of his sacrifice which is described in Genesis 14. Abraham, returning victor from war, is met by Melchisedech, who, "because he was a priest of the Most High God," offered bread and wine in sacrifice. This oblation typified the Eucharistic sacrifice of that Priest according to the Melchisedechian rite, who, on the night of His betrayal, took bread and wine, blessed, and gave them to His disciples, saying: "Take, eat, drink; this is my body, this is my blood." But as the Psalmist declares that He is a priest of Melchisedech's order *forever*, so was it necessary that He should, for all time, offer the selfsame sacrifice of bread and wine, changed into His body and blood. We find Him accordingly associating his Apostles with Himself in His eternal priesthood, and commanding them to do what He had done, to offer sacrifice as He had offered it, forever, or, as St. Paul says, to show forth in this sacrifice the death of the Lord, until He come.† Christ, therefore, in the person of His Apostles and their successors, was to stand forever at the altar of the Church, and from the rising to the going down

* Ps. 109. † Cor. 11.

of the sun, to offer a pure oblation to His Eternal Father.* Day by day the Church was to ascend the altar of God and bless the chalice of benediction, which is the communion of the blood of Christ, and break the bread, which is a partaking of the body of the Lord.† Day by day, Christ, priest, and victim fulfils His pontifical function in the Church, by changing the bread into the body which was given for us, and the wine into the blood which was shed for the remission of sins.‡

Christ, the Priest, thus offering daily sacrifice in the Church, gives to His Eucharistic sacrifice all the properties of the one He made on Calvary, except that as now "risen He dieth no more," His death is mystic, His oblation unbloody. But in both sacrifices the same blood is poured out for us; the same victim pleads for us. Like the sacrifice on Calvary, the Mass is propitiatory, not in this sense, that any new price is paid for our redemption, different from that paid on the Cross; but in this sense, that the blood which was then spilled for the sins of men is again offered in the chalice, whilst its saving efficacy is applied to our souls.

The second office which Christ continues through His Church, is that of the teacher of men. She has taken His place on earth as our doctor and instructor in all spiritual things. A leading object of His mission was the instruction of the whole human family. He could not visibly remain with us forever, so He gave this mission to the Church. "As the Father sent me, so I send you. Going, therefore, teach all nations."* She was thus appointed His representative, and invested with full power to teach and expound His doctrines and laws. Through her ministry, His Gospel was to be preached to every creature. No matter in what century or land he lives, a man can place himself in full, direct communication with Christ the teacher, if he can but hear the Church; for hearing her, he hears the Lord.† In the excess of His love for us, he bestowed upon the Church the Spirit that would teach her all truth.‡ Gathered together in council, her prelates have His assurance that He is in the midst of them.§ But with that tender, wise foresight which He shows in all His dealings with us, He bestowed upon one of His Apostles, the chief of them all, special gifts of teaching and guiding. He saw that, in the nature of things, general councils could not hold perpetual session, nor be assembled without difficulty and delay, particularly at times when their action was most necessary; so He constituted St. Peter, and in Peter each of his successors, an ever-present tribunal of doctrine and discipline. He made him the universal doctor of the Church, the pastor over the whole flock.‖ In this way He provided a teacher to whom the faithful in all ages might have recourse, as to the confirmer of their faith.¶

Like Christ, the Church teaching is visible. He taught His truths orally. His faith comes by hearing.** He said nothing about "interior lights" which illumine men's

* Mal. 1. † 1 Cor. 10. ‡ Luke 22.

* John 20; Matt. 28. † Luke 10. ‡ John 14. § Matt. 18. ‖ John 21. ¶ Luke 22. ** Rom. 10.

minds in His doctrines: He never spoke about "internal words" or "seeds," or the Spirit, as the manner or instrument of instructing men in His Gospel. His doctrines were to be preached. His Church, the guardian and upholder of His law, was to be the light—the city seated on a hill, the house built on the rock of Peter, a visible man, speaking to men.* For a similar reason, the manner of the Church's teaching was to be by word of mouth. Christ wrote no books, nor did He even counsel His Apostles to write them Preaching was the way He appointed. This was the plan adapted to all conditions of men, and consequently adopted by Him who was the teacher of all men. The idea that He intended that men should learn His doctrine from a book is a grievous insult to His infinite wisdom. Such a mode of teaching would limit the usefulness of His ministry to the learned few, and these would be liable to wrest the silent, dead writing to their own destruction. No; His teaching Church succeeded Him as the teacher of men. Like Him, she *speaks* to the multitudes, and her *words* are the words of eternal life.

As Christ's teaching was infallible, so is that of the Church. It could not be otherwise, seeing that she is the continuer of His teaching mission. Like Him she is also one, mysteriously showing forth in the divine and the human elements that compose her, the two natures which unite in the Person of the Word. She is Catholic, not only because she exists in all ages and nations, but also because, like her Founder, she teaches all truth, is sent to all men, and prays for and blesses all the children of men, even those without her pale, Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, and Pagan.

The third office which Christ perpetuates in the Church, is His redemptorial or saving mission. He has made the Church the dispenser and almoner of all His spiritual benefits. He has appointed her mistress of all external graces. Through His sacraments, the administrations of which He has confided to her, He sanctifies men. It is her hand that pours the baptismal water which washes away the original stain. She, by this sacrament, opens to men the door of Christ's fold, bestows upon them His inheritance, and gives them a right to participate in all His blessings. In the chrism of Confirmation, wherewith she signs the baptized, He imparts His Spirit of knowledge and piety, strength and constancy, wisdom and holy fear. She gives Him really present in the Holy Communion. She, by His appointment and authority, absolves our sins as truly and as efficaciously as He Himself absolved the sins of the Magdalen, or of the penitent thief. Her absolution is no mere declaration or exhortation, but it is a truly judicial act, a pardon properly so-called, a valid, efficacious remission of sin. Such was His care for us, such His desire to bring to us full assurance of sin forgiven that He bestowed this great power upon men: nay, such was His humility and condescension that He has made his own pardon of our offences dependent and conditional upon their remission by the Church: "Whose sins you shall *have* forgiven, shall be

* Matt. 16; Ib. 5.

forgiven."* In Extreme Unction, He stands by our death-bed, to anoint us with the oil of gladness and strength, to purify us yet more from our iniquities and cleanse us from our sins, that being in nothing defiled, we may enter into eternal rest. He has also made over to St. Peter and his successors, the keys of His kingdom.† His priceless merits and those of the saints are under their keeping. Out of this overflowing treasury Peter bestows spiritual blessings upon the poor and needy of his Lord's flock. Even His departed children that are no longer capable of availing themselves of these indulgences, are not, on this account, wholly removed from the sphere of the Church's gracious ministration. She pleads with her spouse for their relief, and places in the hands of her children, ways and means of aiding their deceased and suffering brethren.

Thus does the Church supply the place of Christ on earth. In her He is always on earth, going about doing good, performing miracles, fulfilling the work to which the Father appointed Him. Any view of the Christian Church which does not take in this idea of the abiding presence and working of Christ in the Church, is plainly out of harmony with the teachings of Scripture and reason's own conception of the way in which Christ would carry out the scope and plan of His great mission. But as such a view of the Christian Church is a direct condemnation of the sects, which have separated from her as idolatrous and unclean, we are not surprised to find the majority of the Protestant creeds teaching the invisibility of Christ's Church, or reducing her to a mere society with nothing divine or supernatural in her composition.

It is objected to this Catholic view of the Church, that it thrusts the Church between the sinner and his Saviour. The sinner must go to a priest to get absolution. His salvation is made to depend upon his fellowship with the Church. The Church makes him pray after a set form. She will not let him interpret his Bible. She interferes, legislates, meddles in all a man's relations with his Creator. Such interference contradicts the "free gospel scheme of salvation to all that ask it. It does violence to plain texts of Scripture which promise salvation to all in Christ Jesus, without money or price, mass books, holy water, rosaries, or such like mummery."

To this we may answer, that if there is any "thrusting" of the Church between the sinner and the Saviour, it is Christ himself that "thrusts," for it was He that founded her, and constituted her the guardian and teacher of His doctrines, and the "dispenser of the mysteries of God."* If the absolution of sin depends on the conditions He established, the sinner, if he has any love for his Saviour, will comply with them. If she will not let him interpret the Bible contrary to her mind, it is because Christ has made *her* not the sinner or the Bible, the judge and interpreter of His doctrines. If she legislates, interferes, and decides in all a man's relations with his Creator, it is because the Creator

* John 20; Matt. 18. † Matt. 16. * 1 Cor. 4.

has declared that He will be with her all days; that hearing her we hear Him, that refusing to hear her likens us to the heathen that knoweth not God. The Gospel plan of salvation is the plan marked out by Christ when He made His Church the pillar and the ground of truth, His organ and mouth-piece, His bride, His body, Himself, in a word, manifested through her to all peoples and lands forever.

The denial of the abiding presence of Christ in the Holy Church explains the shallow meagre Christology which Protestantism teaches. By limiting His mission to the three and thirty years of His earthly life, and teaching that the Bible has replaced Him as the Teacher, it has immeasurably belittled His power and majesty. We do not wonder that the faith in His divinity is yearly becoming fainter among the sects; that Unitarianism and Spiritism grow apace, or that biographies of Christ are written by ministers, who ignore the orthodox conception of His divinity, whilst speaking sentimentally of the influence which His great life has exerted on all men who, "*like* Him, feel the divinity within them." It is a sad, humiliating thought that men like Carlyle and Renan are for modern Protestantism what Luther and Calvin were for the ancient. The latter, with all their errors and vices, held fast to the cardinal Christian doctrine of the proper divinity of the Lord Jesus; whilst the former with their "hero worship" and their "sublime lives," are in truth, sneering antichrists.

But the Church, in which He dwells all days, will forever cleave to her spouse in a bond which neither man nor demon can put asunder. Peter's confession of faith in His godhead is uttered to-day by Peter's successor, in as clear, firm tones as when it came from the grace-illumined soul of the Prince of the Apostles. She, who represents Him as the Priest, Teacher, and Saviour of the human race, will never cease offering her pure oblation, teaching His law, and scattering the blessings of His redemption upon the world.

TIME.

O THE dark days of vanity! while here;
How tasteless and how terrible when gone.
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns,
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,—
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

It was night, the great city still. The echo of hurrying feet had died away, and the moonlight was falling on a house, under whose roof one heart was throbbing with a sorrow too deep for tears.

The clock on the stairs had struck hour after hour, and Marion Gray, after trying in vain to sleep, rose at last, and pressing her face against the window-pane, stood for awhile gazing into the quiet night. Then she clasped her hands, and her lips were tremulous with whispered prayers, as with soft tread she passed from the room and along the moonlit corridor until she paused at a door, which she opened cautiously, for there her child was sleeping.

The dimpled hands were stretched above Eva's curly head; the little white teeth just peeped from beneath the red lips; and as the mother pressed a kiss upon the broad white brow, the child murmured her name.

Then Marion knelt down by the little bed, her lips quivering, her eyes filling; and covering her face with her hands, the agonized prayer went up to God, "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me."

It was a fearful struggle. The choice had been given her, either to renounce her religious faith, or home and her child; and her decision had been made. Every preparation was completed, and the last night had come for her in the handsome and luxurious home to which James Gray had brought her as his bride five years before.

He had been very good to her during those five years — stern, proud man though he was—until the change in her faith had made this breach between them.

Never did man live who had a more deeply-rooted hatred of the Catholic Church and its teachings than James Gray. If Marion persisted in her adherence to it, she was no longer his wife save in name—no longer fit to act as a mother to her child; so he had said.

Something of this Marion had foreseen when she told her secret. She knew it would bring her sorrow—*might* bring separation from those she best loved; but there was no room for choice; it must be "God first," and he would not lay upon her more than she could bear. So she accepted her husband's decision without a word of reproach, although her face told something of the secret agony she had passed through.

Now the parting with Eva had come. When the child awoke, Marion would be gone. This was the last time she should watch that innocent, sleeping face; and who would make up to the little one for the absence of her mother?

Money would surround her with comfort, friends might be numerous and kind, yet Eva would want "mamma"—call for her and cry for her many a day and night until she was forgotten.

Ah! in that lay the sharpest sting of the separation—in the certainty that her own child would soon forget her.

But there was still the possibility of retracting; she might yet spare herself this heart-wrench. But directly she pressed down and crushed the rising temptation.

The footprints of Jesus are in the narrow path of suffering; Marion's head must bend to meet its crown of thorns; for far above the rough, steep heights shone out the promise which lured her onward: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The struggle ended then. All earthly longing and regret were laid down at the foot of the Cross, and Marion grew calmer as she stooped to kiss once more the sleeping child.

"Mary, my Mother and hers, to you I commend her. Keep her for me," she whispered.

Once more Eva murmured "Mamma," as if in a dream; and then Marion Gray went back to her solitary room to wait for the morning.

Her eyes wandered round, resting upon its comforts, every article of use and ornament having a history of its own—some association connected with her married life. It was here that Eva had been put into her arms, a tiny, feeble thing, the touch of whose velvet fingers had roused the depth of mother-love in Marion's heart, when the child's father had bent proudly over the little one, blessing God for his gift.

From this room a little coffin had been carried not long before, wherein they had lain their second-born child. Bitter tears had been shed when Marion looked her last upon the tiny marble face. *Now* she could say, "It is well."

Later still, that room had been the scene of many a stormy mental conflict, many a torturing vigil, where—first of all reluctantly, but so irresistibly—she had been led on, through a maze of doubts and difficulties and disbelief, to God's truth.

Here, too, had been that interview with her husband, when he had turned from her with anger, and bidden her know well her mind and understand the consequences that would follow her persistence in "the delusion," as he termed it, that had come upon her.

Time had been given her before the final decision, which should either reunite or separate them. It had come to an end, and Mr. Gray's face was inexorable as he heard her say calmly that she could not give up her faith. So she was going. In the early morning she had arranged to leave her home, before Eva was up or the household stirring.

The long night passed away, and the first faint streaks of light appeared in the east, a deepening tinge all over the sky, and then the sun shone out brilliantly, heralding a glorious summer day. Just then the servant who was to attend her on her journey tapped at the door, to remind her mistress that it was morning—that in less than an hour the carriage that was to take her away would be at the door.

By and by there was a sound of wheels grating on the gravelled carriage-way, and boxes were carried down quietly. Marion waited with throbbing heart, for she heard her husband's step along the corri-

downward path into which she had been beguiled. Therefore her concern for the safety of little Eva was not surprising, nor was it strange she should feel such an entire approbation of the step her brother had taken in banishing Marion.

Mrs. Danvers and her brother had been brought up in the most strict old-fashioned way of religious dissent. Sunday was to them the dreariest day of the week. As soon as they were dressed in the morning, they were sat down, Catechism in hand, to commit a given portion to memory before breakfast. Then there were hymns, and texts, and commandments to repeat, until the time when they were taken to the chapel, to listen to the minister disentangling knotty theological points, or settling the destination of the heathen, and other instructive and enlightening topics; during which the younger part of the congregation indulged in sleep, from which they were with difficulty roused by jerks, and frowns, and admonitions from their parents, who enjoyed "the discourse." Small wonder that the prospect held out to them of it "being always Sunday in heaven" seemed dreary, and James Gray in his very juvenile days had declared his wish not to go there. Since then, although he did not carry out the rigid rule of his parents, he professed, as his sister did, a determined opinion that religious truth and the Baptist creed were synonymous, and it was thought a very serious case of backsliding by the members of his church when he married Marion Rivers, who boldly averred herself one of the most advanced of the Anglican Church party.

Perhaps each had thought to win the other to their particular view; but it was not possible, and for a long time there had been a tacit agreement to take their different ways in silence, and grieve over their divided feelings in secret. Notwithstanding this, Mr. and Mrs. Gray had lived happily together in so far as all else was concerned. Eva was yet too young for any difficulty as to her religious education to arise, and each one, in thinking of it, endeavored to put off the evil day of discussion. But as Marion struggled on towards the light, nearer and nearer, until with one bright vivid illumination from the Holy Spirit she saw that the Roman Church alone is the one true Church of God, a great insurmountable barrier grew up between them, which, when she declared her changed belief, resulted in the separation from those she best loved.

The news made a profound sensation at the Baptist chapel James Gray went to. They alluded to it in public and in private. The minister improved the occasion in a sermon of warning to his flock against the insidious advances of the enemy of souls, and all agreed with Mrs. Danvers that Mr. Gray could not have acted differently; and he was raised to a martyr's place in their esteem, as one who had given up his nearest and dearest for the truth. It never occurred to them how much was attributable to his inflexible will, which would not take back the sentence spoken in the heat of passion.

"Afflictions come not out of the ground," said Mrs. Berry, the min-

ister's wife, who waylaid him outside the chapel on the occasion of his first appearance there after the exciting news had become public.

"I trust you are able to feel resigned under this heavy dispensation. I have a very sweet little book at home I will send you, and you know we shall *all* pray for the poor wanderer, that she may be brought back to the fold. You *know* this, my dear friend," repeated Mrs. Berry, grasping Mr. Gray convulsively by the hand.

He thanked her with a silent bow; he had no words ready. It hurt his pride to stand there marked out for comment and sympathy; it hurt him that Marion, his Marion, should be prayed for, and spoken of as a "poor wanderer." It was with a feeling of disgust that he escaped to his home, and shutting himself in his library, refused to be seen by one of the friends who besieged the door—even Mr. Berry himself, bearing the "sweet little book," which was brought in with that gentleman's "Christian regards and sympathy."

Next day Beechfield was shut up, and James Gray out of town; so the answer was to all inquiries.

Mrs. Danvers shook her head mysteriously, and whispered, "My poor brother!—crushed by this blow, my dear, utterly crushed," when she was questioned.

Little Eva cried bitterly when first she was introduced to the strange rooms and strange faces surrounding her at her aunt's; but she grew used to the change, and was won over by the gifts of sweetmeats, and dolls, and playthings that came like rain upon her. Every one who went to the Baptist chapel—every one, that is, on visiting terms with Mrs. Danvers—came to see the little one and weep over her, bearing some token of commiseration for her deserted state which she was capable of appreciating.

There was much less excitement amidst Mrs. Gray's former High-Church friends. "Another gone over," they would say, looking round as if to decide who would be the next to pass the Rubicon, and leave the shadows of truth for the truth itself. And so with them it was but a nine days' wonder, and not so very great a wonder either.

Chapter III.

A week or so had passed since Mrs. Gray had left her home. For the first few days she had moved and spoken like one stunned by some crushing weight of trouble; but gradually the sharpness of pain was softening into a quieter sorrow, and she was outwardly so calm, that no stranger could have guessed how fierce an ordeal she was passing through.

Was she, then, forgetting? Ah, no, else she had not turned away with a stifled sob as some glimpse of sunny curls and bright eyes awoke the deep longing of her heart for Eva, as some sweet baby voice recalled the ringing laugh of the little one so far away. Had she forgotten, there would not have been the torturing dreams, the sorrowful awakening, and the sleepless tearful vigils that made her cheeks grow pale and her eyes dim. No, Marion was not forgetting. The natural habit of her mind was to be quiet and self-controlled; and then,

she was learning at the foot of the Cross that best of lessons—to endure.

The days went by in the unchanging monotony of sorrow. It was a quiet little village by the seashore which Marion had chosen as a temporary home until she was able with some calmness to plan wisely for her future.

Just a little way from the sea, there had been built a small Catholic church only a few years before; yet during that short time it had brought changes and blessings to the village.

There was still ignorance and prejudice, indifference and vice there; but not a few of those who once paid no reverence to Sunday, but passed it in a more godless manner even than other days, might now be seen kneeling at the Holy Sacrifice, not only on Sundays, but on many other mornings too. Marion spent hours in that little church. When her trouble pressed most heavily, it rested her to go into the Presence of our Lord, who knew how hard it was to bear, and telling her grief to him, listen for his voice, which should speak peace to her heart.

When the day drew near its close, Marion would go down to the shore, and watch the sun as it sank lower, lower, slowly, and more slowly, until suddenly it was gone; and then the hills stood out clearer and darker, and next grew shadowy and indistinct, as the last lingering streak of crimson faded, and the gray sky deepened into night; then sea and sky seemed one, and all was hushed and still. So, with her thoughts raised to God and His almighty love by the calm soothing of nature, Marion would go quietly back home to pray.

One night, when she returned, a letter was waiting for her. It was not a frequent occurrence, for, after the first angry protest against her faith had been written by all her friends, they left her alone: argument, remonstrance, invective, and persuasion being alike useless, they had given her up as past cure, so letters came no more. So Marion was surprised to recognize the handwriting of an aunt, who had only just heard of her isolation, and had written directly to her.

"I do not profess the Catholic faith," she said; "I prefer my own broad free views; but, Marion, if you love it, *keep to it*, for it is a grand noble faith, and has sweetness for wounded hearts. If all turn from you, never care; go on quietly and firmly, and, by and by, those very ones may bend before you. Why did you not come straight to me? I am alone, and you are alone; why can we not be together?"

Why not? Marion mused over it far into the night, and next day a letter was written to say in a week she would be at Woodbridge. So once more she was travelling farther and farther from her rightful home,—this time alone, for she sent back her maid to London.

Marion wanted to fall in with the simple ways of her aunt's little household as she had done in happy childish days, and she would not really need a personal attendant there.

So Lucy went back to the half-deserted house, where part of the servants were still retained, to report that Mrs. Gray "was just fret-

ting herself to death for Miss Eva; she grew paler and thinner every day; and when she was dead and buried, master would have to answer for it."

The domestic mind was unanimous in blaming Mr. Gray for the recent occurrences which had so entirely disturbed the household. They declared they "had no patience with him. If Mrs. Gray liked to be a Catholic, why should she not please herself? She was the nicest lady that ever breathed, and a deal kinder than master."

It was midday when Marion reached Woodbridge. Hardly a cloud to be seen, only flecks of softest white crossing the blue sky; there was a soft whispering breeze stirring the leaves of the tall trees; the busy hum of insects, the sweet singing of the birds, all spoke of gladness, and the little village looked its best and brightest as if to welcome her. And yet the very brilliancy of the day made her sad. Marion's was not one of those simple sorrows that exhaust themselves, which are forgotten as the emotion passes, and are displaced by newer images being impressed upon the mind; besides, she could not but contrast her present coming to Woodbridge with her last visit just before her marriage. Everything seemed the same, as if those five years had been as five days, as far as regarded any outward change; and yet she herself so altered. When she had bidden her aunt good-bye, and looking back to the little rose-wreathed cottage had waved her hand in farewell, with face bright as was the hope in her heart, the future had seemed to be gloriously happy. Surely they were mistaken who said life was sad, and troubles would surely come; so she had thought in those days of unclouded brightness.

Only five years, and she had come back to Woodbridge with the glow all faded from her horizon! When looking forward, it seemed that she must always be content to walk now in the cold gray shadows of life; its sunshine was not for her. She had made her trial of its allurements, and she had failed in the trying. But only as far as this life is concerned. Weak as her trust might sometimes be, tremblingly and falteringly as she trod the rough path of sorrow, the faith was hidden securely in her heart which whispered of hope and reward, even when the clouds seemed most threatening and the storm most heavy.

It eased her heart to talk of Eva. At first she had shrunk from speaking her name; but after the first allusion, which had seemed to touch the hidden spring, and made her lips tremble, and her eyes suffuse with tears, the chord of sympathy had been struck, and she never wearied of talking of her darling. So the fount of her sorrow was opened, and she was better for it.

Through the medium of her husband's solicitor, she heard occasionally that the child was well and happy. Not a word came from Mrs. Danvers; for to her Marion was as much lost as if the grass had been growing over her; "Better if it had been so," she would say sometimes.

Meantime, Mr. Gray lived a life of perfect misery. He had left the house which he thought aroused the memory of his wife, which he

would gladly have crushed; but he found it was not in the house, but in his heart, and he could not escape it. Go where he might—in the business of life, with all its engrossing cares, in the silence of night, waking or in fitful troubled dreams—he seemed haunted by the sorrowful expression of her eyes, as they had rested on him when they had parted. His friends and business acquaintances noted the change that came over him; some pitied, some blamed, but all agreed that he was a miserable man.

Once he had travelled down to Woodbridge. Not to seek a meeting with his wife—O, no! he could not have borne that and yet kept inflexible in his decision—only just to have a glimpse of her, to see for himself how she was looking, whether her sorrow was killing her, as her maid had reported it would do. But he did not know how to manage it. From inquiries he made at the little country inn where he lodged during his brief stay—inquiries which had been so hard to make with an unmoved face and unfaltering voice—he heard that the ladies at Elm Cottage rarely went beyond the garden; only that one, the visitor from London, who looked so ill, poor thing, went every day over the fields to the little church the Catholics had built, which was a good step for her to go.

He *must* see her; that he determined. He had not taken a journey of so many miles to be disappointed. Rather than that, he would even go inside the church, although he would have made a vow, not long before, that nothing in life would ever cause him to set foot in such a place.

And so he did. A strange unaccountable feeling came over him as he stepped inside the doorway. Only a few poor country-folks were there, for it was evidently too soon for the commencement of their service. It was very quiet and still, and as Mr. Gray looked round, he fancied how Marion might come there to weep out all her grief, and get peace and rest. Its hush and silence might give that, he acknowledged.

He sat down in the darkest corner, where he thought he might best pass unobserved, and almost directly a quiet footstep sounded at his side. Some one was coming close to him, and the thrill that went through his heart told him it was Marion even before he glanced towards her. Next minute she was kneeling almost within his reach, but slightly in advance, so that as she drew back her veil, he saw her face. O, how changed, how sad, how white! *That* the bright blooming girl whom he had promised to love and protect while life should last? And he was killing her! Yes, he seemed to see it all now—all his pride and cruel sternness, and what might come of it.

His misery was more than he could bear just then. With noiseless tread he left the little church, went back over the sunny fields to the village, settled with the landlady at the country inn, and was off back to London, to try and banish from his mind the changed face he had looked on that day.

The next time he took his usual seat in the Baptist chapel, he felt somewhat of a culprit. Had the good people there present known of that secret visit to a Catholic

church, it is probable that Mr. Berry would have denounced him openly from the pulpit. It would have been well, perhaps, had it so happened.

Chapter IV.

"Marion, I am not easy about you. I know your trial is a crushing one, but you ought not to look as you do. I must beg you to have medical advice," said Mrs. Percival to her niece one day.

It was autumn then—the swallows had all gone south; a few of the last red leaves still clung to the old trees round Woodbridge, but at every gust a shower of them fell upon the thickly-strewn paths, and winter was drawing very near.

Marion Gray seemed fading as the summer faded. With no particular ailment, she yet grew whiter and weaker and quieter, until at length there came a sudden conviction to the kind old relative who watched her, that she was dying with the flowers and the leaves and the October sunshine.

And when the doctor had paid his visit, Mrs. Percival knew that her fears were not unfounded.

"She may live till spring-time, but I can do little for her. I will look in occasionally; and the more you can do to cheer her mind and prevent her from dwelling on her sorrow, the better."

And that was all.

Mrs. Percival kept away from Marion all the day, sending a message to excuse herself on the ground of being busy about her house; but when twilight came, she went down to the room where her niece sat by the firelight, trusting that she had sufficiently controlled her sorrow to let it pass unobserved.

"You need not have stayed away, aunt," said Marion directly. "I know you are unhappy—more unhappy than I. Dr. Hill told me; I begged him to—it is better I should know; and it isn't hard to give up life when it has lost its brightness. I don't wish to live on very long away from my husband and Eva."

"He might relent—he might give way even now—and then you would live and be happy for years to come, Marion. I must write and ask him."

But Marion laid her hand upon her aunt's, and her voice was very low as she said,

"You do not know James. Only God could subdue the pride which is even stronger than his true deep love for me. Death would be easier to him than to go from his word; and he *vowed* that he never would speak to me again unless I retracted and gave up my religion. No; I must leave him and Eva and myself in God's hands, and all will be well. Something tells me—tells me truly, I am sure—that the time will come—after many days, perhaps; but still it *will* come—when those I love will be in the true Church. All united then; for though gone from this world, I shall be in the Church still. Perhaps it is only by death that my prayers could be answered."

There was silence in the room for a while, except the whistling wind outside, and the rain that came pattering against the windows, and inside the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, the falling of a coal from the glowing fire,

the subdued sobbing of the elder lady. And then at last Marion spoke quite cheerfully.

"Let us ring for tea, aunt, and have lights. We must be happy while we are together."

And all that evening her face was so calm, there was a radiance on it which had not been there for so long, that Mrs. Percival, watching her, tried to think her fears ungrounded, the doctor's opinion mistaken. She might yet get over her delicacy, and live for years to come.

Winter came, and there seemed so little change—Marion's fading was so gradual—that perhaps only she herself and the good old priest who visited her constantly realized the fact that she was passing away. She still occupied herself in the manner she had been accustomed to. She was so calm, even so cheerful, that only those whose eyes were skilled in discerning disease would be likely to note its progress. But when spring opened, when the cuckoo's song told of the bright coming summer, when trees burst into leaf, and flowers were blooming everywhere, Marion seemed struck down as with a sudden blow. Then they wrote to her husband, but not in time; for as the light streamed in at the windows in the early morning of the day on which he was expected in Woodbridge—as the birds twittered and shook themselves in the glow of sunrise, and the faint lowing of cattle came from the distant fields —she passed away, so gently, so silently, that even the watchers did not know exactly when it was that the weary spirit was set free.

It was evening, and there was a service to be held in the little church across the fields; so the bell was ringing, and groups of twos and threes passed along the road which James Gray was traversing hastily. He was a stranger, and perhaps for that reason he fancied that they looked curiously at him and whispered as he passed. Once he thought he caught the murmur, "Too late," and the perspiration stood upon his brow, and his heart throbbed violently for an instant; then he put the momentary fear aside—those words did not refer to him; it was impossible.

Onward, still onward, till he stood at the gate of Mrs. Percival's little house, waiting impatiently for admittance under the trees which looked so shadowy and solemn against the darkening gray sky. One glance from the maid who answered him told the truth before she whispered, "All is over —this morning;" and the proud stern man sank into a chair, shivering and timid as a frightened child.

Over; no, it could not be. Marion dead! Why, it almost seemed to him that he could hear her voice —the voice that had sounded perpetually in his dreams by night and day. He had pictured her ill —even dying—but not *dead;* he had pictured the light coming into her soft eyes as she saw him, the low whisper of forgiveness for all his harshness; he had pictured the meeting when he should bring Eva to her mother—how she would kiss her and cry over her and clasp her tightly to her heart; he had even dared to picture her restored to health under the influence of the great joy, and returning to home

and happiness; but never *dead.* Only God knew the bitterness of that moment in the heart of James Gray.

And then Mrs. Percival came to him. She had meant to be hard and stern and angry; but his broken-hearted grief, the speechless agony with which his eyes were lifted to hers, melted it all away. She only led him up the stairs—which seemed hushed and still from the presence of death in the house—and opening a door, motioned him to enter. There lay Marion, no trace of pain on lip or brow, the chiselled features so calm in their repose, the long lashes hanging on her marble cheek. The crucifix on her breast told of Him in whose death lay all her hope of eternal life—of Him who had comforted her as she went down to the dark valley; and James Gray fell on his knees by the bedside. His tears are falling fast now.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Percival; and closing the door behind her, she left him alone with the dead.

Twelve years have passed by since Marion Gray died, and Eva—the little baby Eva of four years old—is a young lovely girl with eyes like her mother's, with a voice like hers, which, echoing in her father's ears, makes him both mournful and happy. They have always been together since then. He travelled far and constantly to try and rid himself of his haunting grief, but always with Eva; for it seemed to him that only by the tenderest love and care to her could he atone for the sorrow he had caused his wife.

Since her death he has never looked again on Beechfield, never been again in the company of those who had known them together. With Eva and her trusty attendant he travelled constantly from place to place. But change gave him neither peace nor rest: he could not fly from his heart and conscience, and all the trouble was there.

And all the while one question pursued him, "What is truth?" Had Marion found it, when she, so yielding and timid, found strength to be brave and firm in the way she deemed the right? *Was* there any truth at all? He tried to think there was not; but the memory of the sweet face, so calm in death, forbade the thought. Marion had found peace and rest and truth. He could not doubt it, try as long and as much as he might.

But could *he* submit his judgment and his will to the voice of Christ's Church? Could *he* so far humble his pride as to become as a little child, and so enter the kingdom of heaven? It seemed impossible; but God's grace brought it to pass, when—all in a moment, it seemed—the power came, and he was a changed man.

So the twelve years had rolled by since Marion had been laid under the green turf. It was summer-time, and the feast of Corpus Christi. The sun rose brightly, and all Nature seemed keeping high festival; and amongst the worshippers who knelt at the communion-rail of the little church near Woodbridge were Mr. Gray and his daughter. That was where both had wished to be received into the Church of God; there they

SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

THERE are individuals who never take their walks abroad without a pocket-knife, a few coppers, and a bit of string. Neglecting the two first articles as foreign to our purpose, what a helpful little thing is a bit of string, both at home and abroad, to look no further than its use as a collector and a conservator. In a country walk it keeps together, in order, flowers with flowers, ferns with ferns, grapes with grapes, and sticks with sticks. In-doors, it unites the bills of the year, the journals of a class, newspaper cuttings on some favorite subject, and trash for the rubbish-heap, or for lighting fires. If, in certain offices, string is abused in the shape of red tape, what would be the state of those offices if deprived of red tape's versatile aid?

What the twine-spinner does for the odds and ends of every-day life, the bookbinder, and, above all, the re-printer and re-publisher, does for literary miscellanies, which may have a connecting link of authorship or subject, of date or occasion, but which may be materially as heterogeneous as printed papers can be. Quartos, duodecimos, loose pamphlet-shaped tracts, stitched in covers, or uncovered and unstitched, single leaves begging the bill-sticker to give them a local habitation, defy the powers of string to convert them into a sightly and legible whole. It is then that the re-publisher comes in, giving unity, consistency, and order to what might otherwise have been consigned to the hopeless limbo of literature.

Doubtless multitudes of small publications deserve to meet with no better doom than a speedy consignment to that dusty fate; there are others which we pick up along the road of life, and thrust with delight into our travelling wallet, as we would soft-shining pearls discovered on a lonely shore. Few flying words are better worth collecting than those which Professor Tyndall lets fall from time to time; and the public is to be congratulated that, in obedience to an impulse from America, he has been induced to gather together the series of detached essays, lectures, and reviews which have recently come forth as Fragments of Science for Unscientific People.

For unscientific people, yes; for ignorant people, no; for prejudiced, bigoted, one-sided people, still less. The Fragments are not all of them easy reading. You cannot run through them as you run through a lady-writer's romance, although certain portions of them are more sensational than the most sensational novel. There is never an attempt to hide rough ground under the flowers of rhetoric or the sticks and straws of verbiage. Wherever there are hard places to be traversed, Professor Tyndall tells you they are and will be hard, and advises you to gird up your loins accordingly. When the trying bit of climbing is accomplished, he says, like a man, "Thus patiently you have accompanied me over a piece of exceedingly difficult ground; and I think as a prudent guide we ought to halt upon

the eminence we have now attained. We might go higher, but the boulders begin here to be very rough. At a future day we shall, I doubt not, be able to overcome this difficulty, and to reach together a greater elevation."

Such frankness, combined with such lucidity, renders the reading of Professor Tyndall's works a mental tonic. They often require the effort which it takes to plunge bodily into a chilly pool, but the resulting reaction of conscious energy and delight more than compensates for the effort. The Professor's mind is doubly clear; clear to itself and clear to others. Obscured by no mists, it puts forth no humbug. It has never been the writer's privilege to hear this gifted lecturer's *viva voce* discourse, but certain he is that *he* would never do what he relates that Faraday did upon occasion. Faraday did not confine himself to experimental discovery. He aspired to be a teacher, and reflected and wrote upon the method of scientific exposition. "A lecturer," he observes, "should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned;" still, "his whole behavior should evince respect for his audience." These recommendations were afterwards in great part embodied by himself. Doctor Tyndall doubts his unconcern, but his fearlessness was often manifested. It used to rise within him as a wave, which carried both him and his audience along with it. On rare occasions, also, when he felt himself and his subject hopelessly unintelligible, he suddenly evoked a certain recklessness of thought, and without halting to extricate his bewildered followers, he would dash alone through the jungle into which he had unwittingly led them; thus saving them from *ennui* by the exhibition of a vigor which, for the time being, they could neither share nor comprehend.

Now Professor Tyndall, we believe, would never do anything of the kind. In the first place, he would take good care never to lead his hearers into a jungle unwittingly; and in the second place, if he had strayed with them into one, he would make it a point of honor to pilot them out of it. So long as an uncouth difficulty is malleable, he never tires till he has hammered it into shape; if it is utterly refractory, he tells you it is so, and lets it alone.

"Let us get a clear idea of this," or words to the same purport, is his constant and urgent appeal to his hearers when about to attack some knotty point. "My wish to render our mental images complete, causes me to dwell briefly upon these known points, and the same wish will cause me to linger a little longer among others." "My aim throughout has been to raise in your minds distinct physical images of the various processes involved in our researches." He struggles heroically to be clear, and the endeavor results in his being clear. Witness his explanation of the chemical action of certain rays of light, and the way in which he obstinately persists in not allowing the leading principle of the undulatory theory of light to be forgotten.

"Here I would ask you to make familiar to your minds the idea that no chemical action can be produced by a ray that does not involve the

destruction of the ray. But the term 'ray' is unsatisfactory to us at present, when our desire is to abolish all vagueness, and to fix a definite physical significance to each of our terms. Abandoning the term 'ray' as loose and indefinite, we have to fix our thoughts upon the waves of light, and to render clear to our minds that those waves, which produce chemical action, do so by delivering up their own motion to the molecules which they decompose."

Or let us take polarized light as an example. Most educated persons have heard of polarized light. They certainly see it every day, as their attendants talk prose without knowing it. They may perhaps have seen its brilliant effects displayed in the microscope of some ingenious neighbor. But ask them in what respect polarized differs from unpolarized light, and they will be hard put to give an answer. The present writer has seen no answer to the question to be compared, in respect to clearness and capability of popular comprehension, with Professor Tyndall's explanation. "There is another subject connected with our firmament, of a more subtle and recondite character than even its color. I mean what Herschel calls that 'mysterious and beautiful phenomenon,' the polarization of the light of the sky. The polarity of a magnet consists in its two-endedness, both ends, or poles, acting in opposite ways. Polar forces, as most of you know, are those in which the duality of attraction and repulsion is manifested. And a kind of two-sidedness, noticed by Huygens, commented on by Newton, and discovered by a French philosopher named Malus, in a beam of light which had been reflected from one of the windows of the Luxembourg Palace, in Paris, receives the name of polarization." In short, a beam of polarized light has two sides, which differ from each other in their nature, qualities, and effects. If the beam is flat and broad, like the blade of a knife, one side is sharp and thin, as it were; the other flat and blunt. If the beam were cylindrical like a walking-stick, or square like a draper's measure, one-half of it might consist of wood, the other of barley-sugar. The opposite sides of a polarized beam of light differ quite as much as that.

This clearness is a natural consequence of Professor Tyndall's writings being eminently truthful. It may be too much to assert that every muddle-headed or muddle-tongued person is untruthful, but certain it is that all uncandid, insincere persons, all rogues, swindlers, and intriguers, are obscure, involved, contradictory, and often unintelligible in their sayings. "Speech was given to man to hide his thoughts," said one of the artfullest of men. Professor Tyndall is too good a philosopher, and too kind-hearted, to hit any fellow-philosopher hardly; but is there no well-known contemporary writer open to some such a remark as this? "A favorite theory—the desire to establish or avoid a certain result—can so warp the mind as to destroy its power of estimating facts. I have known men to work for years under a fascination of this kind, unable to extricate themselves from its fatal influence. They

had certain data, but not, as it happened, enough. They supplemented the data, and went wrong. From that hour their intellects were so blinded to the perception of adverse phenomena, that they never reached truth."

What Professor Tyndall knows, he does know, and says that he knows it, and why. What he does not know he has the courage to state that he does not—adding, perhaps, that he is not ever likely to know. "Of the inner quality that enables matter to attract matter, we know nothing." While he feels a natural pride in scientific achievement—while he regards science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture as well as the most powerful ministrant to the material wants of men—if you ask him whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of this universe, he is obliged to shake his head in doubt. As far as he can see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. It is entirely beyond us. He compares the mind of man to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range; but behind, and above, and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution.

Dr. Tyndall once walked down Regent Street with a man of great gifts and acquirements, discussing with him various theological questions. He could not accept his views of the origin and destiny of the universe, nor was he prepared to enunciate any views of his own. His friend turned to him at length and said: "You surely must have a theory of the universe." That he should in one way or another have solved this mystery of mysteries, seemed to the speaker a matter of course. "I have not even a theory of magnetism," was the modest reply.

The human brain is said to be the instrument of thought and feeling; when we are hurt, the brain feels it; when we ponder, it is the brain that thinks; when our passions or affections are excited, it is through the instrumentality of the brain. But at this point Professor Tyndall very properly asks for a little more precision. How does consciousness infuse itself into the problem? Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of love, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of hate with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know, when we love, that their motion is in one direction, and, when we hate, that their motion is in the other direction; but the "WHY?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the

pre-scientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed: "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke — No thought without phosphorus." That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist, he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is "matter?" who or what divided it into molecules? who or what impressed upon them the necessity of running into organic forms? he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions.

We travel with confidence under such a guide, and do not hesitate to inspect with him the objects that happen to lie in our path. Dust, oh! If you step aside at the cry, still remain near enough to take a peep at it. For what is dust? As sand is a highly elaborate preparation of sundry rocks and other hard portions of the terrestrial crust, dust is a still more elaborate form, both of organic and inorganic matter. Dust is, partly, what we have been, bodily speaking, and what we shall be. Ashes, we return to ashes; dust, we return to dust. Dust comprises carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron, carbon, organizable matter, which may become first a grain of wheat or a cabbage, and then a fractional part of a man. In the shape of dust which is blown about the streets, we may inhale our ancestors, and be inhaled by our posterity. Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, is just as likely to form a dust-cloud on a summer's as to stop a hole on a winter's day. Dust is despised only by the ignorant; but whoever has possessed a microscope of even moderate pretensions, will take an interest in, and feel a respect for, dust. Dust, independently of its intrinsic nature, derives value from its mere mechanical qualities. "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." What would become of the farmer and the gardener, and what, consequently, would become of all civilized peoples, if dust were not, except liquefied as mud or solidified as rock?

Of the curiosities and marvels of dust we learn not a little from Doctor Tyndall's Fragments, which may be looked upon themselves as a sort of scientific dust, although the grains are of quite appreciable magnitude and importance.

Dust is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for Night Thought Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own devices, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt is the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for anybody to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of transient shadows, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous

beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall.

To carry out his researches on the decomposition of vapors by light. he was compelled to remove all dust from his experimental tubes. It was no easy matter to do so. At last, prior to admitting the air, he carefully caused it to pass over a spirit-lamp flame. The floating particles no longer appeared, having been burnt up by the flame. Those particles were, therefore, of organic origin. He was by no means prepared for this result; for he had thought that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible. The organic origin of a great portion of our floating and suspended dust is of vast importance in more ways than one. It is productive both of good and evil. Oxyhydrogen flame, scarcely visible in the air of a room, would be still less so if it could be burnt in an absolutely clean atmosphere. Such flames are made luminous by the dust in the air. In very dusty climates there can be no doubt that the particles so diffused act as a manure in the course of time, and likewise supply, in the crannies and on the ledges of rocks, a scanty soil which furnishes the means of a commencement of vegetation.

Dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. To the same cause are to be ascribed the effects by which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall makes an artificial sky more perfect than the real one. In mountainous countries, hills, at no great distance are rendered almost invisible by haze. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the light of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself, but to see its color the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws, as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it.

Dust acquires a fearful interest, when we regard it as an agent in spreading disease. Professor Tyndall believes there are the strongest grounds for holding contagious matter to be "particulate," and, further, that the particles are, to all intents and purposes, germs, exhibiting, as they do, the fundamental characters of propagating their own kind through countless generations, and over vast geographical areas. Their life and reproduction run parallel to, and are an incident of, the life of man himself. He does not doubt the ability of these particles to scatter light, nor that the means by which the visible floating dust of our air is arrested will also be found effectual in arresting contagion. Doctor William Budd states: "As to the germ theory

itself, that is a matter on which I have long since made up my mind. From the day when I first began to think upon these subjects I have never had a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living organisms"—dust alive.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

II. Fiction.

It may strike our readers as strange that we rank fiction after poetry in illustrating the Catholic idea in literature. But if they bear in mind that literature is, essentially, a revelation of our common human nature, they will see the propriety of the immediate sequence of fiction to poetry, for, next to the poet, the storywright is the best interpreter of a people's mind. The truth of this statement is found in the popularity of the story teller, a popularity which is so permanent and general that it must come from the natural, spontaneous approval which we give to what is truly descriptive of ourselves and our lives. Our very fondness for stories and tales is a proof that we recognize in them something congenial to our nature, and the fact that this fondness is not confined to one class or one period in our lives, is presumptive evidence of the accuracy with which our nature is delineated in stories, and ourselves described under the imaginary characters that "flit across the paper stage."

In fact, the poet, when he said, "Men are but children of a larger growth," could have appealed for the truth of his line to the childlike love all of us have for a well-told tale. From the immemorial period when Homer sang his "tale of Troy divine," down to the present day, the taste for romance is ever revealed in the popularity of the story teller, be he the poet of ancient times, the bard or troubadour or minnesinger of the middle ages, or our modern novelist. Philologists tell us that languages barren in historical, metaphysical, and ethical works, are, nevertheless, rich in legendary lore. Some go so far as to say that the mental traits and the peculiar genius of a people are better studied in their legends than in any other department of their literature. It would be an interesting task, indeed, to examine the intellectual peculiarities of a people, as they are revealed in the legendary remains. The Homeric poems, for instance, would display the vindictive, yet loyal and poetic nature of the ancient Greeks; the peculiar religious influence exerted over their minds by the system of polytheism that they professed, and the strange blindness of intellect that made them associate revenge, impurity, and deceit with the character of their deities. The legend of Rhea Silvia, which tells that Romulus

was the offspring of Mars, exemplifies the warlike spirit of the Romans. The heroic courage of their soldiers, and their confidence in ultimate victory, resulted from the belief that their arms were blessed by the god of war, who would never abandon the armies of the great nation of which his son Romulus was the founder. The blending of the religious with the chivalrous sentiment so apparent in the legends and tales of the middle ages, is in keeping with the time when gallant knights sold their castles and lands, and set out for Palestine to do battle for the Holy Sepulchre.

The sagas of the Norsemen, by dwelling upon the nautical adventures and naval victories of the old Vikings, helped to develop the love for the sea which characterized most of the northern European nations; and the passion for the chase, so marked in the early times of the Saxon and the Norman supremacy in England, was fostered by the old English ballads, as Percy, in the *Reliques*, assures us. Indeed, a people's character and bent of thought are so faithfully reflected in its legends, that historians sift and study improbable stories with the hope of solving an historical problem, or of lighting up the obscurity that envelops the early annals of all countries. Niebuhr, the acute German critic, whilst rejecting as unworthy of belief the purely legendary history of early Rome, shows that out of these legends a sufficiently trustworthy history may be constructed. His confidence in the mythological narratives as "history etherealized," resembles St. Augustine's opinion of heresies, that all of them contained an inkling of the truth. Even theology discovers in the ancient legends proof of the antiquity and the inspiration of the Scriptures. In every known language there is a garbled and distorted tradition of the Creation and the Deluge, and a remarkable belief that a Prince was to come for the deliverance of the human race from the moral and the physical evils under which it groans, a belief that clearly points to the person of Christ.

Between the ancient legend and the modern novel, however, a great difference is marked. Most of our modern stories are professedly fictitious, but the Metamorphoses of Ovid and the mediæval narratives purported to be faithful accounts of real adventure. The ancients especially, carried their faith in their mythology to such an extent, that they incorporated it with authentic history, and hence the extreme care that modern historians are obliged to use in order to glean a few grains of truth from the almost entirely fabulous histories of Herodotus, and the early Roman historiographers. Even sensible Livy gravely records the bodily translation of Romulus to Olympus. This boyish faith in the marvellous is characteristic of an era when every tree, brook, and house was believed to be haunted by a divinity, and when a thunder-storm was regarded as indicative of the wrath of Jove. The predominance of the religious element in the mediæval legends has induced some critics to impute like superstition to the people of the middle ages; but there is no parity between the two classes of legends. The humble but intelli-

gent faith reposed in the legends of the Infant Jesus, the Madonna and the saints was totally different from the blind credulity with which the Greeks and the Romans received the immoral and absurd stories of their poets. The Golden Legend, the story of the Holy Grail, the Miracle and Passion plays of the middle ages had a powerful and direct tendency to good; but even Gibbon admits that the individual and social corruption of Pagan Rome could have been traced to the pernicious and debasing influence of mythology.

We must, therefore, admit that fiction has ever been, is, and assuredly always will be potent for good or for evil: that it largely influences the popular mind, and is, in turn, shaped and moulded by the popular thought and sentiment. It is far more so than the drama, "the mirror of the age," because it more easily catches its shifting scenes and traits. This is why fiction is the only department of letters that cannot be divided into classes and kinds. History we may divide into ancient and modern, profane, classical, ecclesiastical, civil, military, and so on; but the novel may refuse the trammels of time, may disregard the unities, and still be a novel. Take your lead-pencil and mark in your note-book six spaces, over each of which you will write respectively, "military," "nautical," "sentimental," "philosophical," "historical," "religious," "fashionable." Do you think that you will find seven novels corresponding to your division? No, but every novel you read is composed of those seven elements, and sometimes of seventy times seven more elements. We have tried it, with the following result. Opening the first chapter of one of them, we find this description of a battle:

"With a wild cry, Captain D—— dashed to the head of the serried column, and in a hoarse voice, thickened with suppressed emotion, gave the command to charge. Have you ever seen the foam-crested waves riven with storm, as they rushed adown the beach, bearing away in their resistless might, great boulders of rock and wrecks? Even so charged the 35th, with D. at the head, folding to his bosom the dear old flag, &c."

No doubt remains as to the military character of that novel, we think, as we jot down its title in our note-book under the heading, "military." The title of a novel nowadays, gives no insight into the book. We finish the battle and proceed with chapter second. Here we have a beautiful illustration of what the critics call the "versatility" of an author, for we come across this description of a "storm at sea."

"Keep her well to larboard," trumpeted the old sea-dog, "or she'll ship seas like Jonah's whale. Man the pumps, and nail straggling passengers under the hatchways."

"She's goin', cap'n," said Ben Tarpaulin, as he rolled his quid meditatively, "I knowed it ever since I see Mother Carey's chickens. But, shiver my timbers and blast my figger head, if I don't go to Davy Jones's locker with her."

After reading *that*, we conclude that the author is a retired sea

captain, and put down the book as nautical. The next chapter shows the falsity of this judgment. No "sea-dog" could write this:

"Quite fair she was with soft sweet eyes that looked at you shyly, confidingly fawnlike, and hair that rippled like molten gold, back from her pure womanly brow. She did not answer him at first, but the quick incarnadining of her cheek whispered its own tale, &c."

Sentimental, of course, and what is worse, prolonged through two chapters. We are hardly prepared to encounter in chapter fifth, the hero practicing metaphysical gymnastics:

"Above him shone the stars, luminous and solemn. He gazed upon them in revery, thinking of the old Platonic dream of their being souls chained with lucid crystal gyves, in those stellar prison houses. Why do we sneer at Greek philosophy, forgetting that they who lived in the youth of earth, when she was free and communicative and gladsome, learned from her secrets which we cannot wring from her now, that she is old and dumb and tearful. Souls in stars! What intrinsic or extrinsic impossibility is implied in the conception of animated existences subsisting in astral *esse*? Why could not the Creator have placed us there before sending us to earth? Are there not psychologic *rapports* between us and the stars? How explain the prevalence of astrology and the widespread conviction of men that their fate is mysteriously connected with their star. Cosmologically examined, the question is no less difficult."

So we think, and we believe that we have found at last the class to which our novel belongs—"philosophical." This impression remains down to chapter seventh, when all of a sudden, we find ourselves chatting with the Czar of Russia, joking with the Emperor of the French, playing chess with the Royal Princess of England, and in a word, fully immersed in an "historical" novel.

Still, whilst nearly every novel is thus compounded of different and oftentimes discordant elements, there are features common to them all; a general plan and treatment that the writer never loses sight of in all his wanderings. This feature or characteristic is the delineation of the passion of love. And it is precisely in this delineation that the Catholic idea in fiction is found. We speak of course only of novels that have no bad unhealthy doctrine or theory to advocate. We reject as unworthy of the name of literature any book that preaches impurity or immorality in any form. In spite of all the bosh and sham and absurdity of most novels, their generally correct view on the subject of love and marriage redeems them from a multitude of sins. No matter how poorly written a story may be, or how commonplace and prosaic its characters, the Catholic notion about love serves as an absolution for many faults. The elevation of this passion to a noble, high sentiment, as far removed from the grossness of sensuality as from the indifference of Platonism, is Catholic. The pure, ardent love

and reverence for the woman whom a man wishes for his wife, is the type of affection which most novels describe, in full sympathy with the Catholic idea.

Far be it from us to lay to the account of Protestants the disgusting views which the Reformers taught and practiced, concerning the relation and duties of the sexes, in this matter of love. We do not hold the Protestant of to-day bound to defend such men whom he, in common with ourselves, detests and abhors. The drunken songs of Luther, the more polished villainy of Calvin, the ravings of Bucer or Carlstadt constitute no criterion whereby to judge the Protestants of to-day. We wish only to show the incredible absurdity and foolishness of Protestants in believing in a nonentity, in supposing that the bundle of negations which they call their religion, really has some influence on their religious thought, or on that of the world at large, or on anything in the world of literature, science, art or government. Protestantism is, to coin a word, individualism. What has this or that Protestant to do with Luther or Calvin? He is his own guide, authority, and church in all matters that concern his eternal welfare. He consequently talks nonsense when he says that Protestantism, which is synonymous with himself, has, or can have, any save a merely local, personal influence.

For the same reason, we feel that we do an injustice to Protestants when we saddle on their shoulders the nonsense, impieties, and blasphemies of Luther or Calvin. Because the Saxon monk preached that we should proportion our sinning to our faith, and that all our good works merit hell, it does not follow that the man that calls himself a Lutheran reveres and venerates him as his spiritual chief, or follows his abominable practice and teaching. We think that the reverse is the case. But the man is a fool for calling himself a Lutheran and professing to regard him as a reformer or a founder of a new system of saving doctrines. For the same reason, the Methodists are not steeped in sin because Wesley taught "the abounding of sin in order to the superabounding of grace."

So when we speak of the Catholic idea of love, and the purity and nobleness of purpose which the Church teaches, should accompany it, we do not mean to imply that Protestants do not regard the matter in the same light in which Catholics are taught to regard it. We say only that in so regarding love and marriage, Protestants depart from the spirit and the teachings of the Reformation. When we say that the types of grand character that are found depicted with masterly hand in the great English and American novels, are virtually Catholic, we say so because they are Christian, for, as most Protestants now admit, with Thackeray, the Catholic Church is the only thing in Christendom that can be called a Church. Protestant Christianity is something individual, personal. If a Protestant is a good man, a Christian, he is such in spite of his theoretical creed. So if a Protestant author describes a great, noble soul obedient to the higher Christian law and morality, such

description betokens that his authorship and scholarship are results of Catholic culture. As it is absurd to suppose that an atheist or a rationalist or a materialist can from his own consciousness or theory, sketch a good man, so is it absurd to suppose that a moral tale can be constructed from the doctrines or principles of the reformers. Victor Hugo's *Bishop Bienvenu* and *Jean Valjean* are just as truly Catholic types of character as are Thackeray's *Colonel Newcome* or Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. The defects in their character are traceable to the pantheism of one author, and the naturalism of the others.

Space does not permit us to illustrate from particular novels written by Protestants, the views here advanced. Let us, however, generalize a little. Suppose a novelist wishes to delineate a woman's faithfulness to her betrothal—a favorite character. The reason he gives for her steadfastness is deeper than the blind affection she may cherish for her intended. An author feels instinctively that this will not suffice for her fidelity through long years of his absence, "with suitors sighing around her." He unconsciously unfolds the Catholic teaching on the binding force of espousals. If he ever read Luther's *Table Talk* on the question, and made his heroine follow the doughty monk's advice, his novel would be put on the index by decent society. Again, if he desires to describe the resistance of a young girl to temptation, her struggles to preserve her virtue from the wiles and attacks of vice, he again draws on Catholic teaching. If the poor girl was so unfortunate as to know Zwingle's and Knox's view of the line of conduct she was at liberty to follow—well, the author could not draw his moral.

So with regard to the "stern parent" that wishes to force his daughter into an undesirable marriage, and her refusal to accede to his wishes, and dissolve her engagement with her "true love." We have been often amused reading the condemnatory criticisms which such a story always elicits from the Protestant religious press, the clerical editors of which seem to think that the young lady's conduct is highly improper, unfilial, and unwomanly. The novelist, however, appears to know the true state of the case, the Catholic doctrine which makes even the reverential fear with which a daughter regards her father, sometimes constitute an impediment which annuls a marriage entered into under the influence of such fear.

We might ring all the changes of the novelist, and find them more or less re-echoing the Catholic idea, but we have reached our limit. Enough, however, has been said to prove that like poetry, fiction in its highest and best form, as a delineation of nature, and a pleasing exemplification of moral and social laws, is, in the main, a transcript of Catholic teaching on the duties and amusements of our daily life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter V.

Among all the chords—some of them contradictory—which vibrated at the same time in Adelaide's heart, there was one which sounded with more remarkable and characteristic strength there than elsewhere, in a country where individual and disinterested action is more rarely to be met with than in others. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the motto, "Each one's deed is the saving of all," is better understood in Italy by women than by men. Be that as it may, Adelaide's noble heart was now filled with the desire of making some effort, some sacrifice, or act of personal devotion for the common good. It seemed to her that, as, after an earthquake, the more fearless look about them, not for a shelter for themselves, but to see to whom they can stretch out a hand, so in this great national shock which caused the whole earth to tremble, instead of seeking her own security or ease, it was needful to see what advantage zeal, courage, and faith could take of the words *liberty*, *reform*, and *progress*, which, if sincerely believed in, invite large-hearted men to put their hands to the work. But, in truth, the rule under which Naples had lived was in no way suited for the development of energy. We know that limbs long bound and stiffened have not, when first set free, any great vigor in moving, and this fact seemed to impose upon the more energetic the duty of acting without waiting for others. This was Adelaide's opinion, and the motive which made her accept, for a while, the hardest of all sacrifices. She still believed that it was not necessary to break up the monuments of the past, but to restore them; that it was possible rather to heal than to open the wounds of her country, to create rather than to sweep away; and she offered herself for the work. She was willing to forego her sweet and beloved retirement, her peaceful and occupied life, her daily intercourse with friends; and all to devote herself to a difficult, dangerous, thankless, and we may as well say at once hopeless, undertaking, which after a few months she was obliged to give up.* Adelaide's belief in the goodness of others had hindered her from perceiving how her very singleness of will, the purity of her desire for progress—by which she meant the only true advance—and her refined and delicate feelings—how, in fact, the exquisite qualities she possessed, left her standing alone in a task in which, above all, she required to be seconded. She found it therefore very soon beyond her strength—already touched by the secret approach of the fatal malady soon about to reveal itself. She quietly withdrew from it, and returned to the solitude which she never left again, having reaped some sad experience during this brief appearance in a region troubled by the world's intrigues—experience most especially sad to one whose mind never willingly opened

* This was the superintendence and reform of a celebrated institution, into which, for many years, serious abuses had crept.

to anything but good-will, and who liked ever to shut her eyes to that aspect of human nature which is always contemptible if we look at it too closely.

At this time, if any bitterness dwelt in her heart, she might have had some pretext for showing or expressing it; but there was none to be found. She wished well to the most unjust and the most thankless. One day, a few steps from her, Adelaide saw two people mimicking her tottering walk, speaking of her the while with malevolence and contempt. She only smiled her sweet smile; and we are certain of telling the truth when we say, that if she could have done anything at that moment for her insulters, she would have done it gladly and with ease; for self-love found no dwelling on the heights which in that soul were bathed with Divine goodness. Not a trace of pain remained in her mind after an event which might have troubled the calm of her soul so much the more on account of the great tranquillity of her life.

Having returned to her seclusion, Adelaide took up again, with greater industry than ever, her former habits, and, as before, her time was spent between work, study, and charities, whose opportunities, having become almost infinitely multiplied in a revolutionary time, took all forms; and this is why, we may say in passing, those who love their country, on whichever side, should never avoid the opportunities of charity at such a time. God and the Guardian Angels of Bellavista alone know all that was done there during those years, whose storms are not yet assuaged, and what good works followed her who was so soon to be called before the Sovereign Judge to receive her reward.

In that near neighborhood of the town the principal houses are only occupied by inmates who remain there for a short time, and during the heat of the snmmer, when it is preferable to enjoy the beauty of the views from a distance, and under the fresh shelter of the terraces and balconies—*loggie*—than in traversing on foot the steep and sandy ways which lead to the dwellings of the poor. It follows, therefore, that the numerous, wretched, and scattered populace is less civilized, less known, and worse helped than others in Naples who are much more centrally remote, but in the neighborhood of better sources of assistance. All these poor had now, thanks to the Church of Bellavista and its charitable neighbors, a centre round which they could gather with cheerful joy. Their gratitude on the one hand, and on the other the reasonable influence exerted by energy of character, joined to a large and kindly heart, such as Adelaide's, had created real bonds between herself and her poor neighbors. It is not possible to relate here the number of pious, wise, and useful ways in which this influence was exercised; but we will point out one, among others, which often arose from the new and troubled state of Italy, and specially of the Neapolitan state. It often came to pass that men who could not avoid the conscription, now more rigidly enforced than formerly, endeavored to make their escape. Several of these men, who were hiding in the neighborhood of Bellavista, were

brought down by want to implore charity of Adelaide. Her charity never failed them; but while her hand was opened to help, her gentle voice exhorted them to return to their allegiance, and almost always sent back submissive and contented to their standards, men whom the habit of lawless living would soon have led to violate all law, not as discontented citizens, but as criminals.

Days thus occupied were often concluded, as formerly, by evenings given to their relations and friends. The drawing-room in the Bellavista tower became no less peopled than that at Posilippo, and the new home had become nearly as dear to Adelaide as the old. Never, probably, had the sweet and lofty interests of her existence been more numerous or more keenly felt; and never had that existence been more valued by her family, or more useful to all with whom she had to do.

It was at that very time, unknown to every one, that a disease which had sprung up without seeming of any importance—a tumor, at first scarcely visible, in the lower part of the right cheek—began to assume some importance from the pain, which almost immediately made her suspect and dread the cause. To those who accompanied her, indeed, on that long way of the Cross, which was to lead her to eternal life, it is impossible to doubt that she had, from the first, discerned and firmly faced the danger which threatened her. The first shot, it is said, makes the bravest man wince; and those who grow the best accustomed to war confess that they stoop their heads at the first bullet which whistles by their ears. If, therefore, Adelaide was for an instant disturbed by the early appearance of such a danger, it would only be natural, and no reflection on her courage; but nothing of the kind took place. What passed between God and her soul we do not know, though the end may reveal to us somewhat; but we keep the remembrance engraven on our minds of the empire which she maintained over herself, of her unchanged evenness of temper, her brave and unalterable cheerfulness and perfect freedom of spirit; and find traces of these qualities in all the letters she wrote at that time, from which we shall give several extracts. They are written in Italian, having been addressed to the Marchioness of Sonora, her eldest sister; and the first was sent off at the time when Adelaide felt the earliest symptoms of her fatal malady, then aggravated by a painful attack of erysipelas.

"October 14.

"No, my Pauline, we cannot go to San Prisco on Monday. That little swelling on my cheek 'mounts towards the meridian of its life,'* and goes on *crescendo* every day with a fine whimsical effect, that, according to the rules of Fabio Pallavicini, somewhat disturbs the symmetry of my face; but in the matter of outline, beauty is relative, and every one has his own taste. For my part, this little *Berninesque* tendency does not disturb me."

"October 17.

"The first thing I have to tell you to-day, Pauline, is that my cheek grows in beauty, and at this

* "Sale l' arco della sua vita." *Dante.*

moment is of the most splendid red. It may be I could wish this erysipelas to be less sharp; but if it tortures me, it will not be for long; for the vigor of its constitution cannot, they say, outlive nine days; after which, whether it chooses or not, it will be obliged to grow less, and finally lose itself *in the nothingness to which all creation hastens.**

"Mesdames Pzennyfass and Giroux have invited us to inspect the fashions they have received from Paris. I have sent to get two crinolines, which will give us the circumference of the comet—save its tail, which they say, is 12,000,000 miles long. O, how ill this erysipelas makes me! How can one write wittily when the treacherous body will oblige one to think of it, whether or not? In spite of this, I should like, as they say in Spain, '*de tripas corazon*,' that is, cause the strength of my soul to pass into my body. Yes, the soul, that noble lady, shall be uppermost, and shall subdue her slave! There, I think that sentence already rings with a little spiritual strength! What do you say? Come, victory!"

This accidental malady, of which she so brightly complains, was overcome; and Adelaide's friends, glad to encourage one another, thought her cured, and ceased to think of infirmities which she never mentioned, and of which nothing either in her face or general health made them suspect the serious nature. In the course of the autumn, Adelaide and her sister went away for some weeks into the neighborhood of Naples; and she gives an account of their visit to her elder sister in the following letter:

* "Nel nulla ove corre tutto il creato." *Dante.*

"CASTELLAMARE, Thursday.

"Everything was ready for our departure the other day, when the idea suddenly occurred to us to change our route; which idea we carried out with a promptness and capacity equal to Napoleon's when he changed the plan of his campaign upon a drum head. Instead of attacking first the gorges of La Cava, we suddenly fell upon Sorrento, which we occupied for four-and-twenty hours. After making sure of that point, we scaled without opposition the pass of Scutari, and in two hours' time gained the heights of Castellamare, where we found a division of cavalry and infantry, by whose help we attained the finest spot in the neighborhood. There, under dear Zeneide's* hospitable roof, we pitched our tent; and this will be our head-quarters till the end of October.

"Our booty at Sorrento is wholly composed of holy matters, the greater part of which I have planted deep down in my heart, where I hope they will take root. But what I should like to make known to the public is a very beautiful discussion I have had with Babet Fonton† on the subject of the Immaculate Conception; a discussion upon which you will be allowed to decide. Moreover I should tell you that I have added to our Lady's Litany one more invocation: 'Holy Shrine of Christ, pray for us.'‡

"At Castellamare our spoils have been of a more worldly sort, but yet not wholly frivolous. The intellectual portion was made up of several conversations, parti-colored —*vario-pinti*—as well as by an his-

* The Countess of Lebzeltone.
† Mademoiselle Elizabeth Fonton.
‡ "*Theca sancta Christi, ora pro nobis.*"

torical course, collected in the live walking book called Mons. du Pach, and also the beautiful melody of the poem Campagna* is writing, which he gives us in morsels that are immensely charming.

"From Du Pach's gossip I have gleaned that Marie Antoinette was of a middle size when you saw her in her morning-gown, but in public she wore high-heeled shoes, which, added to her royal way of carrying her head, gave her the appearance of being very tall. It was thought that she had red hair, because her skin was so extremely fair, and her eyebrows were of that color. He said *it was thought*, because in her day the horrible fashion of powder made a mystery of the real color of the hair.

"As to Campagna's poem, the first part is far advanced. Eugenio beholds the figure representing Humanity scourged by *Progress*, who drives him on, while the evil spirit *Standstill—statu quo*—holds him back, and after gazing into the gulf behind him, he looks up towards the cloud-capped mountains, to which he tends. . . . What an idea, to attempt to tell you a poem in prose! Enough; but let me tell you, I admire it, and think it full of beauty."

"December 6.

"Alas, it is too true! The poor Count of Syracuse is dead. In spite of his faults, his mistakes, and his misdoings, he was a remarkable prince, and one who, in other times perhaps, might have been lauded to the skies. It is a misfortune to men, and specially to princes, that they may never enjoy their own historical reputation. Their little faults, when seen on a near view, tarnish their splendid qualities; and if there be any moral defect, we dare not praise them, lest we should be too indulgent to what is beautiful when severed from what is good. Poor Count of Syracuse! He will be, nevertheless, mourned by many, and sincerely regretted by a few, among whom I reckon myself. But while the chief part of his contemporaries will probably speak of him as a fool, who knows if posterity, looking upon what he has achieved, and calling to mind his taste for art and his patronage of science and literature—who knows whether they will not call him '*The illustrious Leopold de Bourbon?*' You are right; let us say more than one *requiem* for him; for, alas, his mind's eye, which discerned so well earthly things, was closed to the Heavenly, and this caused him to live as if this life was the end of all. Let us pray, oh, let us pray for him! It is the only means of returning the friendship he always showed us, and the kindnesses by which he did us honor. He often spoke to me of *comradeship;* but I never would accept from him the name of 'comrade.' To me he was always a prince; but now his remains and his rank are alike in the grave, I accept the title. Our souls are equal, and I am now going to pray heartily for *my brother*

* Guiseppe Campagna, whose poems, which are justly valued in his own country, have been published in several portions, but always incomplete, and with an indifference as to their success, which in Italy chiefly characterizes those who deserve it. The poem of which Adelaide Minutolo speaks here is still partly unpublished, and is called *L'Abate Gioacchino*, containing beautiful passages, which make it desirable to publish it entire. Guiseppe Campagna was suddenly carried off less than a year ago; a loss to his country, his family, and to literature, as well as to the numerous friends he had made in France, where he spent the latter years of his life.

while exercising the art which we both loved so well."

To Adelina.

"Mamma has no doubt spoken to you about my health, and you have heard the news of the little swelling in my cheek, which is as bright and shining as a billiard-ball; otherwise I am very well; and to-day treated myself to a morning walk to Bagnoli, with which I am much pleased. Yesterday we had a visit which troubled all three of us. We were out on the terrace after dinner, when we heard the large door-bell ring. The next minute we saw a gentleman appear with an elegant lady on his arm. It was L. and O. Oh, how changed he is! His face disfigured by that swelling, of a ghastly color, and his eyes sunk. He dragged himself along with difficulty, but still wished to see everything; however, after a little while, his strength failed him. We took him out on the terrace, which he thought beautiful, and he looked at everything with interest. Then I carried him to my painting-room, where we sat down, and stayed talking. He looks as if he must die, not suffering acute pain, but what he calls with indescribable gentleness, 'a disagreeable continual pain,'—*un antipatico continuo dolore.* After recovering a little from the upset it gave me, I was able to chat and keep up cheerful conversation; even to say some jesting things, which diverted him, and drew him out of his sad thoughts. They went away before dark, as they were afraid of the drive in the open carriage. In taking leave he pressed my hand so earnestly, and with such continued and meaning pressure, that it fully seemed a farewell. Almost at the same moment Augustus Craven came in, and I felt very grateful for his visit, for it gradually removed the sad feelings which had been called up."

Chapter VI.

Alas! the friend of whom she speaks, and to whom she had indeed bidden a last farewell, was stricken with exactly the same disease as herself, and sank under it a few months afterwards. Her way of relating this meeting seems to show how sadly it reacted on herself, which was so unusual with her as to be worth remarking, as it is nearly the only instance where it is possible to take hold of any expression of the kind either in her words or writings. She now faced the probabilities of the future without trouble or alarm; but the chief thought and object which she steadily pursued up to the day but one before her death was to spare her eldest sister as long as possible. She knew that Pauline's tender affection led her to shrink from the idea of danger, and she held tenaciously to the determination not to disturb her beforehand with anxiety. She concealed nothing from the friend who never left her; and spoke openly to some others, bravely calling the frightful disease* she dreaded by name; but spoke of it as little as possible even to them, and was always the first to draw their attention from the subject. Neither did she ever exaggerate the evil to herself; and when the means of cure were suggested to her, she

* Cancer.

accepted the hope, and made ready for the attempt with calmness and resignation.

During that autumn Adelaide liked to sit alone in the twilight, while her sister played to her on the piano, or sang songs which she had sung formerly herself, or that they had composed together. From time to time then she permitted her tears to fall,—tears of feeling, but not of sadness; for it was not sadness, but affection, which sickness was ripening in her. A greater love than ever for God; a greater affection than ever for those whom she loved on earth. She suffered from the party animosity which since the revolution, and possibly for long before, had destroyed that mutual good feeling which had been the delightful and characteristic feature of Neapolitan society, and she continually repeated to her sister: "Oh, I beg of you, now more than ever *let us have nothing but honey upon our lips.*" These are certainly beautiful words, which in times of party warfare Christians at least should always keep in mind.

During the winter of 1865 she grew worse, and the surgeons who were called in differed in opinion. Adelaide decided, therefore, to set off with her sister to consult some one in Paris; and towards the end of May they began their journey. The tumor, and still more the sufferings it caused, were greatly increased. In crossing the Alps she felt, as I heard her afterwards very simply express it, *as if all her teeth were being pulled out.* It can scarcely be believed that notwithstanding this torture, and the sad anxieties which must have preoccupied her on such a journey, her mind was sufficiently free and her courage great enough to enjoy all the beauty of the natural scenery and of art, and to be interested in everything in that Northern Italy, which, no less than the South, she called her country. Three old friends* who were at Paris when she arrived flew to the hotel to which she had just driven, and were received with open arms, and the same smile as if the meeting had been brought about by a pleasure-trip. She answered the anxious questions put to her by saying she was come to consult Dr. Nélaton, to know decidedly what course to take. "If he says that an operation is not necessary, so much the better, and I shall go back content. If the contrary, I shall submit, but shall go back all the same to Naples to undergo it; for if I die, I should not like to die away from my own people."

This, in fact, was her intention before seeing Nélaton. She had to wait three days for his visit, which was perhaps the utmost trial of patience she had to bear throughout. When at last he came for his first visit, he was doubtful; and his doubt gave her friends, her sister, and herself, very great hopes. The next day he came again with another surgeon, whose experience in that special disease he thought more extensive than his own. I had not courage to look at them when they came out of the room where they had been consulting. She herself told me their decision. She must not think of going home. The operation was inevitable, and

* The Marchioness de Rende, the Viscountess Des Cars, and the writer of this memoir.

must be performed at once. I looked at her much overcome, but she was far calmer than I was. "Do not be anxious," she said; "I am not afraid." And as she kissed me, she added in a low voice, and with a tone I shall never forget, "*And I love God more than ever.*"

Four days afterwards her three friends were with Adelaide and her sister at seven o'clock in the morning. It was a lovely morning in June, the windows of the sitting room were open, and Adelaide, brave and peaceful, was sitting at one of them, and appearing to enjoy the beauty of the weather, just as she would on any other day. She had prepared herself the day before by receiving communion in the little chapel near, and now had nothing more to do than to put in practice that acceptance of God's will which for so many years had been her act of daily love.

A sister of *Bon-Secours* and two surgeons were there to help Dr. Nélaton; but he had decided that no one else should be present at the operation. Just before it, he thought it necessary to prepare Adelaide for the probable consequences of what she would go through; and tracing with his finger the outline of the immense incision he was about to lance, he forewarned her that she would not only remain disfigured, but that she would probably lose all movement of the right eye, as well as of one side of her mouth. This was to be the result, even if the operation was successful! It may be imagined with what feelings her poor sister and her friends heard these words; but she turned to them with the same sweet smile. "Take one good look at me once more, dear friends," she said; "for you will never behold this beautiful face again as you see it now." And having said this, she calmly left the sitting-room in which we were to remain, to enter that chamber from which none could say whether she would come forth living or dead.

The door was closed; and we stayed there waiting silently for four-and-fifty minutes! During that time not a word was uttered in our room, and not a cry, nor a sound was heard from the other, although the unconsciousness from chloroform only lasted twelve minutes. All the rest of the time she had felt and suffered everything. Afterwards she told us that when she had come to herself and was taking everything in, she had heard one of the assistants say, "I never saw so brave a woman;" and the other, "Oh, everybody knows where they get their courage!" and this had given her much pleasure. But she added, "After all, it was not courage: it was only a little love!"

The operation succeeded. I shall say nothing here of the emotion with which we saw Adelaide again, the sensation which the sight of her frightful wound gave us, or of the tension continually renewed during the nine following days, when the possibility of hemorrhage held her life by a thread. I shall only say that all that while, when she from time to time suffered dreadful pain, and when, if it was impossible to speak, it would have been easy to groan, not a complaint was heard, nor did a word escape feebly from her lips that was not a word of endearment or of thanksgiving. Once, after one of those

painful dressings, she was seized with such spasms, that she joined her hands in silence almost convulsively, and with an expression of the keenest suffering; but a minute afterwards a smile broke upon her face. "It is over," she said; "I was sure that my dear Jesus would not let me suffer beyond my strength." The spasm, in truth, had ceased, and more than once she seemed to obtain by prayer a like immediate relief. It was a just reward, well due to her who asked so seldom, and almost always against the grain, to be spared.

At last Adelaide's recovery was complete, and after six weeks' stay she was able to leave Paris. Early in August she returned once more to her dear home at Bellavista, gladdened by the result of her journey, and making very light of the constant uneasiness and manifold pains which the rent and divided nerves of her face made her undergo, the paralysis of one side of it which ensued, and I must add, the reluctance she had to overcome in showing herself to the friends who had not seen her since the great change which had been made in her appearance. But she spoke of herself less than ever; and her mind, her goodness, and her grace remained not only the same as before, but it seemed as if her whole understanding and soul had enlarged. As her cheerfulness was unalterable, and she was soon able to take up again her usual occupations, and devote the same number of hours to her beloved niece, carrying on the same reading, and devoted to the same pursuits as formerly, her friends felt again thoroughly at ease about her. And it is nearly certain that she also felt satisfied about herself, or at least that she strove to be so, that she might be able to satisfy them. She even had the courage, just when so much past and actual suffering had enfeebled her strength, to take up a new pursuit. The paintings in the church had been done by herself, and now she undertook all the wood-carving with which it was to be decorated; and her work was so earnest, assiduous, and persistent, that she actually did accomplish a considerable quantity of carving, specially remarkable when the circumstances of its execution are considered.

The following winter Adelaide spent several months at Naples, where she took a more affectionate and motherly interest than ever in her nephews, on whose account she often drew her friends round her, which indeed cost her no effort; for to the very last she preserved the power of interesting herself so sincerely in every one who came near her, that the most trifling characters had often cause to think that their talk pleased her, so completely did her grand sweet disposition lend itself to others, and make itself all to all. Yet even during this time of supposed recovery, she never ceased to suffer the terrible consequences of the operation she had gone through; but to judge of the way in which she knew how to master bodily ailment, the letters, from which we shall quote later on, must be read.

When we recall that those bright, delightful, living pages—stirring and fresh with the keenest feelings that can be expressed—pages in which we find the very sparkle of youth renewed—fell from the pen

of a person whose hearing, sight, and speech were affected, if not altogether, or so as to be apparent to others, yet enough to keep her in a state of weakness which was always discomfort, and often painful; when we recollect, moreover, that the very vigor which resisted disease added another discomfort; for while she had her usual appetite, she could never eat without pain,—considering all this, I repeat again, we shall be forced to acknowledge that then, as before and as always, according to her desire and energetic expression, her soul, "that noble lady, was the mistress of her slave."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOUGH ERNE.

"'Tis not in the power of pen to trace
The beauties of that sylvan place;
'Twould take a painter's magic hand
To image forth the wild, the grand;
Painter and poet should unite,
To draw the varied scenery right."

THAT lucid and lovely lake of pastoral isles, and grove-garnished shores, is chiefly situated in the county of Fermanagh, where it extends to the length of fifty miles, and expands, at some points, to the breadth of thirteen; covering, with its limpid waters, an area of 4800 Irish acres. If Salvator Rosa would prefer, for the exercise of his graphic genius, the wild magnificence and picturesque sublimity which characterize the bold and impressive scenery of Killarney, Claude de Lorraine would catch inspiration, were he to stand on the summit of Churchhill, from which a panoramic view of the charming landscape of Lough Erne can be seen to advantage, and contemplate an expanse of crystal water, shining and reflecting like a mirror set in a frame of emerald. How his admiration and enthusiasm would glow to behold an irregular dispersion of four hundred verdant isles, as luxuriant in foliage, and soft in shading, as the hanging gardens of Babylon, speckling and enamelling the surface of the limpid lake. Many of these Thessalian islands are richly ornamented with Palladian villas and Florel domains; and on the peering peaks of some of them are the ivy-braided ruins of pinnacled abbeys, and bastioned castles, serving at once to impart the attributes of the romantic and picturesque to the scene; and to recall to the historical mind brilliant recollections and pleasing associations of that glorious era, when Ireland was the great fountain that supplied Europe with literature, religion, and chivalry. By the intervention of wooded promontories and cultivated peninsulas, which embosom some elegant mansions, the lough is partially divided into what is called the "upper and lower lakes." The upper portion extends from Enniskillen to Belturbet, in the county of Cavan, and the other branch of it terminates at the town of Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal; where, after precipitating

its turbulent billows down a rocky cataract, it is submerged in the ocean. At the next and thriving little town of Beleek, three miles south of Ballyshannon, the land and water beauties of the lake assume a most interesting character. Here the traveller will admire the river Erne, tumbling its white-crested waves down the rocky precipices of Beleek; as well as the shrub-clad knolls, and the grassy dingles of *Bo Island*, and the beautiful domain, and picturesque mansion of Castle Caldwell, crowning the amphitheatrical banks of a magnificent promontory, that extends itself, like a gigantic green mole, three miles into the lustrous lake.

In the prospective, beyond Castle Caldwell, the daring outline is swept by a nobly curved ridge of mountains, whose summits are diademed with azure clouds. As you journey on to Enniskillen, the lake and its shores present a succession of scenic and pictorial attractions. Within five miles of Enniskillen, the glowing landscape becomes exceedingly interesting and magnificent; a cluster of cottage-studded isles spring up in the pride of bloom and beauty, while, high above all, the lofty "*pollo-fouca*" (the puck's hole) elevates its emerald and sapphire crown as the mountain monarch of the scene. The Island of Ely, where the Marquis of Ely sometimes resides during the summer months in a fairy cottage, so wreathed with roses and flowering shrubs that Cleopatra would have selected it for herself and Antony, is beautifully decorated with all the taste of landscape gardening. Castle Hume, an old stately mansion, situated on a peninsula that is diversified by conical hills, crowned with groves of oaks and elms, and by intervening valleys of a pastoral character, adds interest and variety to the picturesque combination of the scene which, as Thomson says, "smiles around."

When the traveller, proceeding along the road on the margin of the lake, approaches within two miles of Enniskillen, he will stop to gaze on the magnificent round tower, and the church, and abbey ruins of the far-famed Island of Devenish, which is a pantheon of antiquities, and a monument of the piety and genius which gave such celebrity to that isle, from the seventh to the sixteenth century. The round tower is an elegant specimen of the ingenuity and taste of the Irish artisans of the sixth century, who, in the form and structure of these national and native edifices, with which Ireland abounds, established a distinct and peculiar order of architecture, which may be justly and appropriately termed the *Irish*. This fine tower, composed of chiselled limestone, so ingeniously jointed in the wall, that the mortar is not perceptible, is seventy feet in height to the parapet, from which a conical roof springs to the elevation of fifteen; it is forty-eight in circumference at the base, and the wall is almost four feet in thickness. The assaults of time have not injured it; they only imparted to it an air of "sombre sumptuousness." If the vandal hand of man be not raised against this venerable pile of antiquity, it will survive, in its present palmy pride, a thousand ages yet to come.

Sir James Ware informs us that

the first priory on this island was founded and dedicated to the B. V. Mary, by St. Molasse Maguire, the Abbot of Devenish, in A. D. 553. That Saint, a man of great piety and erudition, died in 571, and his successor erected a Gothic chapel over his remains, which is now a heap of weed-covered ruins. From the annals of Ulster we learn that in 947, O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell, rebuilt and re-edificed the abbey of St. Molasse with great grandeur of architecture and sculpture. The Abbots and Friars of this religious house acquired enviable celebrity for their sanctity and eloquence, so that until the suppression of monastic institutions by the lewd tyrant, Henry VIII, Devenish was consequently the resort of crowds of penitents and pilgrims from all parts of England and Ireland. About the middle of the last century, some heartless Orange Goth laid the hands of devastation and demolition on the Abbey as well as on the Chapel-tomb of St. Molasse, by taking out of the walls the sculptured marble, window frames, and door architraves, for the purpose of decorating a house which he was then building for himself, in the vicinity of the lake. But, like the cornices and fragments of friezes that have escaped the vile depredations of the Parthenon, there are in the affecting ruins of the Devenish pilasters, mullions, and sculptured arches that attest and proclaim the ancient perfection of architecture and sculpture in Ireland. Flemming, in his Miscellanies, says that the black marble of which the Abbey had been originally built, was transported by sea from Waterford to Donegal, and from thence conveyed to Devenish. The Gothic arch of the transept, still retaining its primitive embellishments, presents tracery of exquisite workmanship. Over the corona of this arch rises a square belfry tower, which is flanked at each angle by a Gothic pillar richly *feuillaged*. The parapet of the tower is ascended by a beautiful sculptured winding staircase of eighty-three marble steps.

The prospect which will display itself to the view of the spectator who ascends to the summit of this tower is imposing, contrasted, and delightful; as the varied scenes that pass before his eyes, as it were, in procession, are calculated to awaken a sweet poetic association when the retiring beams of the setting sun "shed his parting smiles" on the beautiful landscape, which would tend to lap the muse of Byron in an Elysium of romantic inspiration.

In the cemetery attached to the Abbey are still remaining the mouldering fragments of several tombs, which were raised to commemorate the memories of the O'Donnell's, Maguires, and O'Reillys.

The island contains seventy three acres, and altogether is one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in the world.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

SOME people—and those unfortunately not a few—live in the perpetual employment of borrowing trouble. They lay a life-long mortgage on their happiness, and occupy their time in paying a fancy interest, and a heavy one, for their uncomfortable loan. Anything serves them as an occasion for making themselves miserable; and their indulgence in gloomy anticipations of the worst that can befall becomes at last a trick of the mind, which they cannot overcome if they would. For the mind gets its "tricks" like the body, and they are just as difficult to overcome. No illness, according to them, can end otherwise than fatally; no money pinch can be got over save by a bankruptcy, with exceptional disgrace; no trivial misunderstanding can be healed before it becomes an irreconcilable breach; and they have always sorrowful convictions as to the present unsatisfactory state of your soul, and its ultimate destination is uncomfortably sure unless you make a complete change in your opinions, and your actions. Their heaven has no sun, or one they see only through smoked glass; their songs are mournful threnodies; their dramas sad and dreary tragedies; their very affections are so many poisoned roots of sorrow; and their troubles are multiplied by just so many as they have friends and acquaintances in whose welfare they are interested. If kindly natured and not saturnine, their whole energy goes into pity, till their compassion becomes a vice, and their sympathy an additional burden on the heavy weight already borne by those they love. For though they mean to help in bearing the packet of miseries of those who are heavily laden, they only make it denser and harder to carry by the weight of their own gloom. If they are mothers, they see nothing of the joy, the elasticity, the unanticipative thoughtlessness which neither "looks before nor after," the happy inconsequence of childhood; they take to heart only its troubles shaped out of the hard tasks of school, the tyranny of the elders—whether as big boys who make little ones fag for them, or as big girls who take away the little girls' toys, or as nurses and teachers who tyrannize over and oppress both big and little impartially; the troubles that have to come from inevitable ailments, and from the gradual initiation into the sorrowful realities of life. They pity children and young people so much—they say mournfully: Poor little things; life is so hard on them! And the shrill cadence of childish laughter, coming in with the sunshine and the song of birds and the scent of summer flowers, does not lighten their gloomy picture, nor destroy their melancholy theory.

Nothing can do that, for even the absolute present reality of joy is to them only an hallucination, a delusion, which must before long fade away into thin air; and blackened ashes, where had once been the glow and warmth of fire —or a fire that only seemed and was not true—are the utmost they

can allow as possible to mankind. If a girl is married to the man of her choice, they sigh over the disillusionment that must come, prophesying evil things for the close of the day that has dawned so brightly. Others have married with just as high hopes and fond hearts, they say, and look where they are now! And they instance A., and B., and C., who have made notorious shipwreck of their matrimonial happiness, and speculate on the probabilities of the like unskilful pilotage in the present case. They are generally sure of diseased blood on one side or the other; for the number of people of their acquaintance who have hereditary madness, or a decided consumptive tendency, gout by inheritance, and paralysis stealing round the corner, is marvellous in proportion to the few whom they allow to be thoroughly "clean." If they cannot designate unwholesome members of the family by name, and let you into the secret of their doctor's fees and their chemist's bills, they fall foul of the bride's notorious silliness, of the bridegroom's well-known temper; of her absurd ignorance of life and house-keeping, of his monstrous extravagance or revolting meanness; and they are sure that, somehow, by the failure of health, happiness, or prosperity, there is no good in store for them.

But nothing of this is said maliciously. Quite the contrary. They are honestly grieved at the dark days to come in the future, and would if they could avert the evil omen. But what can they do? Cassandras who cry aloud and prophesy, they have only the gift of prevision not of prevention; they can but sympathize, they cannot hinder. They are the skeletons at every feast where they are invited; and write up with their awful fingers the Memento Mori, which is their version of Salve, on the threshold of every chamber they inhabit; yet they are not content with their perpetual reminder of death, which is bad enough in itself, but they add to it the still more desolate rider, "Forget not to suffer beforehand."

There is no hope growing in the path where these people take their melancholy walks, and if there are possible dangers in the far future, however remote, however only possible, only contingent, we may be sure they will expect to meet them now on the very instant, face to face, though they are just as unlikely to be found as a wild beast at liberty in a great city. There is the possible trouble; there is the wild beast in its cage; but that the sorrow should be stalking in gloomy majesty along the highway now at this present time is no more likely, than that the lions and the tigers of the Zoological Gardens should be found meandering among the Sunday loungers up the broad-walk. If an epidemic comes into their neighborhood, they and theirs die of it daily. A finger-ache heralds the advent of rheumatic fever, a slight huskiness is the first symptom of diphtheria; if a child is flushed with play it has the scarlet fever without the smallest doubt, and the idea of escaping the prevailing scourge, or of pulling through, if caught, never enters their heads. If anything merely mental could kill, it would be their wretched forebodings of

death and disaster; and if "germs" fructified by attraction, the houses of the borrowers of trouble would never be swept clean of disease. They are good customers, however, to the chemists and the vendors of quack medicines and preventives; for, cowards in all else, they are brave in their adoption of new remedies—their special character of mind for the most part inclining them to a belief in specifics with mysterious properties undemonstrable by science. In ruder ages they would have been "held" by witchcraft, and "released" by magic. Now they are fain to content themselves with nostrums which work wonders by properties unappreciable by analyst or physicist; and when you say to them, "They cannot; there is no such property contained in a bushelful of your medicines," they only answer, "They do," and instance to you cases wherein, to their knowledge, miracles have been wrought. What can you say to such reasoners? If Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, the relation between architecture and geology is, to say the least of it, obscure. And if it is really any comfort to the poor borrowers of trouble, carrying their load in the desert of their own making, to build their Zoar on the shaky foundations of quackery, it would be uncharitable to prevent them, seeing that you have nothing else to offer which they would accept in its stead.

The world is full to them of snares and pitfalls; and, as parents, they borrow trouble in their daughters' good looks, their sons' gallant bearing, and the evident admiration both excite in the minds of their young companions. Their daughters especially are the subjects of their dread; and there is not a young man within a mile of them who is not a lender of the trouble they so eagerly borrow, from their conviction that he is a wolf, whose sole design it is to devour at a sitting the poor lamb bleating its innocent response to his crafty address. Whatever trouble is afloat they borrow largely, as they sit on the side benches, like so many descendants of the giant Despair, holding out both hands, not for gold, but for misery.

When their sons are men enough to leave home, the same habit of mind which has done its best to cripple their boyhood follows them —happily for all concerned no longer able to influence the life of those for whom their fear has done its loving worst. As boys, the poor borrowers of trouble found an inexhaustible fund of pain in the vigor, the energy, the daring, the very education of youth. Not a gun was ever handled which was not sure to shoot the owner instead of the birds at which it was levelled; not a horse was mounted which did not carry in the saddle a fractured limb or a broken neck; every boat was a witch's bowl with a hole in her; and all athletic sports were but disguised devices for smashed shins, broken bloodvessels, and future heart disease. Study was the direct road to madness; the navy meant shipwreck and death by drowning at the first stiff breeze; the army was a certain consignment of so much precious flesh and blood to the path of a bullet; the medical profession was the surest way to get typhus fever at the first

opportunity; the law was perhaps physically safe, but the law leaves no hands clean and no code of morals straight. If we knew the secret causes by which some lives have been manipulated, we should find that the reason why certain men with no qualification for their professions, were doomed to lives of ill-suited labor, was in the woful fears of the parental borrower of trouble in the days when the man was but a boy, and his profession was decided before he had come to his own mastership.

If the borrowers of trouble did not insist on sharing and passing on their loan, it would not so much signify. Folks are free to make themselves unhappy in any way that strikes their fancy, but the mischief lies in communicating to others this unhappiness elaborated in their own private crucible —this trouble borrowed of false fears and sorrows that do not as yet exist, and that may not see the light at all. But happiness is impossible with this preveniently grieving race. They know joy only by name, as a fleeting, deceitful, and destructive hussy, and they choose care, in his blackest garb, as their rider *en croupe.* Like Trappists, they dig their own graves while they are still walking about the earth as men, not crawling beneath it as worms; and they keep their most precious jewels in a coffin as a casket. As if the absolute was not bad enough, and the punishment that overtakes the unconscious strayings of us poor dazed wayfarers not hard enough to bear, and certain enough to come—as if the sadness inherited of life itself, and which none of us can avoid, was not deep enough, the mystery of sorrow which none of us can fathom or forego not mournful enough, without adding to it all by our own act, piling the Pelion of unnecessary fears on the Ossa of inevitable pain! But no reasoning will teach these eager borrowers of trouble to wait until the time of trial actually comes, or convince them that there are two ways across the desert, and that the chances of escape or destruction are pretty nearly equal, if only one will believe it—the proponderance, indeed, lying to the side of escape, else what would have become of society and the human family had it not been so? They will not believe in the religion of hope, and the ethics of cheerfulness are as pagan reasonings to them. They are always so convinced of disasters beforehand, that when a catastrophe does really come, one would imagine it must be a relief to them, haunted as they are by vague shapes of dread which beset them like ghosts in the night. At least this is real, this is something tangible, and not a mere dreamy vision; there is no longer that terrible balance between hope and fear, the possible and the actual, which makes the brain sometimes uncertain of itself, and shakes the nerves like the leaves of an aspen-tree set in the current of a passing storm. When the worst has come, there is the repose which follows on certainty, and the sleep which comes after torture is none the less sleep and refreshment, because preceded by agony. So when the borrowers of trouble are called on to pay their loan, and their vague fear is translated into a living fact, they

are spared any further pain of uncertainty. And as one's imaginary evil is seldom topped by the reality for a time at least they have respite from their dread, and find their real trouble less terrible than their fancied one—their payment of sorrow of less amount than that trouble they so needlessly borrowed.

But, indeed, the worst use that man can make of his time is to borrow trouble in any shape. It is quite bad enough to spend it in tears and despair when it comes of its own irrepressible accord: until then, let us keep our hands clear of it, and if we must borrow anything, borrow joy and hope, even if we have to pay back the loan with disappointment and with grieving.

WHAT A LAYMAN CAN ACCOMPLISH.

THERE is a tender remonstrance, a gentle reproof implied in Christ's words of address to a paralytic whom he cured, "Son, thy *sins* are forgiven thee." It was a rebuke administered both to the helpless sufferer that gazed upon him trustfully, and to the crowd who were so busy and eager in bringing their sick to his feet. It pained him to see them regard him only as the healer of their physical maladies; only as one at whose potent word, the sightless eyes would open upon the beauty and brightness of day; the mute tongue speak words of benediction and joy; the palsied limb recover its wonted strength; the departed spirit return to reanimate the entombed corpse. But they did not seem to regard him as the Physician of their souls, the Grace-Dispenser, the Forgiver of sin. They were not solicitous about bringing sinners to him, or presenting themselves to be cured of spiritual ills.

This indifference to the spiritual well-being of the bodily diseased men whom he was implored to heal, must have been one of his sorest trials. He met this carnal-mindedness everywhere, this earthly bent of thought, this laboring for the food that perishes and carelessness about that which endures to life everlasting, this sordid, selfish, carnal spirit. He encountered it at Jacob's well when the Samaritan woman asked him to give her the water of which he spoke, that she might be free from the trouble of coming often to the well. He felt it at Capernaum, when the multitude were scandalized because he spoke of giving them his body and blood to eat. So in the healing of the paralytic, he reproves the spirit that looks not beyond the earthy and temporal; that expects nothing but the cure of the body. "Thy *sins* are forgiven." Here was the man's real sickness, here the only evil that could irretrievably injure him, the only ill that could put forth an influence bearing adversely upon his real life. His bodily disease would close with death. His sins might reach into eternity and destroy him there.

Notice how far from the mind of the crowd was this spiritual frame of mind. Certain said in their hearts, he blasphemes. He can cure disease. We see that. But to forgive sin is for God. Then Christ, the Divine Physician, stood revealed. "That ye may know the Son of man has power to forgive sin, then said he to the man, arise and walk." Through the poor, dead limbs the life-blood coursed, faint type of the marvellous vitality communicated to his soul.

Now, this is the light, the respect under which our Lord wants his followers to know him—as the Physician of the soul. This is his perpetual office. His healing of physical disease was part of his external ministry among men. It was an evidence of his Divinity. But he is, forever, the healer of the spiritual diseases of all that come to him, imploring mercy and fulfilling the conditions he has laid down. To his Apostles he gave the gift of miracles, and this gift remains in the Church; but he has given the power of healing spiritual disease to every priest of his Church. This power is far more ample and general than the power of working miracles. Its efficiency can be impeded, generally speaking, only by the sinner himself. And whilst the compassion of Christ for the physical sufferings of his creatures was intense, whilst he looked with favor upon the good-natured men that brought the sick and the maimed into his presence, he regarded with far deeper compassion the woful condition of the soul, and blessed those who did his own work, in co-operating with him in the eternal salvation of men, in bringing sinners grieving over transgressions to his feet.

Why should not we who, imperfectly at least, understand the mind of Christ, and are familiar, through the Church, with his wishes and intention, be ready to bring to him the spiritually diseased? Why should not every layman be moved with that higher order of Charity, for his fellows, which is evidenced in leading sinners to Christ?

But, you say, this missionary labor does not properly belong to our lay condition. It strikes us that we should trespass on ecclesiastical province, were we to busy ourselves in looking up sinners. It seems like an unwarranted assumption of a priestly function, were we to sermonize sinners, visit their houses with the express object of converting them, or take any other direct step toward that end. Then, too, our attempt, in all probability, would be useless, for, if sinners will not listen to their authorized preachers and pastors, it's not very likely that they will hearken to our pleading. Indeed, they would resent our interference in their spiritual affairs, and so, instead of doing good, we should only bring religion and ourselves into ridicule.

This objection proceeds from a misconception of the plan and scope of the work we are laying out for you. We don't want you to preach sermons to sinners, or visit their houses with a Bible or a psalm-book. All that God and the Church wish you to do is to exert in a quiet, kindly spirit, the personal influence which you have over your Catholic friends and acquaintances that you know to be leading a careless, sinful life. In your daily walk of life,

your office, your shop, the business mart, the railway, the street, you are continually encountering men whom you could interest in an informal talk about their religious affairs. Old friendship would not take offence at some plain words about a friend's spiritual welfare. Long companionship would easily brook a well-timed, fervent exhortation to come to church, hear the word of God, go to the sacraments. There is no assumption of priestly power in gently drawing a sinner from his evil ways, "in saving his soul from death." So far from condemning your discreet, Christian zeal, a priest would applaud the unobtrusive spirit of charity whose labors would lighten his own, whose gentle ministrations would cheer him in his efforts to reclaim sinners.

In this country particularly, our priests are often put in charge of a sphere so extensive that they cannot, personally and efficiently, superintend it all. In a large, populous parish, a priest may never come into contact with scores of bad Catholics whom you meet and converse with daily. It is a common experience of priests that they meet for the first time many a bad parishioner on his death-bed. The pious laity have it in their power to lead such lost sheep to their pastor. They can act as under-shepherds. By their conversations, monitions, prayer, and good example, they may co-operate with the priest in saving souls that otherwise might be lost.

Measure the power which your years, your social standing, your reputation give you. If you are a superior, the foreman of a workshop for instance, or the master of a great number of workmen, your men have learned to listen to you respectfully, value your opinion, and obey you, without hesitation. Why not carry this influence into a higher order, and seek to draw a sinful workman from an occasion that is damning his soul? If you are the head of a family, see the power over your children and your servants which your position gives you. If you are a rich man, why not use the power, the influence which your wealth commands, in behalf of the men that look to you for their bodily wants, for their earthly wages? Show, by kindness and reward, that you appreciate virtue. Don't be worried if you see some influenced by earthly motives, or a desire to please you, in going to church. God will give them grace, and, after all, none of us sees the heart. If you are a servant, a laborer, you are not, on that account, devoid of a certain influence over your fellows, and, indeed, over your superiors. We know an Irish servant girl, whose unaffected piety and good works were, under God, the means of converting an entire Protestant household. Always remember that your efforts to save souls are ever accompanied by the blessing and the assistance of God.

Never undervalue your own personal influence. No matter how poor, or humble, or dull you think yourself, there is at least one who looks up to you—one whose heart you hold. It is a beautiful revelation of God's goodness that He leaves no man utterly alone. Every one has a friend, a companion whom he can sway. You may not

think that you have any powers of persuasion, but pray for a while, for the conversion of your friend, and then speak to him on the subject of your thoughts. You will see if you have not influence.

Some slight inconvenience may attend your effort to induce a hardened sinner to visit the Church, attend a mission or a Forty Hours; but, on the whole, your work is easy if you bring to it earnest prayerful hearts. If you perceive that your well-meant exertions are received with stolid indifference, if you are insulted or abused, if you have a certainty that your labor will be uselessly expended, you are not required to exert yourself further in his behalf. But don't be disheartened by a little coldness, or crossness, or laughter at the outset. Think of the reward Christ will give even for our relieving the bodily sufferings of our neighbor. What special reward will he not gladly give to those who have fed the hungry with the bread of life, brought the thirsty to the fount of salvation, clothed the naked with the garment of grace, visited the sin-imprisoned, and comforted them with the freedom of Christ, assisted the sick and palsied to the feet of the Heavenly Physician?

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
  And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
  In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
  And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
  Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
  And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
  Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."

THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF TOBACCO.

No. I.

A FRIEND of mine who had passed through severe struggles of poverty, assured me that he and his companion once finding themselves reduced to a single penny, tossed up whether it should be spent on bread or tobacco. But hear the other side: a medical man assures the public, through the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, that tobacco has no sort of attraction—"n'offre réellement aucun véritable attrait,"—but is a nuisance to smokers and to those who do not smoke.

Here we have an illustration of the opposing attitudes taken by two classes,—the one maintaining that tobacco is a source of vast diffusive pleasure, lightening the burden of our daily life; the other maintaining that it is nothing but an evil, shortening our already brief existence, and darkening it with many maladies. From the very first day when the fascinating plant disclosed its charms to Europe, down to the moment of my writing this, there have been incessant cries of alarm and disgust; but this vast expenditure of rhetoric and exhortation has been in vain.

The Delights of Tobacco, though vociferously denied, have exercised so persistent a fascination that no rehearsal of its dangers has sufficed to arrest the rapid increase of its votaries. Singular! It has been proved over and over again to be the deadliest of poisons, and every year the consumption grows larger. Medical science has aided moral suasion, long lists of diseases have been attributed to its influence, penal legislation has attempted to suppress it, sarcasm and ridicule have endeavored to make it unpopular, but the tide rolls on; and, seeing this, the unexcited spectator naturally asks, How does it come to pass that this deadly poison, annually consumed in millions of pounds, fails to inspire terror? Are men indifferent to poison? or are they unsusceptible to it? How is it that the great majority of men in every country can daily "poison" themselves, and yet the effects of this imprudence escape our notice?

The mere putting of such questions shows that there must be some serious flaw in the statement of the real relation between tobacco and the organism; and the consequence of this flaw is that men in general, finding the massive experience of daily life at variance with the teachings of a few writers, set aside those teachings as "stuff and nonsense;" they find that the consumption of tobacco is doubled in ten years, and not observing any corresponding increase of mortality or disease, they laugh at medical alarmists. One must admit that the subject has generally been treated with lamentable want of candor and insight. We have been told with emphasis that the tobacco-plant belongs to the dreadful family of nightshades, and ranges beside the belladonna and mandragora. It is true; but no less does this plant range beside the potato, the tomato, and the capsicum. We have been told that it contains a

virulent poison. This also is true; but wheat, tea, coffee, almonds,—nay, even animal flesh, as we shall see presently,—also contain poison. We have been told that it has paralyzed Spain, destroying the chivalric grandeur of her people, no less than the political importance of her government; but since it has not ruined Prussia, nor prevented the rise of the great American republic, since it has left England and France their ancient energy, men are not much appalled by the example of Spain. We have been told that smoking leads to weariness, indolence, apathy, egoism, and grossness; and members of the British Anti-Tobacco Society are firmly persuaded,—or at least endeavor to persuade others,—that smoking is one great source of the crimes and debauchery of the masses. Nevertheless, the smokers daily become more numerous.

Is all this outcry the voice of a foolish prejudice, or is there a valuable truth underlying the exaggerations? In one word, Is smoking dangerous, and what is the extent of the danger? I will endeavor to answer these questions with a severe impartiality. I will do it for the reader with the same earnestness that I have done it for myself, being neither a tobacconist nor a preacher, but a physiologist with a very delicate constitution, which needs great vigilance to keep it up to working order. I am a moderate smoker; but much as I enjoy a cigar, I would most willingly give it up, if I had even a strong suspicion that by doing so I should improve my health.

There is danger in tobacco. The fact should never be disguised. What are the real elements of that danger will appear in the course of this essay; meanwhile the contradiction between the two parties, previously noticed, may be summarily reconciled by the assertion that although tobacco contains a deadly poison, smoking is not poisonous,—except under such conditions as will hereafter be noticed.

The mere fact that tobacco contains nicotine, a poison, is in itself of no great significance to the smoker. When the physiologist describes the terrible effects of nicotine administered to animals, he furnishes valuable facts to science; but they must be very imperfect physiologists who infer that the same or similar effects will be produced on a man who smokes tobacco containing nicotine. Indeed, when we know that one cigar will contain an amount of the poison which, if chemically separated and administered pure, would kill two of the strongest men, and yet see men daily smoke half a dozen such cigars without appreciable effect, we need no physiology to assure us that the action of nicotine is one thing, the action of tobacco-smoke another. I shall presently give the physiological rationale of this; but the fact itself suffices to set aside as irrelevant a mass of evidence and argument commonly adduced to prove the deleterious influence of tobacco-smoking, grounded on the effects of nicotine. No one doubts that tobacco is poisonous. No one doubts that alcohol is poisonous. But the massive evidence of national experience utterly repudiates the inference that smoking a cigar and drinking a glass of wine are poisonous. It is a ques-

tion of quantity; and we shall by and by see how all poisoning is a question of quantity, and how food itself becomes poison when taken in excess.

Although the presence of nicotine is no valid ground for the inference that smoking is necessarily poisonous, the fact points to an element of danger upon which our attention should be fixed. A poison is there, and its effects on the organism may be terrible; what we have to ascertain is how these effects are avoided. Every one knows from early experience how powerful and unpleasant is the effect of a small quantity of tobacco on the tyro: after a few puffs he feels his heart palpitate; if he continues the experiment, a cold sweat breaks out, his face becomes ashy pale, the room swims round, and he is relieved from his misery by sickness.

So horrible are the sensations which usually accompany our first introduction to the enchantress, that no greater proof of her charms can be given than our willingness to go through the stages of initiation. Yet in a little while the organism becomes so adjusted to this stimulus that none of the early effects are appreciable: delight replaces discomfort. The fact of the discomfort shows that tobacco is capable of exerting a powerful and noxious influence, seriously disturbing the functions; the fact of its ceasing to exert that influence shows that what was at first a disturbance has become a gentle stimulant, by which the pulse is slightly accelerated, the secretions increased, and the cerebral activity heightened.

But in admitting that tobacco is a stimulant, we may seem to be admitting all that its opponents claim. They ask, "Can such a stimulant be daily applied without injury? Is there not a cumulative effect. Is not the excitement temporary, and followed by a depression which is hurtful? Are not the brain and nervous centres, in the long run, deteriorated by this excitation?" Pertinent questions, the answers to which must be determined by the precision with which the questions are understood; we may answer them yes or no, with equal justice, according to the use we affix to them. It is certain that no stimulus which is a disturbance of the natural functions can be daily applied without injury. But is it certain that smoking tobacco daily is the daily application of such a disturbing stimulus? Is it even probable? Is it not demonstrably untrue? You might as well argue that sailors shortened their lives by daily exposing themselves to the horrible disturbance of sea-sickness; much as they suffer at first, it is plain that in a little while they cease to suffer at all. In like manner the disturbance created by the first few pipes soon disappears, and can only be reproduced by an excess: the disturbance has given place to a stimulus.

Finding themselves at variance with obvious facts, our opponents endeavor to maintain their position by arguing that, although the organism may become so far accustomed to the stimulus as to exhibit only a trifling disturbance on each separate occasion, yet, inasmuch as this is repeated frequently, there is a cumulative effect, which tells injuriously. When Voltaire heard

that coffee was a slow poison, he replied, "Very slow; it has been eighty years killing me." Indeed this notion of a gradual storing up of its injurious influence is a notion which, had it not been countenanced by professed physiologists, I should be tempted to affirm that no one familiar with vital processes could steadily conceive. It is absurd; and daily experience refutes it. If the slight increase of the heart's action, consequent on smoking a cigar, is injurious because it is an increase, and if such excitement is cumulative through daily repetitions, and. by accumulation, will produce idiocy, mania, loss of memory, general paralysis, and all the other terrors of tobacco, then, on similar grounds, we should avoid the slight increase of the heart's action which follows our daily cup of tea or coffee, our morning tub, and daily walk, with all other stimuli of food, emotion, and thought. Life is one incessant reaction upon stimuli; and, were it not that life is also an incessant renovation of tissue, these reactions would rapidly come to a close; but, as I have elsewhere said, since the old tissues are incessantly being replaced by new tissues, there is a repetition, not a cumulation, of effect. Every time fresh oil is poured on fresh burning coal, the same phenomenon presents itself; every time an eel is skinned he wriggles with ancestral vigor, and will not become "used to it;" in like manner, every time a fresh stimulus is applied to fresh nerve-tissue the original effect ensues. Change, incessant change, is the law of our being; fresh food renewing fresh tissue for fresh stimulants. The basket is always wriggling with eels, but the eels are strangers, and can't get "used to the skinning." Those who rehearse the deadly effects of tobacco, and infer that small daily doses will, by accumulation, produce these effects, should never drink tea; since it is notorious that tea is poisonous, and not only produces paralysis when taken in large doses, but even in moderate doses causes tremblings, palpitations, and other distressing symptoms. Many persons cannot sleep at night after a cup of tea; and the men employed as tea-tasters are subject to headache, giddiness, and other evils; while those employed in unpacking tea-chests are very liable to paralysis. Hence it is clear that a cup of tea, taken twice daily, would, if the effects were cumulative, rapidly induce disease. But as the effects happen *not* to be cumulative, tea is drunk with impunity; so of cigars.

And now for the other physiological argument, based upon the indisputable truth, that all excitement is followed by a corresponding depression. It is inferred from this that the stimulus of tobacco, although for a time increasing the activity of the circulation, necessarily depresses it in the long run (an error), and hence the bloodless, ill-nourished organs of the habitual smoker (an absurd misstatement of the fact). Dealing with the asserted fact, before touching upon the inference, I refer to the reader's own experience of his tobacco-loving acquaintances to decide whether they are more bloodless and feeble than their non-smoking fellows, or I may refer to the experience of nations and classes. Hav-

ing this guide as to the matter of fact, we might disregard the physiological inference; but, as that inference is itself demonstrably erroneous, and the exposition of the error may not be without interest, we will pause awhile to consider it.

That excitement is followed by a corresponding depression is true, as was said before. But in what sense true? In the case of nervous excitation it means that, when a nerve has used up material in action, it needs a period of repose, during which the waste may be repaired. This period is one of depression; that is to say, having used some of its force, it has for a time less disposable force for action. But, in the case of the heart's action, which is continuous, and accompanied by continuous repair, any excitement above the normal rate is followed by a corresponding depression when the stimulus ceases; the depression, however, corresponds with the previous exaltation, it does not exceed it; that is to say, if, when the pulse is eighty, a stimulus raise it to a hundred, this excess of twenty will be followed by a corresponding depression of twenty on the cessation of the stimulus; and then, the normal rate being once more reached, no further depression takes place. This is evident *à priori;* for, otherwise, the excess of depression would be without a cause. It is evident in experiments on animals. It is evident in ordinary experience; for, inasmuch as the pulse is incessantly varying under changing stimuli, if each excess of activity were followed by a depression below the starting-point, there would rapidly arrive a complete cessation of the heart's action, it would go deeper and deeper still, each revival being succeeded by a wider sweep of paralysis.

Having thus disposed of the most ordinary objection, I turn to one of great importance, if true, and less easily answered. Does tobacco, in moderation, injure the brain and other centres, producing paralysis, idiocy, loss of memory, and other maladies arrayed against it by various medical authorities? That it affects these organs is beyond dispute, since it stimulates them; but the point interesting to us is, whether the organs are injuriously affected. Medical writers of high position and large practice have declared emphatically that smoking does injure the brain; and no wise man will let such declarations pass unheeded, in spite of the exaggeration and fallacy which may often be detected in them. Let me say at once that I have myself no doubt whatever that smoking, in excess, or in exceptional cases, does produce the injuries attributed to it; as I have no doubt that alcohol in excess is even more injurious: but the argument from excess is an excess in argument.

M. Joly, in a memoir recently read at the Académie de Médecine of Paris, invokes statistics to prove that the increase in the consumption of tobacco is accompanied by a corresponding increase in the number of the insane. Thus, in 1842 the duty on tobacco produced 80,000,000 of francs, and the registered number of the insane was 15,000. In 1852 the duty amounted to 120,000,000, and the insane to 22,000. In 1862 the duty amounted

to 180,000,000, and the insane to 44,000. Appalled by such figures, he exclaims, "Le jour que la France se mit à fumer on peut dire qu'elle commença à s'empoisonner!" It is a slight objection to this array of figures that the number of the insane is greater among women, who do not smoke, than among men, who do.

M. Morel, referring to the enormous quantities of opium and tobacco now consumed, says that it is impossible not to give them a large place in the history of substances which act fatally on the nervous system,—an undeniable position, but equally applicable to alcohol. M. Sandras, admitting that the methods of using tobacco render it less dangerous than if nicotine were taken pure, thinks that, in a minor degree, the ill effects of narcotism are produced, and, when taken in excess, narcotism supervenes, and the cerebral functions are finally affected. The attention and the memory become weakened, and finally destroyed, the judgment is progressively altered, vague images and extravagant conceptions traverse the troubled mind, and the disease advances till it reaches the state of helpless stupidity.' A good warning against excess, but inapplicable to moderation.

The famous oculist, M. Sichel, declares that excess very frequently leads to blindness, and he has specially treated the subject of the smoker's amaurosis. One case is worth citing. A man, aged forty, who had entirely lost his sight from excess of smoking, was completely cured by treatment combined with the entire cessation of this excess.

But, without citing authorities, it is enough to say that tobacco in excess acts as a narcotic—stupefying the brain—to say that the frequent repetitions of such stupefaction must at last alter the texture and consequently the functions of the brain, the disturbance of function in stupefaction being very different from a stimulus. We can therefore understand the very general suspicion which hovers over tobacco in the minds of medical men as the cause of those nervous affections which they cannot trace to some more apparent source. But medical suspicions of this kind are only valuable as hints for the direction of research; they are of little value as evidence. In the present case I think the suspicion very questionable, unless when referring to excess, because the experience of nations is against the notion of any injury to the brain. I go further, and dispute the common assumption that tobacco, in small doses, is a narcotic. The statement may startle, because tobacco has always been classed among the narcotics; but the paradox disappears when we reflect that differences in degree reach differences in kind, and that what is undeniable of large doses is no longer true of small doses. Nicotine is a narcotic; excess in smoking will produce narcotism. These facts are indisputable, but they do not imply that moderation in smoking must necessarily produce moderate narcotism, for it will not produce narcotism at all. The difference in degree becomes a difference in kind as great as when a difference in the degree of heat changes water into ice or into steam. There

may be but a slight difference in the weight which bends a steel spring and the weight which breaks it, yet what a complete disturbance of our mechanical devices would result from this difference being overlooked!

The question of quantity, which is here, as elsewhere, of such supreme significance, has been flagrantly disregarded by the antagonists of smoking.

Let us see to what conclusions such a disregard would lead us in other cases. Animal food is largely eaten, and, except by the small sect of vegetarians, is recognized as beneficial to the flesh-eaters; so that a teacher who should exert his eloquence in endeavoring to dissuade men from beef and mutton, because such substances contained a deadly poison, would be received with shouts of derision. Yet the fact is indisputable that animal flesh does contain poison, as an invariable constituent, just as tobacco does. This poison—the salts of potass—can be extracted and administered pure as nicotine can be extracted from tobacco. And, what is still more impressive, recent experiments have proved that the concentrated essence of flesh, when administered in small doses, increases the rapidity and force of the heart's action, but in larger doses acts like a poison, and paralyzes the heart.

The reader is requested to consider the striking parallelism between the effects of flesh-eating and tobacco-smoking, and the effects of the poisonous elements in both. Not only can we eat with benefit an amount of flesh which contains poison enough to destroy us if administered in a concentrated form—as we can smoke with impunity an amount of tobacco which contains enough nicotine to poison a family—but the effects of meat-essence and of nicotine are singularly alike, the small dose stimulating and the larger dose paralyzing the heart. Nor does the resemblance end here. After the administration of meat-essence in small doses the pulse rapidly rises, and in the course of half an hour or more it again sinks to its normal rate. Let any smoker time his pulse before, during, and an hour after his cigar, and he will observe a similar rise and fall. When larger doses of meat-essence are given the animal rapidly becomes depressed and stupefied, precisely the effects observable after an overdose of tobacco. Still larger doses in both cases produce convulsions and death.

This example suffices to enforce the proposition that the effect of a poison depends on the amount of that poison which, at any given moment, is acting on the organism; and likewise to enforce the proposition that impunity in smoking results from those causes which prevent the amount of nicotine at any given moment from passing the limit which separates a stimulus from a disturbance, excitement from paralysis. Physiology is in a condition to give the rationale of this. That the Indians first kill wild animals with poisoned arrows, and then eat the poisoned flesh with safety, has long been known; that the poison may be injected directly into the stomach without perceptible injury, although a quarter of that amount would in a few minutes kill the

animal into whose veins it had been injected, was also known; and these two facts seemed to point to some property of the mucous membrane of the stomach which prevented the poison being absorbed. But this conclusion proves to be inaccurate. The stomach is quite capable of absorbing the poison, but it absorbs it slowly compared with the rapidity of the process by which the poison is excreted; and in consequence of this greater rapidity of excretion, although all the poison may be absorbed, yet at no one moment is there sufficient quantity in the blood to produce injury. "Spread out the thunder into its minutest tones," says Schiller, "and it becomes a lullaby for children." Spread out the deadliest poison in minute doses, and it becomes a medicine, as we know, from the daily use of strychnine, prussic acid, and other energetic poisons, in medical practice. Now when a poison is rapidly excreted by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, so that an accumulation in the blood is prevented, all injury is avoided, a succession of minute doses not being the same as one concentrated dose. But if from any cause the rapidity of excretion be arrested, an accumulation takes place, and thus a small dose comes to have the effect of a large dose. This is not hypothesis; it has been proved by Hermann, of Berlin, who found that the dose of curare, which was quite innocuous when injected into the stomach of a rabbit, became almost immediately fatal if the vessels of the kidneys were tied, thus preventing the excretion from taking place through the kidneys. Hermann also found —what, indeed, Brown-Séquard had long ago proved—that the dose of alcohol which was fatal to an animal when left exposed to the cold, passed away without serious effects when the animal was kept very warm, the heat accelerating and the cold retarding the excretion from the skin.

If, then, we understand that a poison which is absorbed in minute quantities is also excreted with sufficient rapidity to prevent there being at any given moment an accumulation in the blood, the effect of which would be excessive stimulus, large amounts of such poison may enter the system without toxic influence,—the thunder is spread out into its smallest tones. But now look at the other side. If the excretion from any cause be retarded, then an accumulation takes place which is injurious, and may be fatal.

The two results expressed in the preceding paragraph enable us to give a rational explanation of the seemingly contradictory evidence respecting tobacco. We shall best understand this by comparing the facts which prove immunity with the facts which prove injury. The massive evidence in favor of immunity only proves that smoking in moderation—and the majority of men are moderate—has no appreciably injurious effect. The evidence of particular cases, the pathological evidence supported by physiological experiment, proves that smoking when excessive produces serious evil. And in our next it will appear that excess is a term of fluctuating application, the amount which is moderation to one organism being excess to another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW ANALYTIC ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE, HUMAN AND COMPARATIVE. By CALVIN CUTTER, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1871.

We know of no American writer who has done more to popularize the science of medicine than Dr. Cutter. His book entitled "Outline Anatomy" has served as a text-book and popular manual ever since its publication, in 1849, and we are informed that its use in England and on the Continent has been as extensive as it has been here. This, his latest work, is an embodiment of the former treatise, improved and very much enlarged. Its chief merit lies in the popular, brief, and pleasing manner in which the principles and canons of the medical science are communicated. This most necessary of all the physical sciences is, strange to say, the least generally known. Those learned in theology, literature, the arts (both mechanical and liberal), are in comparative ignorance of the simplest laws of health and disease. Much of this arises from the singularly technical character of medical books and the supposed impracticability of studying them without the aid of experiment. The idea is, that to study medicine, a man must be first, a thorough Greek and Latin scholar, and next, he must attend clinic lectures and visit the hospitals. A druggist's prescription is a hieroglyph, and the doctor a man of mystery.

Dr. Cutter, and a few physicians like him, have happily lifted the veil which enshrouds the Æsculapian temple. In as untechnical language as the subject permits, he describes the anatomy, the physiology, and the hygiene of the human body. Whilst the first two are extremely interesting studies, the third, hygiene, is practically the most important, and, fortunately, Dr. Cutter's evident love of anatomical and physiological studies has not prevented him from devoting a full third part of his book to the enunciation and illustration of the great laws on which the health of our body and mind depends. The reader may forget the philosophical reason on which the law is based, but the terse, vigorous, clear language in which the rule is expressed must imprint at least it on his memory.

We do not see why physiology should not form a distinct study in our colleges and schools. In point of interest, it rivals and indeed surpasses many studies, whilst, for practical benefit, it certainly excels them all. If students were taught the great laws which regulate the human body, the mournful instances of premature death from their noted disregard of the laws of exercise, food, sleep, mental labor, &c., would be lessened. We trust that the time is coming when physiology will claim and receive the same attention that is now devoted to arithmetic, history, and the languages.

The publishers deserve credit for the typographical and pictorial beauty of the book.

MOUNT BENEDICT; or, THE VIOLATED TOMB. A Tale of the Charlestown Convent. By PETER MCCORRY. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo.

The aim of the author of this admirably written story is to expose the ruffianly bigotry shown in the desecration of a house consecrated to God, and in the brutality practiced upon gentle, holy women, devoted to the service of God and the good of their neighbor. The story turns upon the destruction of the Convent of Mount Benedict, Charlestown, in the year 1834, by an infuriated mob, encouraged and led on by the teachings and preachings of ignorant men calling themselves ministers of the Gospel. Happily the day when such fanaticism was rife is passed, but it is well for us younger Catholics to know the persecutions and insults which our fathers endured, even in this free land, for conscience' sake.

Interwoven with the general fact of the burning of the convent are incidents of interest, pictures of religion and virtue, and excellent delineations of several noble Catholic characters.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA: Containing the First Principles of the Science, &c. By EDWARD BROOKS, A.M. Philadelphia: Sower, Barnes & Co.

The general features of this ably composed and arranged treatise that are deserving of special notice are its method and matter. The method followed by the author is the simplification of algebra, without impairing logical completeness. The transition from the simple problems to the more complex is so gradual, that what is more complicated and difficult is made simple and easy. We are pleased with the natural analytic method which the author happily blends with the elegance and exactness of the geometric plan of demonstration. The development of the properties of the incomplete quadratic equation is, as far as we know, wanting in every other algebra in the language.

The matter of the book is not so much a mere collection of problems as the development, by means of apt illustrations, of the principles of algebra. After all, it is not readiness in working out a great number of problems, which is the real test of algebraic skill, but the understanding and the applying of the great leading principles which underlie the science.

We would call special attention to the typography of the work, and the introduction of the small symbols for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. This is a feature which, while found in the best English works on algebra, is not contained in the other algebras in use in this country. We earnestly commend to the attention of our Catholic teachers and heads of educational institutions the examination of this excellent manual.

MITCHELL'S NEW SERIES GEOGRAPHIES. Philadelphia; E. H. Butler & Co.

Probably in no branch of literature have the enemies of the Church been so effectively engaged against her as in that of the education of our children.

Than the preparation and circulation of school books, indeed, no better field could have been selected for the accomplishment of their purposes. By imparting to the young a false knowledge founded on distorted and prejudiced statement, the modern school book is an instrument in the hands of our opponents, by which they seek to nip the faith of our children in the bud, and thus make them easy victims to the religious errors of the day.

Hence when we see an educational work free from these objections, and at the same time accurate and otherwise excellent, it becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to commend it to the favor of those in charge of our schools and colleges. Mitchell's Geographies (a new series of which has recently been issued) have long since been remarkable for their completeness, general accuracy, and beauty of appearance, and by their impartiality and freedom from religious prejudice, they have gained the confidence of Catholic parents and teachers as a safe instructor in this most important branch of education.

The new series, we are informed, is being largely introduced into the Catholic colleges and academies of the country. We hope that this liberal patronage will encourage the publishers to persevere in the impartial course they have thus far pursued in all their school books.

BALMES'S PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICITY COMPARED IN THEIR EFFECTS ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

We have received from the publishers the latest edition of this admirable work. It is such books as Balmes's that we need most in our warfare against Protestantism, for the ruin which it has brought on true progress and civilization strikes most minds more forcibly than the desolation which it has carried into the religious world.

WARREN'S GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES; comprising a Primary, a Common School, and a Physical Geography. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co. 1871.

This series is remarkable for the exquisite finish and beauty of its maps and

illustrations, and for the comprehensiveness and general accuracy of its definitions and descriptions. The blending of descriptive geography with the atlas dispenses with the necessity of separate books. The Physical Geography, in particular, is richly deserving of the praise and patronage it has received. In his series, the author studiously avoids commenting at length on the religious condition of different peoples, and this is wise, for religious criticism does not belong to the province of the geographer. We might object to the vagueness of the note on the political condition of Italy, but as the Pope is not included in the list of "tyrannical rulers," we let it pass. Taken as a whole, this geographical series is most complete and satisfactory, and the publishers are entitled to praise for the admirable style in which they have gotten it out.

DIXON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This standard work comes to us in new and excellent dress. The latest edition is embellished with several new maps and valuable notes. As a treatise on hermeneutics and biblical antiquities, Dixon is well known in theological literature. His rather inelegant style detracts nothing from the intrinsic worth of his book.

EARLE'S MANUAL OF THE LIVES OF THE POPES. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This trustworthy little book has acquired additional value by the extremely interesting sketch of Pius IX. and his times, which is added to this the last edition. At a time when everything connected with the life of the Popes awakens attention, and when the enemies of the Church are particularly active in falsifying her history, Catholics should avail themselves of Earle's Manual, in which they will find briefly and neatly described all the principal events in the lives of the Popes, and, as every one knows, the history of the Popes is the history of the Church.

BURKE'S ABRIDGMENT OF LINGARD'S ENGLAND. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

As Lingard is, in the judgment of Hallam, the fairest and most conscientious of English historians, so Burke's abridgment of his great work is the most comprehensive and satisfactory of all the compendiums that have been made of his history. We are pleased with the continuation of the narrative down to the present day, and with the valuable chronological tables annexed.

THE HOLY EXERCISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. From the French. By T. F. VAUBERT. 16mo. Fox, St. Louis.

This excellent little treatise on a practice so holy and so beneficial as that of the recollection of the divine omnipresence, is a beautiful translation and selection of reflections, examples, and practices to be found in the works of several eminent French divines. We do not see how any Christian, after reading it, can fail to be impressed with the duty which it inculcates—that of realizing the great truth, that "in God we live, and move, and are." The opening chapters treat of the doctrinal side of the subject, and explain the three ways in which God is present, by his essence, his presence, and his power. The second part is devoted to the practice and explanation of the devotion.

HYMNS AND HARMONIES FOR CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND HOMES. Compiled by J. F. LOUGHLIN. Boston: Donahoe. 1871.

We are surprised that the publisher of this comprehensive collection of hymns set to music, can afford to sell it for a mere trifle. We have seen books of the same size, not half so well printed, nor with its variety of contents, sold for triple its price. We hope that Catholic families and schools, by their generous purchase, will encourage the publisher and compiler in their laudable efforts to supply them with good music.

THE

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THE CATHOLIC PRIEST IN AMERICA.

IN THE SEMINARY.

"THAT gentleman is a Catholic Priest." What a diversity of feeling and opinion do these few words awaken! Hearing them, the ignorant and bigoted Protestant is tempted to look sharply for the horns and the tail with which the beast in the Apocalypse is represented, and he is evidently disappointed on discovering that the Catholic priest is a man like other men, only somewhat graver, with a quiet dignity about him, and wearing a dress not exactly *a la mode*. To the good Catholic the words are expressive of all that is good and gracious and noble in his creed. To the bad or indifferent one, the priest is an object that suggests uncomfortable reflections and a desire to get out of his way. To an infidel, he is the only convincing proof of the divinity of the religion whose minister he is,* for the unbeliever beholds in him a man over whose life Christianity holds such sway that he is ready to show even to death, his faith in the profession he makes and the principles he inculcates.

The Catholic world stands in reverence before him as one sent from God, holding in consecrate hands the bread of life, and dispensing to men the blessings of redemption; one, on whose soul the indelible signet of the priesthood is impressed by the Holy Ghost; one who stands as mediator between man and his Maker. The non-Catholic world looks upon him either as a mountebank practicing on the credulity of the superstitious, or as a "clerical gentleman," the mate of Baptist, Methodist, Shaker, and colored preachers. Hence the priest is generally the most loved and the most hated, the most blessed and the most reviled, the most trusted and the most suspected of men.

His history possesses a fascinating and unique interest. We find him in all parts of the world, at all times, and under every variety of

* Diderot.

circumstance, state, condition, and fortune. In the dawn of Christianity he is found among all Pagan peoples, preaching Christ and sealing his preaching with his blood. He is among the first to visit a newly discovered land, into which he penetrates, leaving far behind those whom his strong faith does not inspire. The bleak wilderness has no terrors for him. Savage beasts and yet more savage men do not deter him. His footsteps have raised the echoes of forests into which no white man durst enter before him; traces of his presence are found in lands which it was death for him to visit. His bones have bleached beneath every sky. His voice has been heard in all quarters of the world. His touch has sanctified every country on the face of the broad earth. It may be that lands yet unknown to the civilized world have long ago received his benediction. Livingston may now be following in the track of the Catholic priest.

Not only his general but his individual history is of surpassing interest. The priesthood has numbered men of every walk and condition of life. Prince and peasant, lord and vassal, soldier and citizen, master and servant, are found side by side in its ranks. It is the purest form of democracy. A swineherd may be elected to the Chair of St. Peter. Lineage and wealth count for nought. Piety and learning, zeal and prudence, are the kind of qualification required for office in the Church. Indeed from her history it appears that our Lord has selected the poor, and, to earthly seeming, the ignoble, to be the great guides, rulers, and workers in his earthly kingdom. The Fishermen are the type of their successors.

We purpose in this essay to study some of the characteristics of the Catholic priest in America, as being the one with whom all are familiar, and also one who unites in his character and mission the qualities and excellencies that distinguish the true priest. Indeed, the priest in the United States is in some respects the highest type of his order. In a country which has not ceased to be missionary and in which infidel and Protestant influences are peculiarly inimical to Catholicity, he, under God, has not only saved his own people from the danger, but also drawn untold multitudes out of the midst of the danger into the house of God. To appreciate this triumph we must take into account the character of the American people, and the danger that results to Catholics from the non-religious nature of our institutions, thought, press, and schools. Everything here tends to that license of opinion and unshackled liberty of action and expression which made once Catholic Germany infidel, in a quarter of a century, yet what people are more intensely Catholic than the Catholics in America? As soon as France became a republic, it became infidel. No class love our free institutions more dearly than our Catholic people, or are more anxious to defend and uphold them. Catholicity in other lands needs the stimulus of persecution to make it really loved and cherished. Here we enjoy liberty of conscience and of worship, and think nothing dearer than our Church. Liber-

alism is ruining Italy and Spain. If any soil is congenial to liberalism it is certainly the United States, yet how few liberals, in the uncatholic sense, do we find among our people.

Now it cannot be denied that the thorough-going Catholicity of our people is, under heaven, due to the clergy. It is they that keep together, guide, and legislate for the fold of Christ. That they have inspired their people with the most devoted loyalty to the Holy See, the centre and life of the whole Catholic system; that they have made the faith of the Church in America "spoken of throughout the world;" that they have extended and developed religion in a land which lacks the incentives to Catholicity, and that peculiar atmosphere of Catholic tradition and devotion which European lands possess, are facts that must win for the priest in America the foremost rank in the clergy of the Church.

We will more readily admit this claim for our clergy, after comparing the few opportunities which they enjoy to prepare themselves for the mission, with the ample facilities, extensive training, and systematic discipline which the priests of the old world have. In Europe, the seminarist goes through a course ranging from ten to fifteen years, in a richly endowed seminary, filled with all the appliances of learning, and presided over by the best professors that influence or money can attract. Here the needs of the mission call our students from their books just at the time when a European scholar has reached the first third of his course. It is not that we have not good, competent professors. We need not pass one seminary to find in it the ablest professor of dogmatic theology in the American Church, and the chairs of moral theology, scripture, Church history, and philosophy are, as a rule, occupied by men who, to a European training, add the tact and practicalness that missionary duties and experience impart. Yet whilst the American priest may not possess the extensive, varied and minute knowledge of theoretical theology which a long course alone conveys, we would, none the less, equal him to his brothers in Europe. What he may lack in theory he makes up in ability of applying principles, a quick ready judgment, prudent adjustment of difficulties, and a faculty of seeing and clearing away dangers—qualities that no length of course or mere study of authors can give. In the old country, crimes, like society, run in set grooves, and nearly all the cases that a priest encounters have been settled and solved for him. Here, however, the priest must, in most cases, fall back upon the great principles that underlie the ethical science. It is in vain to apply European modes of dealing with men, to the persons whom he must lead in the right way. Lines of action which could be safely followed in France or Italy would lead here to disastrous consequences. *Casus Conscientiæ* he finds to be purely speculative. He has no theology adapted to the peculiar phases which cases take in this country, for though Kenrick, as an epitome of St. Alphonsus, is simply perfect, it leaves unsettled, and in many instances, unnoticed, questions and

problems which a priest is called upon daily to solve. He is thus forced to think out his practice for himself, relying on plain principles, or the guidance of experienced elders. The fact, in consequence, is that whilst an American priest could govern a European congregation with comparative ease, we can conceive of no more helpless and badgered a man than a priest from Europe, without any preparatory training, put in charge of an American congregation.

It is certainly a blessing, for which we cannot feel too grateful, that God has blessed His Church in these parts with such men. Through them she is now the leading religious power in the land, making up, in the strength of her oneness and her holiness, what she may lack in numerical or territorial extent. They have led her safe through storms aroused by partisan hate and religious fanaticism, at times when she was least able to stand them, and whilst we rejoice in her prosperity we must not forget that its continuance depends on the implicit trust and unshaken loyalty which the faithful here have ever reposed in their priests. The woes of the Church and the State in Italy, France, and Spain can all be traced to the revolt of the people against their spiritual guides.

Our study of the character of the priest in America must begin with his seminary life, for it is in this institution that it is mainly moulded and formed. He is, generally, a boy of naturally good parts and disposition, who numbers among his earliest impressions and recollections his wish to become a priest. This bent of mind usually evidences itself from his earliest years, in playing mass and church. Odd as it sounds, one of the profoundest writers on asceticism assures us that this kind of play, engaged in reverently and thoughtfully, is a safe indication of a child's vocation to the Sanctuary; and he instances several great saints who, in their childhood, were wont so to amuse themselves. The time, however, comes when he is to be initiated into the mysteries of Latin Grammar. Our readers know that one of the qualifications of a candidate to the seminary is a fair idea of the leading rules of the Latin language. To obtain this knowledge he "takes lessons" of his pastor or the kind assistant, or at school. After a time he obtains such proficiency that he no longer searches for *tulit* among the t's, nor engages in a fatiguing chase for *bonorum* through the lexicon. He becomes master of *Cæsar*, or an elementary book like *Historia Sacra*, or *Viri Romæ*, and feels satisfied that, strong in his knowledge of declensions and conjugations, he may bid defiance to any board of examiners. These valorous sentiments receive a shock, however, on the day when he is informed, by note or word, that the examination for the seminary will be held the following week. Visions of stern doctors bristling with utterly unanswerable questions, insoluble problems, and enigmatical queries haunt him in the interval. "Just review what you have gone over, and don't be alarmed," is the very alarming advice given him by his preceptor. Never before was Cæsar so closely scanned. Never before did all that Orgetorix, Dum-

norix, and Ariovistus say and do receive closer attention.

On the morning of the examination, after a fervent prayer and a very slight breakfast, the young candidate hastens to the place of examination, declining difficult nouns and conjugating irregular verbs. He finds in the hall a number of young gentlemen, in more or less uncomfortable positions, all trying to look easy and unconcerned, and failing signally. One next him appears to be familiar with the place, and casually remarks that this is his fifth application.

"It's only my first," says our candidate, rather startled.

"Oh, then," returns the other, easily, "you may as well go home. They take nobody on his first application. They want to try his vocation."

By this time the examination has begun up-stairs, and an applicant for admission to the theological department has interviewed the examiners. He is surrounded by the crowd of expectants below. "Rather rough," is the ominous report he gives. "In fact," he continues, growing more communicative, "there is one examiner that seems determined to 'pluck.'" The meaning of this mysterious word is explained for the benefit of the new comers, on whom it seems to have a dampening effect.

"How much have you read?" queries another candidate, of our boy.

"The first book of Cæsar," is the modest reply.

"Ah!" rejoins the other, and a shade of pity crosses his brow; "you had better get away from here, then. I have perused Terence, Ennius, Juvenal, Horace, Cicero, &c., &c., yet they plucked me last year. These and other authors I translate freely."

"Perhaps *too* freely," says our candidate, disliking to be an object of compassion.

"I never spoil an author's thought by servile adhesion to literality," replied the other, severely—a remark that quite dumbfounded his listener.

After all, he does not find the examination so terrible as he had imagined, and he leaves the hall quite hopeful. He is, of course, enraptured on receiving his billet of admission to the seminary, and prepares to leave home, trying very hard (with indifferent success) "not to make a baby of himself." In time he finds himself in the seminary, in the company of a number of other new comers, all as awkward and as un-at-home as they can possibly be. He is impressed with the easy manner of the "old fellows" of the house, and laughs heartily at their jokes and tricks, and feels flattered and grateful when one of these "old fellows" (who may be younger than himself) asks him kindly how he is, and what's his name, and where he is from. Still withal, he is quite forlorn, and has another struggle "not to make a baby of himself," when he thinks of the love and care and unutterable comfort, wherewith home would encircle him. At eight o'clock in the evening the spiritual retreat begins, and he is informed that strict silence must be kept until after the retreat—a rule which he is sure he will not break, for he knows nobody to talk with.

Retreat time does not tire him

young fervent spirit, and he manfully keeps his mind from wandering homeward, and fixes it on the points of meditation. He joins with great glee, though, in the "*Deo gratias*" that follows the "*Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis,*" the signal for talk at table on the morning the retreat closes. Since he came, he has breakfasted on bread and coffee, which he thought was a fast in conjunction with the retreat, but he is not saddened when told that this "fast" will last the year round.

But who may hope to reproduce on paper the shifting scenes and incidents of seminary life? It is the part of his career to which the priest recurs, as to an unfailing wellspring of delight. He feels again the palpitation with which he timidly knocked at the rector's door, in quest of recreation, after conning carefully the thousand and one reasons "why we should have the day," notwithstanding the fact that yesterday was given for precisely similar reasons. He feels quite a great man when a cheer salutes him for his success in the "rally," and he increases his popularity and the grandeur of the exploit by dwelling on the circumstance that the rector was determined not to give the day, and that nothing but the most persuasive eloquence and irrefragable arguments could have changed his determination.

He also recalls the memorable day, when, ensconced in a secluded nook, in company with a few cronies, he was enjoying a "comfortable whiff" wholly unconscious of the dread fact that the prefect was coolly viewing the tableau. He made an awkward and futile attempt to hide, in his coat pocket, the unfortunate pipe which *would* persist in sending a graceful curl of smoke out through vest and button holes. He remembers the innocent look on the faces of the cronies as they loudly protest that they *are* not smoking, and he joins in the chorus; but the awful indefiniteness of the prefect's reply, "We'll see about this," convinces them that "there's no use trying to fool," and they resolve to wait on Mr. Prefect and propitiate his wrath by apologies, which he receives with that dignity and solemnity which none but a prefect can appreciate.

He may further remember the hopelessness with which he began studying the Greek alphabet. The sameness of the letters was so perplexing! He thinks of his first despairing attempt to master the innumerable moods and tenses of the Greek verb. As for the accents—well, they were simply absurd, as absurd, indeed, as the dual number. He feels again the delightful sensation that would come upon him when the professor would request him to analyze a Greek sentence. With the French, he could make out better, and had little trouble in asking, in French, if the baker had bought the tailor's silver thimble, or if the doctor's mother's grandson had the table of the shoemaker's little brother. He thinks of the lively times they had in class, when the professor would insist on a literal translation, and, when taking him at his word, they would give him such English as "the sons of the France pushed cries of joy," or "Telemachus carried himself very well." He re-

members the times when he composed his essays for rhetoric class. He would make it a point to get the longest and most sonorous words. He was also very poetic and imaginative in those days, and, regardless of rules regulating metaphors and similes, he would make somebody "soar to the pinnacle of fame with outspread sails of vanity and pride, defying the storms and tempests that wrecked and cleft him to the core, and left him a withered and blasted trunk in the midst of the ocean of life!"

As examination day nears he feels an undefined dread. True he has studied hard and successfully, and he is confident of answering any ordinary question, still the student associates with his first examination in the seminary all that his imagination can depict of the severe and of the difficult. He is surprised at the unconcern with which many of the old fellows regard the oncoming battle. He asks one of them how is it conducted?

"Strictly enough," is the not encouraging reply. "They muster us all in the study-room to face about a dozen reverend gentlemen, each with full liberty to ask as many and as hard questions as he pleases. The Bishop generally presides, and he is very particular in his attentions. If you don't catch the ball on the fly, there is a subdued, general groan, after which you may as well sit down."

"How long is a man up?"

"That depends a great deal on his answers. If he flounders about they generally keep at him for fifteen minutes, at times, half an hour, to the great comfort of the rest of the class, for, you see, not more than an hour or so is devoted to one class. This is not a rule, however. I remember one examination that lasted three hours for Latin alone, and they trotted out every one of us."

"What is the general character of the questions?"

"Bless me! there is no *general* character. I was once asked who was the maternal grandmother of Aeneas, and I was so confused that I answered that he had none as far as I could judge—which was right, for his mother, Venus, sprang from the sea, you know. My plan now is to keep cool and to answer a very 'tough' question so rapidly that they don't know what I'm saying, and they are too polite to ask me to repeat oftener than twice. The rapidity with which I can 'go through' a verb about whose 'parts' my ideas are rather undefined would astonish you."

Examination day invariably dawns clear and beautiful, cutting off the slim hope which a bleak, rainy day might inspire, that few or no examiners would come. The student views with alarm the formidable array of tables, chairs, blackboards, and the other dread panoply of the occasion, nor can the beaming smiles and kind salutations of the Bishop and his corps of examiners cheer his drooping spirits. The bell rings, the first class enters, the door is closed, and the second and the third class linger in the outer halls doing "rough passages" in their authors, studying out interminable algebraic problems, conjugating irregular French and English verbs, and in various other ways working themselves into a high fever. In the midst of all

this, the door again opens and the first class reappear with a look of such inexpressible relief, that it completely demoralizes the "youngsters." These scramble into the seats, and the head boy being called succeeds admirably. So does the second, and so do all down to the tenth exclusive, for tenth "puts his foot in it," and would have been lost did not the professor come to his aid with a few suggestive questions that enable him to close in a "blaze of glory," though he afterward tells the boys that he was so nervous as not to know whether he stood on his feet or head.

When the day comes for the little seminarian to enter philosophy, it is hailed with joy, not unmixed with regret on bidding "the old place" good bye. The thought, however, that he is now about to study the science of sciences awakens a feeling of dignity and importance, considerably augmented by a high hat. The doctor in philosophy discourses so eloquently upon the necessity, utility, and beauty of the study, that he inspires the young philosopher with a resolution to put forth his best powers in its acquisition. To carry out this laudable resolution, he takes from the library a half dozen philosophies as books of reference, and begins reading Balmes. After reading Balmes on Certitude the beauty of philosophy threatens to vanish, however clear its necessity and utility appear. But as his professor assures the class that the *prolegomena* of philosophy are rather dull, and that the real interest will not begin before Cosmology or Psychology, he continues Balmes and endeavors to anticipate the interest by studying Rothenflue on the *to ego* and the *to esse*, with only partial success. His textbook, dog-eared and thumbed, bears testimony to the studious habits of the gentleman that had it before him. Its margin is covered with illegible scrawls, manifestly the results of desperate attempts to take notes from the lectures of the doctor, who talks Latin with bewildering rapidity. An almost microscopic scrutiny of one of these marginal notes reveals the mysterious words, "Idea est * * * rei * et *." It is clear that the present holder of the book will derive no substantial benefit from the philosophical investigations of his predecessor.

His first attempt at speaking Latin consecutively is generally a failure. Genders and numbers, persons and cases become involved in inextricable confusion, and no one but a doctor of philosophy can see the idea buried beneath the *debris* of nouns, adjectives, pronouns, and verbs. Sometimes the parts of Latin speech become so unmanageable on his hands, that he breaks out in English, only to be driven back by the "*Dic Latine*" of the inexorable professor. Another wrestle with the moods and tenses hereupon ensues and continues until the puzzled doctor bids him "tell us that in English." Practice, however, soon gives comparative fluency in the use of Latin, and the student afterward feels grateful to his master for insisting upon the speaking of a language which every cleric should thoroughly master, both because it is the finest instrument of philosophic and theological thought and

because it is the language of the Church.

In time our student is appointed to defend or object to a thesis. This is conducted on the principles of the scholastic method, and when well carried out is the most beautiful and most exciting of literary tournaments. The defender, for the nonce, sits in the doctor's chair, lays down the proposition, states the question, and proves it by arguments syllogistically formed. The one appointed to argue against him takes up the contradictory of the thesis, and proceeds syllogistically to establish his point. The reply and rejoinder, distinction, denial, concession, transeat, and so forth, go on until the objector retires vanquished. The staple of most objections is found in the text-books, but occasionally an ambitious arguer will propose an "original objection" which is generally so subtle and deep as to pose the defender, who can refute it only by making the objector explain his meaning fully.

The young philosopher makes up his mind on all the great questions that divide the schools. He takes particular delight in battering down a false system, and if he has occasion to refer to its founder he does so in the strongest kind of Latin superlatives. He studies metaphysics so closely that he begins to doubt of the reality of external objects which he is fond of calling "phenomenal." He also frequently uses such words as "subjective," "transcendental," "the ideal," "the me," &c. He pores over the origin of ideas so long that he leaves himself without an idea on the subject, and finishes his philosophical course with the conviction that the only thing certain about philosophy is the certitude of the primitive truths. He thinks that the *primum philosophicum* is the dictum of the old Greek, "One thing I know, namely, that I know nothing."

The *Concursus* finds him deep in his studies. From a conference with a theologian he learns that the concursus is the written annual examination held daily for a week or two, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 1 P.M.; that the class take their places at their desks, on which nothing is placed except paper, pen, and ink, and there they are left to answer a number of questions given them. These questions are so deftly arranged that they cover the whole field of study gone over in the past session. Two theologians mount guard, one in the room, the other in the corridor without. At the appointed time the doctor enters, reads the questions, and suggests that, as the subjects given are rather difficult, it would be well to reflect upon them calmly and connectedly before beginning to write.

Acting on this suggestion, with the thermometer at 87, and a low distracting buzz in the room, our student begins to reflect (not very calmly or connectedly) on the different kinds of evidence, on the dependence or not of intrinsic possibility on the will or power of God, on whether the elements of matter are simple or compound, or geometrically extended, and on the efficiency of secondary causes. After four hours of thought (ther. 90), the conclusions vaguely running through his mind are that evidence is either pre-established harmony, or else composed of forces,

and that Boscovitch and La Mennais are both wrong as is *per se* evident; that secondary causes do depend on the power and will of God, no matter what Des Cartes may say to the contrary, and that the elements of matter are either intrinsic or extrinsic, and possibility is either simple or compound, or both.

He prepares to commit to paper the result of his meditation, and to his surprise finds that most of his companions have finished their exercises. A gentleman by his side (who never showed himself a Solon) is calmly folding up eight or ten huge foolscap pages closely written. Finding that he has only an hour in which to pen down his scattered thoughts, he begins to write with a rapidity entirely incompatible with legibility, punctuation, and, perhaps, strict observance of Latin syntax and orthography. He has barely time to finish two pages, when the bell for closing the examination sounds. As he was the last "in," the report has circulated that he is "working for the medal," but in the distribution of premiums he is numbered among the *Laudati.*

Admitted to theology, our young student begins that sublime study with all the fervor and earnestness of one who realizes its essential necessity for the priest. The new class begin the study at the point which the older members of the class have reached, be that point the introductory or the closing chapters. Hence, if they are half way in the treatise on Penance, the tyro finds himself at sea for a while, about probable, more probable, and most probable opinions, *titulus coloratus*, *error communis*, &c. He encounters axioms that defy all attempts at English translation, and he meets formulas and contractions as puzzling as those in calculus. Quite at a loss as to what it means, he nevertheless heroically translates every extract from St. Thomas, and struggles to reconcile the dozen conflicting opinions into which the author decoys him, and then leaves him to shift for himself. Close attention to the lucid sensible commentaries and explanations of the professor, generally lifts him over these difficulties, and in time he finds theology what it really is, the most fascinating of studies. He imagines cases with most remarkable situations and conjunctures, and takes great pleasure in solving them. He holds disputes on controverted points with fellow students, and ransacks the library for authorities. At the close of the first year's theology he is prepared to solve the most difficult case, as soon as heard. At the end of the third (if he has studied to any advantage), he will not answer until after deep thought and careful consultation.

By this time he has preached his first sermon. This is an era in his seminary life, and it is a wise, good thought and practice which seminarists generally have, of making their first discourse a eulogy of her who is the Patroness and model of all that "magnify the Lord," in word as well as deed. Though the Sunday, on the evening of which the discourse is to take place, is to the coming preacher the longest and dreariest of days, still the bell summoning him to the pulpit sounds like a death-knell. A nervous presentiment that he is "going

to break down," is by no means soothed by the sound of the professor's footsteps in the hall. Determined to "put a bold face on it," with rueful visage, he mounts the altar after a short prayer, and gives out the text in husky, trembling tones. The kind faces and deep attention of his auditors encourage him, and, emboldened, he makes a gesture. Gradually the nervousness which besets a preacher on his first attempt leaves him, and he closes his sermon well. Sometimes, however, there happens a strange psychologic phenomen, traceable to excessive pains and care in committing a sermon to memory. The tongue outruns the mind, and the preacher really delivers a part of his sermon without adverting to the meaning of a single word. When he makes the effort to fix his attention on the words, they escape him, he stammers, pauses, and is sometimes obliged to retire.

At last our student is called to ordination. Though he has looked forward to priesthood through the long years, still he hears his call with fear and awe. The responsibility he is to assume, the change in his life and surroundings, the real character of Holy Orders, with its concomitants and consequences, rise before him. He is instructed in reading the office or breviary. A set of weather-beaten old books, bearing the imprint of Rome, 1772, is placed in his hands. Our readers know that the Church makes it obligatory on all clerics in sacred orders, to read daily a number of psalms, prayers, hymns, extracts from the scripture, and homilies of the Fathers, distributed in a certain order and division, corresponding in the main, to the ancient Romano-Jewish division of daytime. Whilst the arrangement of these prayers is a masterpiece of ingenuity, it is complex, and without careful and patient study, the directions, or rubrics, for reading them, are of difficult understanding, and still more difficult application. As many as ten places are often to be referred to in the course of an office. With several of these, such as benedictions and absolutions, one reading the office for a short time grows familiar. But the learner must refer to them all, and, as he is anxious to keep a place once found, he naturally inserts one of his fingers as the most convenient marker. The result is that the ten fingers are soon engaged, and reading under such circumstances becomes exceedingly difficult.

But we find that we have exceeded our limit, and must leave our student on the eve of ordination, although we set out with the intention of accompanying him on the mission. We furthermore intended to speak at length on our seminary system and its excellencies, but our space has run out, and however much the magazinist may propose, it is the printer and publisher that dispose. In a future article, passing from the student to the priest, we will continue our study of a character as beautiful as it is interesting.

BALMES, THE PHILOSOPHER.

AMONGST the many distinguished men of the present century, Balmes, the learned author of "The Principles of Fundamental Philosophy," and other works, holds a high place; and his great talents have shed additional lustre on Catholic literature.

James Balmes was the son of humble parents, and was born at Vich, in Catalonia, in the north of Spain, on the 28th August, 1810. The writer of a memoir of Balmes (to which we are much indebted in the following sketch) states that his course was shaped from infancy by a pious and devoted mother, who gave him to God, giving him as a model and patron St. Thomas Aquinas. This good mother foresaw her son's future eminence, and she herself possessed a greatness of soul well adapted to inspire him with the sentiments which were to lead him to a high destiny. He had in early childhood a happy and peaceful home, where were blended piety, industry, and order. This austere and simple domestic influence is the best school for the young mind. The place of his nativity confirmed this influence. He dwelt in that part of Catalonia, among the mountains, where the ancient traditions, and customs, and religious habits still prevailed. He was destined for the priesthood, and early commenced his studies at the seminary at Vich, following them up at the university at Cervera.

In compliance with his bishop's instructions, Balmes devoted himself to study, perpetual study, matured by reflection and prayer. He lived in troublous times for Spain, when that kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and the nation stood divided between the claims of Don Carlos and those of the late Queen. Often, in pursuing his studies, or giving instructions—for he became the professor of mathematics at Vich—the din of war rang in his ears, or, as he tells us himself, "more than once it happened that the tocsin, or the general (warning roll of drums for the troops) interrupted our engagements; if we could pursue them we did so, if not, we quietly retreated as best we could." As a politician, he took part with Don Carlos, who, under the Salic law, was true heir to the throne; yet, in 1845, when that prince abdicated, the act was approved by Balmes, who hoped that all differences between the contestants would be settled by the marriage of the son of Don Carlos to the young Queen. The failure of this project proved to him a bitter disappointment. The Salic law was in fact a foreign graft upon the laws of Spain, which had in itself no vitality. For centuries females had succeeded there to the throne in due order, and the greatest of Spanish sovereigns (Isabella) had been a woman.

The revolution left Spain tranquil for a time, but shattered and almost disorganized. Balmes's conservative Political Essays had great weight with all parties, a rare fact in times of political excitement, but, in fact, he stood above party,

and his eminence was the more freely admitted, because unsullied by any efforts for personal advancement. While the nation was yet unsettled after recent disturbances, Balmes brought out his great work on "Protestantism compared with Catholicity, &c." This great work, neither first nor last in the order of our author's productions, is that which possesses undoubtedly the widest sphere of usefulness. He undertook it "to counteract the pernicious influence exerted among his countrymen by Guizot's lectures on European civilization, and to neutralize the facilities offered under the *régime* of Espartero for the success of a Protestant Propagandism in Spain." Those who have perused the work need no comments on its character; to those who have not, we may only say here that it is characterized by a profound love of truth, by earnestness, frankness, deep thought, and profound learning; the author lays down his propositions with the calmness of an impartial philosopher, sustains them zealously, and brings final proof by documents which are conclusive. He deals in argument always, in invective never; and there is nowhere a sentence that the most determined opponent, if candid himself, would charge with unfairness. The work is, in short, a triumphant vindication of the Catholic Church as the founder and promoter of modern civilization; and the false claims of Protestantism in this regard are shown in their proper light.

We can do little else here than enumerate the other works of Balmes, which were all given to the world in the short space of eight years; that is, from 1840 to 1848. His first literary attempt was a prize essay on Clerical Celibacy. Next came "Observations on the Property of the Clergy, &c.;" then "Political Considerations on the Condition of Spain;" then a translation of the "Maxims of St. Francis de Sales for every Day in the Year;" and about the same time he prepared a Catechism for the instruction of children. The next production in order was "Protestantism compared with Catholicity." In 1842 he was one of the editors of a monthly magazine, "La Civilizacion," after which he established a review called "La Sociedad." He published this but a short time, when, on account of the prevailing troubles, he was driven into a temporary retreat, during which time he composed "El Criterio," an admirable course of logic, which is a book that a French critic says children may understand, and yet the most learned will derive profit from it. Balmes wrote "El Criterio" in a few days during the summer of 1843, at a retired house in the suburbs of Barcelona, while the city, in possession of a handful of revolutionists, was undergoing siege and bombardment; he wrote it without any other books with him than the Bible and a copy of the "Imitation of Christ," which was all he had been enabled to save from the conflict.

In 1844 he commenced a new journal, the "Pensamiento de la Nacion," a conservative journal opposed to the spirit of revolution, and advocating for national policy a matrimonial alliance between the Queen and the son of Don Carlos. In 1846, his desires in regard to

the marriage having been frustrated, he abandoned "El Pensamiento." He then collected his various political essays, and afterwards brought out his "Elementary Course of Philosophy." His last work was a brilliant pamphlet on Pius IX, in which he expressed his great gratification at the reforms or ameliorations attempted by this venerable Pontiff. His "Fundamental Philosophy" has been opened to the English reader by Mr. John A. Brownson, son of the distinguished reviewer.

Balmes during his literary career was obliged more than once to travel abroad on account of his health; he twice visited France, and noticing the troubled state of the public mind there, he foretold with almost prophetic accuracy national events which have since become historical. He saw there, much more strongly developed than in his own country, the vast differences pervading different conditions of life; and one of his primary thoughts was to unite different classes in harmony. He held the following language in regard to the illusion that commerce or arts would alone bring national peace and contentment: "Property becomes more and more divided, industry multiplies its products, commerce ranges over every sea, so that society, approaching a pretended social perfection, is about to realize the desires of that material school which reduces men to machines, and which has not conceived that society may tend to any more lofty aim,—and yet, misery has increased in proportion to the increase of productions. All men, of common foresight, must see that things are moving in a wrong course, and that if a remedy is not speedily applied, the result will be fatal. The accumulation of riches, arising from the rapid advances of commerce and arts, tends to the establishment of a system, which would consume for a small number the toils, the sweats, and the lives of multitudes; but this tendency finds its counterpoise in the ideas of levelling which occupy so many minds, and which, expressed in different theories, attack more or less openly, property, the actual organization of labor, and the distribution of its fruits."

Balmes died on the 9th July, 1848, in his 38th year, leaving behind him a name which may without question, rank with the highest in the ecclesiastical literature of modern times.

HEAVEN.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth, on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The just, the glow of rational delight,
As on this theme, which angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favors are a theme in heaven.

THE MERCHANT OF ST. MALO.

The great Feast of the Assumption on the 15th of August happening to fall on a Sunday, and the weather being superb, the usually dull and dirty town of St. Malo assumed an aspect of unusual joyance and brilliancy. The clear chiming of the cathedral and church bells, the animated strains of several military bands, the chanting of priests and acolytes at the head of numerous processions of young girls, dressed in white, garlanded with flowers, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands, passing slowly along, to make their First Communion, through buzzing crowds of admiring spectators, a large number of whom shone in the glory of regimentals, either of the Line or National Guard—produced a singularly gay and imposing effect; and one would have supposed that some sparkles of pleasurable emotion must have been excited in the saddest minds within reach of the exultant *carillon* of the streets. Not so, however. The fierce disquietude of M. Paul Fontanes, the prosperous and rising, if not as yet decidedly eminent merchant of the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, was exasperated thereby, not soothed, as he nervously tore open and glanced through a heap of correspondence brought him that morning by the American mail. "Curse the distracting din!" he savagely exclaimed, as a more than usually joyous burst of military music mingled with and seemed to sharpen the serpent-accents of a letter he had just opened. "It is impossible to comprehend what one reads." An exaggeration, at the very least, M. Paul Fontanes! Say the undulations of the music do assist in zigzagging the lines before you, their purport is plain enough even to your throbbing eyeballs—plain and frightful—as ruin! bankruptcy—*fraudulent* bankruptcy, which, according to a definition of the Code Napoleon, consists in recklessly trading beyond your means; and the punishment which may be awarded for that offence—oh, it is easy to see you hear that also distinctly enough through all the din and bustle of the streets—is—the galleys!

The history of M. Paul Fontanes up to this period of his life—he was in his thirty-second year—may be very briefly sketched. He was the only much-indulged son of a cautious painstaking father, to whose property and business he had a few years previously succeeded. The property consisted chiefly of about 80,000 francs, in cash and *rentes*, and the business was a profitable connection with the Mauritius, in consignments of colonial products, for sale in France. Fontanes *fils* had not, unfortunately, been long his own master, when his sanguine temperament, and anxiety to become speedily rich, induced him not only to enlarge greatly his sphere of commercial action, but to change entirely its character, by shipping large quantities of French goods to the American markets, for speculative sale, at his own risk. He had been for

some time tolerably successful; but fortune had of late proved adverse; and in the letters now before him, he read the disastrous results of his last and boldest speculation in silks and brandies, upon which an immense loss had been sustained; and he knew himself to be irretrievably insolvent, to the extent of at least 100,000 francs. "In about six weeks," he murmured, after a feverish glance at his private bill-book, and tearing open another letter, "the mass of my acceptances for those goods, which the remittances will scarcely more than half cover, fall due, and I shall—— Ha! what is this?" The blood rushed swiftly back to M. Paul Fontanes's pallid features as he ran over, in a hurried trembling sort of confidential whisper to himself, the lines which had suddenly caught his attention: "With reference to your inquiries concerning M. Jerome Bougainville, of Louisiana, we have to inform you that that gentleman died suddenly on the 18th ult., at New Orleans, of fever, after having taken his passage for Europe per the Columbia packet-ship, bound for Hâvre-de-Grace. By the next mail, we shall be able to forward an attested copy of the deceased's will, by which the bulk of his property—over twenty-seven thousand pounds realized, and temporarily lodged by deceased in the St. Louis bank, where it of course still remains—is bequeathed to his niece, Eugénie Bougainville, eldest daughter of the Sieur Edouard Bougainville, formerly captain in the 17th Carabiniers, for whom you are interested, burdened only by a pension of two hundred a year to the said Edouard Bougainville, with remainder to his daughters by a second marriage. We shall be glad to act for the aforesaid legatee; and if furnished with properly attested powers, and official proof of identity, there will be no difficulty in the way of the immediate transmission of the money, through such channel as may be advised.

"Your obedient servants,

"Smith & Green,

"New Orleans."

M. Fontanes read this letter over and over again, each time with increasing palpitation of tone, before he seemed to have thoroughly mastered its meaning. "Twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling!" he presently exclaimed; "nearly seven hundred thousand francs!—can it be possible! And to Eugénie Bougainville, the daughter of a beggar or thereabout—indebted to me something about a thousand francs, which he can only pay by miserable driblets of instalments, always in arrear! If the devil now, would only help me to the possession of this—— Well?"

Henri Jomard, a frank intelligent-looking young man, in holiday attire, after tapping gently at the door, had entered the room, probably mistaking the loud soliloquizing tones of M. Fontanes for permission to do so. He was that gentleman's principal clerk.

"Pardon, monsieur," said Henri Jomard in respectful deprecation of his employer's loud and angry "Well?"—"Pardon, monsieur, but Mademoiselle Bougainville——"

"How!—what!"

"Mademoiselle Bougainville," repeated Jomard, "having accompanied her youngest sister Marie

from Plaisance to receive her First Communion, is desirous to see you, though not precisely a day for the transaction of business, to make a payment on account of the debt due by Monsieur Bougainville. Shall I ask her to come in?"

An assenting gesture was immediately followed by Mademoiselle Bougainville's entrance. She presented herself with the graceful ease and *aplomb* which usually distinguishes a well-educated Frenchwoman, and said she had brought monsieur a hundred francs, in part liquidation of her father's debt. M. Fontanes took the small canvas *sac*, poured the silver upon the table, seemed to count it with his eye for a moment, and scrawled an acknowledgment. The shaking of his hand, which could scarcely hold the pen, showed that his recent agitation had increased rather than subsided.

"Monsieur has heard nothing, I fear," said Eugénie Bougainville as she placed the paper in her reticule, "in answer to the inquiries he has so kindly made relative to my uncle Monsieur Jerome Bougainville?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle," was the quick reply; "that is," added M. Fontanes, as if recollecting himself, and glancing towards a number of unopened letters—"that is, nothing in either of the letters from America I have yet opened. Should, however, there be any intelligence concerning him in those I have not read, it shall be immediately forwarded to Monsieur Bougainville."

Mademoiselle Bougainville sighed, courtesied her acknowledgments, and left the office, escorted by Henri Jomard. They had hardly gained the street when the clerk was recalled.

"Tell Mademoiselle Bougainville," said M. Fontanes, "that if I have anything of importance to communicate, I shall do myself the pleasure of riding over to Plaisance this afternoon for that purpose. I suppose there would be no doubt of finding Monsieur Bougainville at home?"

"Assuredly not, monsieur. It is his youngest daughter Marie's *jour-de-fête*, and we shall of course have a dance; therefore"——

"We!" echoed M. Fontanes with quick interrogation.

"Yes—that is, Eugé——Mademoiselle Bougainville," stammered Henri Jomard. "Being an intimate friend of my sister, I naturally accompany her when she pays a visit to Plaisance; and thus"—

"I understand. You may go, and do not forget to deliver my message." M. Paul Fontanes rose and locked the door the instant it closed after his clerk, as if determined not to be again interrupted, and was soon profoundly meditating upon the probable and possible consequences of the day's American advices; the charming face and figure he had just seen helping, we may be sure, to color and direct his train of thought.

The result of his reflections was to take an unusually early dinner, dress himself with great care, mount his horse, and ride off in the direction of Plaisance—a small farmstead, seven miles distant from St. Malo, on the road to Avranches. When about halfway, he turned off to visit a M. Messeroy, an old and intimate acquaintance. He was fortunately not only at home, but

day, the stock, farming implements, and furniture at Plaisance, were sequestrated by "justice" at the instance of Pierre Messeroy, *Ecuyer*, for arrears of rent; and M. Bougainville was at the same time served with notice to quit, according to one of the covenants of his *bail*, by which right to retain possession was forfeited by default of rent-payment. "Diable! but this is serious — terrible," murmured the old soldier; "and unless I can obtain a loan of——" M. Bougainville checked himself, and after a time added, addressing his dismayed and weeping family: "I shall set off at once for St. Malo. Courage, my children! It is upon the darkest hour of night that the new day breaks. Perhaps my old friend, Bertin the notary, may be able to assist us in this strait."

M. Bougainville did not return home till about ten o'clock in the evening. The family were in bed, with the exception of Eugénie, whose anxiety was deepened by the pale excitement of her father's countenance.

"Eugénie, my girl," he said, after a few unsuccessful whiffs at the pipe she presented him with, "come nearer to me; I would speak with thee."

"I am listening, father," said Eugénie, seating herself behind her father.

"Bertin cannot assist us, but— Eugénie, it is necessary, above all, that we should be frank and open with each other. Henri Jomard loves thee; there can be no doubt of that. He is a well-principled brave lad, of fair prospects too, and the son of a brave father, who fell by my side at Eylau. There is no one with whom I would more readily trust thy happiness. But thou hast never, I think, shown any open decided preference for him?"

"Never—by *words*."

M. Bougainville winced, but went on to say: "That being so, I may tell thee that Monsieur Paul Fontanes—— Ah! the name shocks thee—I will speak of him and his offers no more."

"Yes, yes, dear father," murmured Eugénie. "It was a sudden, a slight pain; that is all. Go on—speak!"

"As thou wilt. Monsieur Fontanes, then, solicits thee in marriage. If his proposal is accepted, he will pay all thy father's debts, purchase Plaisance of that tiger-hearted Messeroy, and settle it upon thee beyond his own control." Eugénie did not answer, and M. Bougainville added, after a few moments' silence: "The case stands thus. Eugénie, Monsieur Fontanes is rich, generous, young, well-looking, of irreproachable character, and it is plain loves thee deeply. I doubt not, therefore, that after a time, thou wouldst be a happy wife; but it is for thee to decide; and my blessing, beloved Eugénie, is on thy choice, whether for acceptance or refusal."

"For acceptance, then!" replied Eugénie in a low voice, the firmness of which surprised as much as it pleased M. Bougainville; "but with this change in the terms of the pur—of the contract—that Plaisance be settled not upon me, but upon you, Françoise, and Marie."

M. Bougainville was charmed with this ready acquiescence; and when Eugénie made no objection

to M. Fontanes's request, that the marriage should be celebrated without delay, he almost persuaded himself that he had been mistaken with respect to the sentiments she entertained towards Henri Jomard. That pleasing illusion would have been dispelled had he known that Eugénie passed that night on her knees, weeping, at first with convulsive, but gradually calming grief, before the crucifix in her bedroom.

The civil marriage was arranged to take place on the following Thursday, the conditions of settlement to be signed at the office of the notary, Bertin, on the previous evening. These arrangements, at M. Fontanes's urgent request, Eugénie remaining entirely passive, were kept scrupulously secret; and so successfully, that even Henri Jomard had no suspicion of what was going on, till the Wednesday morning, when he chanced to overhear some disjointed sentences of a conversation between M. Fontanes and the notary's clerk, who had called at the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, which terminated by M. Fontanes saying, in a low voice: "Tell Monsieur Bertin I will send him the required particulars in writing before two o'clock." Astonished and indignant at what he apprehended the partially overheard colloquy to mean, he, as soon as possible, invented an excuse for going out, and hastened to impart the dire discovery to his sister Adèle, who, however, proved obstinately incredulous. His interpretation of the sentences he had imperfectly caught was, she persisted, that of an unreasoning jealousy. M. Fontanes had, her brother knew, a pecuniary transaction with M. Bougainville, and it was no doubt with reference to that the two were to meet at the notary's, as the conversation seemed to intimate. Somewhat calmed by this consolatory construction of the menacing words, Henri returned to his employment. There was no one in the clerks' office, and M. Fontanes was busy writing in his private room. Something presently occurred which rendered it necessary that Henri should speak with him; and as he did so, his eye fell upon a small pile of letters inclosed and directed, but not sealed, of which the topmost one was addressed to "M. Bertin, Notaire-public, Numéro 9, Rue Sablonière." Instantly the criminal thought, which only his excessive mental agitation could in the least excuse, suggested itself, that if he could obtain a moment's possession of that letter before it was sealed, the doubts which half distracted him would be one way or the other set at rest; and the possibility of effecting his object kept him for the next ten minutes in a state of feverish restlessness. The chance at length presented itself. The presence of M. Fontanes was required in a distant part of the warehouse; and his back was hardly turned, before Henri Jomard darted into the private *cabinet*, seized the top letter of the pile, and extricated the inclosure from the envelope. Confusion! A glance at the address showed him he had mistaken the letter, the envelope in his hand being addressed to "Messrs. Smith & Green, New Orleans." Had he but unfolded the inclosure, what a discovery awaited him! Unfortunately, he threw it

impatiently upon the table, and seized the next upon the pile, which was that he sought. Could he believe his eyes? "M. Fontanes, upon reflection, acquiesced in the change proposed by M. Bertin in the marriage contract, and would be at the notary's office punctually at five o'clock to meet M. and Mademoiselle Bougainville." Henri Jomard had hardly perused these lines, when the step of M. Fontanes was heard approaching. He hurriedly thrust the letters into their respective envelopes, replaced them on the letter-pile, and had barely regained the curtained concealment of the clerks' office when the merchant returned. In about ten minutes, M. Fontanes summoned a porter, gave him a number of letters, some for the post-office, others for delivery in St. Malo; and shortly afterwards, himself went out, saying, as he passed through the counting-house, that he should not return till the following morning.

Eugénie Bougainville, as she alighted at the notary's door, in company with her father and Françoise her half-sister, looked charmingly, though very pale, and trembling with agitation. M. Fontanes had preceded her; and his respectfully kind and unpretending manner seemed, after a time, to soothe and calm her spirits, and the sweet, grateful, if faint smile with which she acknowledged his unobtrusive courtesies, was an earnest that if the marriage should turn out unhappily, it would not be the fault of the wife, however reluctantly she accepted M. Fontanes as a husband. M. Bertin was apparently about to commence reading the marriage-contract, when an unseemly and distressing interruption took place. Henri Jomard, spite of the strenuous opposition of a clerk, forced his way, in a state of wild excitement, into the office, and forthwith burst into a torrent of invective and entreaty, of bitter reproach and humblest solicitation, to which passion and despair lent fire and eloquence. Uselessly so! Eugénie was indeed terribly agitated by his frenzied violence, but did not for a moment swerve in resolution, and she was the first, though with white quivering lips, to request that the business which had brought them there might be proceeded with. M. Fontanes, who appeared both alarmed and angry, wished the audacious intruder to be expelled by force, but at a gesture from the notary, who had been silently observant of what was passing, he desisted, drew near the table, and seated himself beside Mademoiselle Bougainville; whilst Henri Jomard, throwing himself into a chair, wept aloud in the bitterness of unavailing grief and rage.

"Now, Monsieur Bertin," said M. Fontanes, who, spite of himself, cowered beneath the keen derisive look, it so seemed, with which the notary, as he slowly unrolled the contract, regarded him—"have the goodness to proceed as quickly as possible."

"I doubt, Monsieur Fontanes, whether I shall proceed at all. It seems to me that the nuptial-conditions, in a pecuniary sense, are grossly one-sided and partial——"

"Monsieur Bertin," interrupted M. Fontanes with dignity, and greatly relieved, "that is my affair, not yours. The balance of obligation is, in my own opinion, greatly

on my side," added the young merchant, with a respectful bow to Eugénie.

"That is precisely my opinion also," rejoined the imperturbable notary, "Mademoiselle Bougainville being at the present moment, a rich heiress in her own right."

A bomb-shell falling in the midst could not have produced a more startling effect than these words, which caused every one of the auditors, Henri Jomard included, to start to their feet in various attitudes of astonishment and consternation.

"This information," continued the notary, "reached me only about two hours since, and, strangely enough, Monsieur Fontanes, from you. A letter, certainly in your handwriting, and addressed to me on the cover, but the contents of which were intended for Messrs. Smith & Green of New Orleans—"

"Malediction!" screamed M. Fontanes. "Can it be possible—that I—that I——"

"That you misdirected the letters," suggested M. Bertin; "no doubt of it.—It appears, Mademoiselle Bougainville," he added, "that by your uncle's will, the contents of which the last American mail made known to your very disinterested suitor, that you are the absolute mistress of about seven hundred thousand francs! If, under these circumstances, you wish me to proceed——"

"Henri—dear Henri!" gasped Eugénie, turning with outstretched arms towards her lately despairing lover. "Henri—believe——" But I have no words for the description of the scene which followed; the reader's imagination can alone realize its tumult of rapture, bewilderment, and despair.

Henri Jomard must, in his hurry and confusion, have changed the envelopes of the two letters: that addressed to Smith & Green being consequently delivered to the notary. I have only, in conclusion, to state, that Fontanes was arrested at Hâvre-de-Grace, on board of an American liner, and is now undergoing the punishment of a fraudulent bankrupt; that Eugénie is Madame Jomard, and a happy wife and mother; that the Sieur Bougainville still inhabits Plaisance with his two daughters, and to this day remains firmly of opinion, that the misdirection of the letter was due to the actual interposition of Eugénie's ever-watchful *ange gardien!*

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PRIEST.

You ask why I feel that the ages
Hide me not from the eye of God;
Nor, alone, in some legend's dim pages
He toucheth this earthly sod?

Grows the world up to manhood so swiftly
That it needs not the Maker's hand,
Guiding over its passes deftly
To where His martyrs stand?

Nay, child, I will tell thee the reason,
Hearken thou well to my tale;
Thou shalt judge then with me that 'tis treason,
The ages of faith to curtail.

'Twas in Winter's cold reign, and his mantle
Was spread on yon midnight street—
Effacing the last snowy sandal,
Some watchman had left on his beat.

When there came thro' my lattice, twice calling,
The voice of a child in distress,
And I opened; the snow had ceased falling—
The trees hung with feathery tress.

On my doorstep the maiden was standing
That called me to vigils so bright:
Yea, as though it were Jesus commanding,
In *pauperis formâ*, that night.

I heard her sweet tones on the sighing
Of night winds and sadness—they said,
"At the almshouse my father is dying,
Ere morning to rest with the dead!"

Twice thus she implored me to come;
And she sped on before me to tell,
As I thought, that his imminent tomb,
Would be shorn of the terrors of hell.

When the last rites were given, and the calm,
Blest aroma of pardon was shed,
Spake the dying: "How came thus the balm
Sacramental to this wretched bed?

"Who bade thee, God's priest, to attend me,
Thus wrestling in darkness alone;
What power was on earth thus to send me
Double bliss for my pitiless moan?"

"Thy daughter, my son, woke my dreaming,
And pointed me hither the way;
And sped on before me, as seeming
Thy earnest of heavenly day."

"My daughter, good father, thou sayest?
This many a year she hath lain,
Where the weather-cast marble is greyest,
By her mother—a stranger to pain!"

"Thou art dreaming, my son, for her speaking
And form were apparent to me;
On her face woe to rapture fast breaking,
When I promised anointing to thee!"

"Nay, my father," the dying man pleaded,
"This many a year she hath lain!
'Twas a mightier voice that was heeded
When thou camest to lessen my pain.

"Yet, in truth, I was *dreaming* of *her*,
And the past in its contrast, too great;
But, could *my* mortal moaning upstir
From the soul's indefectible state?"

Plainly my footsteps were showing,
First made o'er the fresh-fallen snow;
But never, in coming or going,
Could her treading one crushed crystal know.

This is, then, why I feel that the ages
Hide me not from the hand of God;
Nor, alone, in some legend's dim pages,
He toucheth this earthly sod!

THE CHURCH THE MOTHER OF CIVILIZATION.

It has been the constant aim of a great number of writers to charge the Catholic Church with keeping her people in ignorance. Some have even gone so far as to intimate that it is her policy to do so. The Church is represented as being alarmed at the advancement of science, and as stifling it where she has the power of doing so, but in reality the Church has never been alarmed at the development of science. It was her happiness to be the foundress of universal education.

It was from the summit of Mount Olivet that the great Founder of Christianity pronounced that ever-memorable and ever-obeyed command, "*Ite, docete*, go and teach," and from that time the Apostles and their successors have ever been zealous in the propagation of the arts and sciences. For eighteen hundred years has the Church continued her noble work with all the zeal and earnestness of a kind and tender mother.

Ite, docete—noble mission, which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church has never failed to fulfil. It has been her aim in the past, as it will ever be in the future, that the child should cultivate the powers of his soul—that the man should grow in wisdom, and should develop his mental and intellectual faculties to the very highest degree. Ignorance, the Church teaches, engenders evil, whilst Christianity and its doctrines assist man in combating error.

Long before the existence of universities, long before lay instructors were known, the clergy had their institutions for popular education. Wherever the church steeple went up the *free* parochial school nestled beneath its shadow. Jesus Christ was Himself the Founder of Popular Education, for before His coming the masses had no rights in the way of education. Their existence was bound down to the earth; man died in the furrow over which he had spent his whole life—he was an instrument of toil and of production. His existence was little better than that of the beasts of the field. But why should we retrace the history of man's humiliation? If we do so, it is only to remind him of how much he owes to that Church whose salutary instructions he too often ungratefully abandons.

From the earliest ages Bishops were as anxious for the erection of schools as they were for the erection of churches. Every priest became a teacher. In Italy, Gaul, Germany, Spain, and Africa, everywhere, the ecclesiastic was the instructor of the lambs as well as of the sheep of his flock. The Councils of the Church recommended the establishing of public schools, "to the end that poor children, who can receive no assistance from their parents, may not be deprived of the advantages of reading and writing." (Ex Concilio Lateranensi, 1179.)

In 529 the Council of Vaison recommended the erection of free schools for the education of the poor. Digby in his "Ages of

Faith," in referring to Bishop Meinwercus, represents the school of Paderborn as "flourishing in both divine and human learning."

The Synod of Orleans, held in the year 800, enacted that the parochial clergy should erect schools in towns and villages in order to teach little children the rudiments of learning: "Let them receive," says this Council, "and teach these little children with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine as stars forever. Let them *receive no remuneration* from their schools, unless what the parents through charity may voluntarily offer." (Canon XX.)

The Council of Mayence, in 813, made it obligatory on parents to send their children to the schools established "either in the monasteries, or in the houses of the parochial clergy." (Canon X.)

Pope Eugenius II., at the Council held at Rome in 826, decreed that schools should be established throughout the world near cathedrals and parochial churches, or wherever suitable.

Charlemagne, Lothaire I., his successor, and, half a century later, Alfred the Great, of England, all enacted laws providing for the erection and maintenance of free schools, "in order that an opportunity might be given to all, and that there might be no excuse drawn from poverty, and the difficulty of repairing to remote places."

If we seek for institutions of a higher order, what student of history has forgotten the far-famed schools and colleges of Rome, Alexandria, Milan, Carthage, and Nisibis? That of Alexandria is rendered doubly famous by the persecutions endured by Christian youths, who in the third century thronged its classic halls to drink in those streams of learning which flowed from the lips of the immortal Origen. Carthage and Rome owed much of their glory in the fifth century to the splendor of the genius of the great St. Augustine.

From the middle of the fifth to the middle of the eighth century, Ireland became the cradle of learning, and her "monastery of Benchor or Bangor contained no less than three thousand monks, besides scholars almost innumerable. Fired with enthusiasm, Irishmen visited almost every country in Europe, leaving behind them splendid institutions of learning and religion—for these two always went hand in hand. Irishmen established the monastery and school of Lindisfarne in England, of Robbio in Italy, of Verdun in France, and of Wartzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurth, Cologne, and Vienna in Germany—to say nothing of their literary labors in Paris, throughout England and elsewhere."*

Prior to the early part of the seventh century, the sciences were but little known outside of ecclesiastical bodies. These alone were intrusted with public instruction and learning; and letters found no asylums save in the schools attached to the cathedrals and monasteries of those times. In the ninth century, it was through the exertions of the Bishops that Charlemagne sought to give them a new impetus. He himself ob-

* See Archbishop Spalding's Miscellanea, p. 118. See also Moore's History of Ireland, Vol. I. See also Annales de la Philosophie Chretienne, Art. 7, sup. cit.

tained a knowledge of logic, rhetoric, and astronomy from the monk Alcuin. In the tenth century, princes and nobles were deficient in a knowledge of the very rudiments of education, often being unable to read or even to write their own names. The knowledge of *Belles-Lettres* was confined exclusively to monks and priests. A learned man was in those days called a *great cleric*, and science itself took the name of *clericism*.*

During subsequent ages, the Church saw growing up within her bosom those Fathers and those Doctors, whose learning and virtues have enshrouded them in a halo of glory. Still later, whilst in every town and city the parish priest was teaching the children of the poor how to read and write, the "father of modern liberalism" was writing to his friend Damilaville: "It appears to me essential that there should exist *ignorant knaves*. When the masses begin to reason, *everything* is lost."† In another letter he says: "It is becoming that the masses be led, and not that they be instructed; they are unworthy of it."‡

We must not forget that it was in the time of Voltaire that De la Salle, Canon of Rheims, was distributing his patrimony among the poor, and laying the foundation of that noble Order which has accomplished so much in educating the working classes of his own country. Pope Benedict XIII., in a celebrated Bull, approved the work of the noble De la Salle, and gave it his solemn benediction before the whole world. The Church, be it remembered, encouraged the education of the masses, whilst Voltaire, the ideal of "modern liberalism," advocated the "*necessity of the existence of an ignorant rabble.*" What has been the result of this necessity? The answer is written in characters of blood by the Commune of Paris.

St. Francis Xavier, that great Apostle of the Indies, exclaimed, as he gazed upon the number of children before him, in far-off Japan: "We must teach these young people to read and write." So has it ever been. Wherever the Catholic missionary pitched his tent he established a school, and sought his reward not in gold and silver, but in the honor of having moulded youth into honest God-fearing men; into educated Christians, worthy of the age in which they live. At Pekin, at Canton, at Siam, at Singapore, at Ceylon, in Canada, in Guiana, among the Rocky Mountains, from the shores of the St. Lawrence, along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico, in the parched deserts of Africa, in Australia, in all climates and under every sky, the Catholic missionary has established schools for white or black, bond or free, rich or poor. Thus we find that the dissemination of learning has ever been the great mission of that Church whose divine Founder commissioned her to "*Go and teach.*"

And now having given a few examples of what Catholicity has done for the education of the masses, we may be permitted to ask what Protestantism has done in the way of facilitating the spread

* See Pasquier, Hist. de France, year 992.
† Corresp. of Voltaire, April 1, 1766.
‡ Ib., March 19, 1766.

of learning. Ye who cry out against the Catholic Church as the promoter and preserver of ignorance, what have ye done? Where are your works? In the midst of your conventions you amuse yourselves in building magnificent plans for general and even compulsory education; you launch forth your strongest invectives against the *religious* who have devoted all their energies to the education of youth. Your philanthropy is a mercenary philanthropy, entailing neither trouble nor sacrifice. You have empty and impotent words to assist you in building up the beautiful structure of human intelligence. Humanity owes you nothing. You cannot even point to your public schools, for they existed long before your so-called Reformation was dreamed of. You have adopted them, it is true, but you have despoiled them of their brightest jewels, religion and morality. You have, it is true, imparted to your children a fine worldly education, but you have made them indifferentists, materialists, latitudinarians, and infidels. You have taught them how to *make money*, but you have failed to teach them how to *save their souls*. True education, be it remembered, does not consist in the mere action of the master in pouring high-sounding phrases into the mind of the pupil. It does not depend entirely upon the ability to distinguish a tangent from a curve; it does not consist in the mere sale and purchase of intellectual merchandise. Education lies in the development of all that is good in the human heart. The man who assumes the position of an instructor of youth, must be the father of his pupils, for it is the intimate union of soul to soul and mind to mind which causes what is within to take root and fructify. Pupils are led by affection, and when that affection is based upon Christ it is great, strong, and pure as the light of the sun. It is in following this system of education that the *hearts* and *souls* of the instructed are moulded, and are borne along upon the warm breath of love for God and charity for man. Human intelligence, bathed at this fountain, preserves its freshness, becomes vigorous, labors successfully, and is borne upon the wings of charity to its true destination.

The Catholic Church is, indeed, the instructress of the world. Her sublime teachings, her saving truth, her constant devotion to her children, joined to the precepts of science, have worked wonders in advancing civilization.

Let, then, religion never be separated from her handmaid, education. Let her ever hold a prominent place in the family, in the school-room, and in society. Let us not be unmindful of the glorious names which she has given to fame. Religion and education are inseparable. Banish the crucifix from our schools, and life becomes a scene of horror, and the world a spectacle of debauchery and crime.

In conclusion, we must not lose sight of the fact that there is a GOD and an immortality full of His justice. This is one of the first truths which our children should learn. The Church, the depository of divine law, is commissioned to *teach* and to bless. She is the light which illumines our pathway

through life; she inculcates in our children the purest of principles; she teaches us to love that which is good and holy, and encourages us in the accomplishment of the most difficult enterprises. She imparts to youth amiability and innocence; she gathers them under her protecting wing, and watches over them with maternal solicitude. Her influence causes them to shun vice and deception. She forms the character of man, and ennobles his sentiments. She adorns everything he touches, and harmonizes every faculty of his nature. She prepares new generations for the practice of virtue, and finally, in forming perfect Christians, she makes good citizens, and thus secures the peace, prosperity, and happiness of nations.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

At first sight, one is quite disappointed with a diamond-cutting mill. I had been feeding my fancy with the idea that a diamond-mill would be a very fine sight, and totally unlike any other manufactory. I had arrived at the conclusion, that it would exceed one of Beverley's transformation-scenes, and be a reality into the bargain. Judge, then, of my chagrin when I found Coster's famous mill at Amsterdam to be a gaunt plain building, and the cutting and polishing of the gems going on in a bare chamber, remarkable for nothing but a series of driving-belts and horizontal turning-lathes. The mantel-pieces were neither of jasper nor malachite, nor were the gates of bronzed metal, nor the door-lintels of lapis-lazuli. All the appurtenances of the factory were of the most work-a-day kind. The men were industriously grinding away at their stones with a decidedly matter of course aspect; they seemed to have no feeling of ultra-responsibility about them; no idea that their occupation was an extraordinary one, or that they were intrusted with material of surpassing value. The group of ten diamond cutters to whom I gave my attention, were working as unconcernedly among their precious stones as if they had been the ten men who are said to be required in making a pin. At Coster's, diamonds appear of no value, except as bringing in a certain sum of money for the work put upon them. The workmen—who seem to be a very superior class of men, and who, I was told, earn large wages—never think of stealing a stone. Diamonds are handed about and looked at and handled in Coster's as if they were made of commoner stuff. I expected to have heard among the workmen no end of diamond-tattle; of Pitts, Orloffs, Regents, marvellous Nassacks, and pear-shaped Sancis; of the twelve Mazarines and other historic gems. But no; the only talk I could hear was of the forthcoming lottery, and the price of dried eels! None of the celebrated diamonds were so much as named: the Sea of Glory, the Mountain of Splendor, the Crown of the Moon—they were never mentioned.

The trade in diamond-polishing

has grown enormously in Amsterdam during the last fifty years. More than fifteen out of every sixteen diamonds are cut or polished in Holland. Indian-cut diamonds are not of much value in the markets, in consequence of the cutters disregarding some of the chief rules of the art; and, so far as I can ascertain, there are none of the "old English" cutters now at work in either London or Birmingham. Three centuries and a half ago, there was only one kind of diamond, the Indian cut or table gems, having only four flat surfaces; now we have "brilliants," which are by far the most beautiful of all diamonds, but are cut at a great cost of material. At one time, diamond-cutting in Holland was carried on by only a few individuals, by means of water or horse power, each man working on his own account: it was left for Monsieur Coster to organize this industry in a workshop, and to train workmen till they became highly skilled in the art. Monsieur Coster exhibits models of all the great diamonds that have been cut or recut in his mill, among others, the Star of the South and the Koh-i-noor, as well as a large number of smaller stones of considerable note. The Koh-i-noor was cut in London by Coster, as was also the celebrated Nassack gem, both diamonds costing a large sum of money—the price paid for recutting the last-named stone being a thousand pounds.

The process of diamond-cutting was kept secret for a very long time, but—"diamond cut diamond"—all the world now knows that this precious stone is cut by the help of its own powder. Still, how it is cut is yet to many persons a problem. When they examine a cut stone, a brilliant, for example, they naturally ask how it has obtained these regular forms, these faces cut with such admirable precision. This will not, in future, be such a marvel, for the operations at the Exhibition at Paris have initiated the public into many of the details of this peculiar industry, as perfected by Monsieur Coster in the capital of Holland. The necessary operations are three. The initiatory one consists in cleaning the coarse stone of defective parts, and splitting off the flaws which most diamonds show in the rough state. It seems, according to the best lapidaries, that there are few diamonds without cavities or other flaws; indeed, the diamond, as a rule, is more foul than any other stone used in jewellery. The second operation is the cutting, which confers on the stone the form, and in a rough way, the number of faces which it ought to have. Lastly, there is the polishing, which gives to these faces their clearness and brilliancy. In all these operations, the diamond must be firmly set in a tool, and successively undergo the file and scissors. The splitter, when he finds a flaw, commences his work by inserting the diamond into a fusible cement, which hardens extremely as soon as it is cold, and supports the stone with the requisite solidity. This cement is lodged in a kind of cup, at the extremity of a solid handle, which the workman holds in his hands; he then takes in the other hand a second like instrument, furnished with a diamond recently cut, the edge of which projects sharply outside.

Supporting the two tools on the border of a box, placed before him on the table, he communicates to them a see-saw motion, and by rubbing on one of the stones the sharp edge of the other, he soon makes a slight cut, which suffices him to introduce a sharp-edged blade, which he strikes lightly, in order to separate the two pieces. Some stones, I was told by the workmen, could not be split in the usual way, in consequence of the risk of destroying them by the operation. These are sawn with a finely-tempered bow-saw, moistened with olive-oil, and sprinkled over with diamond dust. The splitter, or diamond-trimmer, is much assisted by the natural formation of the stone, which has its line of cleavage well defined. The cleaner, or cutter, has similar instruments to those of the splitter. After having inserted, in his pair of tools, two diamonds of bulk nearly equal, he uses the one for working a face on the other by rubbing with force. When he has thus finished a face on each of the stones, he softens the cement by slightly heating it on a gas-lamp, and then, turning the gem, he commences the next face, and so goes on. Like the splitter, he supports the stone on a little rectangular box, into which the powder falls, which is afterwards used in the polishing. This cutter only forms about one-half of the required facets on any given stone, leaving it to his successor, the polisher, to form the remainder. The cutter only rough-hews the gem; the polisher is the artist who gives it its final shape and lustre. This operation requires a certain muscular effort, and the cutter requires to protect his hands by thick gloves of skin. The box over which the splitter works is provided with a double bottom, the first of which is pierced with holes like a sieve; the powder of the diamond resulting from the rubbing falls into the second compartment, and the larger fragments rest on the sieve, where they can easily be collected, in order to be cut in their turn. The fragments obtained in cutting large stones are sometimes of great value. The chips from one large diamond I have read about were valued at eight thousand pounds. The powder, or diamond-dust, is always burned before being used, in order to cleanse it from oil or any particles of the solder which is necessary to fix the stone. When a cutter or polisher examines his stone by placing it on his tongue, he first carefully dusts the gem with a camel-hair brush, in order to collect the fine powder which is of such value in cutting and polishing.

After coming out of the hands of the cleaner, the diamond has the form and perhaps a third of the number of faces which it ought to have, but its surface is so harsh and irregular, that it requires the polishing to give it finish and brightness. The wheel on which the polishing is accomplished is a turntable of iron, technically called "a schyff," solidly fixed in the middle of a table, and is so arranged as to be of extremely rapid rotation (from two to three thousand revolutions per minute). The metal turntable receives the diamond-powder, and reduces it to an impalpable state; it is constantly moistened with olive oil, which softens the friction, and prevents

the powder from being projected outside by the centrifugal force. The diamond which is to be polished is set no more in the fusible cement, but in an alloy of lead and tin, to which is given the form of a round cone, of which the stone occupies the summit. The whole is lodged in a spherical cup, which covers one-half, and which is terminated by a straight stem. This stem is seized between the claws of a pincer, and the face of the diamond to be polished is held down with weights of lead, for maintaining the apparatus in a proper position and augmenting the adherence and friction. The weights vary considerably, running from two to thirty pounds, according as the facet required is to be small or large. The operation either for large or small stones is much the same; the worker is generally able to conduct the polishing of several stones at the same time. The operation of polishing usually takes very long, and requires the exercise of extreme patience: the cutting of certain large diamonds continues for many months.

The art requires that the cutter should have extraordinary skill for working the stones, of which the smallest often do not reach to the size of a pin-head. Nothing equals in this respect the skilfulness of the workers of Holland, and one is quite confounded when one sees stones of such small dimensions cut into twenty-four faces perfectly equal and regular. Some of the stones operated upon at Coster's are so small that it takes hundreds of them to weigh a carat! This is not, however, the only difficulty the diamond-cutter has to surmount; it is the cleaner who has to make choice of the form to be given to each particular stone. It is he who must decide, after a minute examination, how each particular diamond ought to be cut, whether a brilliant or a rose; he determines the choice by an endeavor to lose as little matter as possible. But this is not all. It is necessary that he should recognize at the first glance in what way it is convenient to attack the stone, which is not an easy matter, for if his measures have not been well taken, it may perhaps occur that twenty-three faces having been already cut, the twenty-fourth would require to be cut on an imperfect part of the stone; and so it is found impossible to continue. The cutters and polishers are often thrown out by finding unexpected flaws in the stones, as they proceed with their work. The color, too, often changes; so that sometimes it is quite impossible to tell how a diamond may turn out; and, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, one portion of the stone may sometimes prove to be a great deal harder than another part; and if, while cutting, the diamond be allowed to remain too long on the schyff before being taken off to cool, it might melt the lead in which it is set, and so, by changing its position, do very serious injury to the stone. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was necessary at times to increase the revolutions of the schyff to three thousand per minute, in consequence of the extraordinary hardness of some portions of that most valuable gem. It is not always easy to say how much of a stone must be sacrificed in the cutting. The Star of the

South, which was cut by Monsieur Coster, weighed in the rough state in which it was found 254½ carats; when finished, the weight was a little under a half of that weight. The Koh-i-noor lost eighty carats in the recutting; it now weighs less than the Star of the South by about twenty carats. Many of the bits split off the larger gems in the process of cutting and polishing, form admirable stones for rings, pins, &c. It is wonderful how small some of the diamonds are that go through Coster's mill, and still more wonderful that they can be cut at all, far less have a score of facets put upon them. Some of the men, I was told, occasionally fall in love with a fine stone, and linger over it in the cutting and polishing with positive devotion. The masters find it politic to interrupt these men in their labor by a change of work. If a man falls in love with such a fine gem as the Star of the South, he is set to work at some dealer's stock brilliants, and allowed to go on with them for a time. The best workmen earn large wages, considerable gratuities being sometimes given by Monsieur Coster for the cutting of particular stones. The demand for precious stones of all kinds, and particularly diamonds, has greatly increased during late years, and, coupled with the growing scarcity of the gem—most of the present mines being comparatively unproductive—has of course tended to raise the price of these valuable adamantine bits of carbon, so that now they can be purchased only by very wealthy people.

THE LEGEND OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

A Catholic Poem, in Two Parts.

PART I.—PANDINA.

The Death of Orm—The Death of Seralpha—Presumption destructive of Morality—A Vision of perverted Manhood and Womanhood.

TIME was no more with me, whose streams
Had ebbed below our vale of dreams,
And left its conduits dry;
The thousand ducts of carnal life
Had ceased to urge their swelling strife,
And this men called "to die;"

As though some great celestial sun
Had drawn my heart-drops one by one
To fringe his evening realm;
Or, as a fleet, till sunset moored,
That casts its cables by the board,
Goes trusting to its helm:

As creatures on some teeming strand,
Made vital by the tepid land,
To hurry thence are fain,
I sought beyond earth's crowded shore
(Where shallow waves cry evermore)
A passionless domain.

Knowing, I loved far more than spurned
The dross wherein I once was urned—
The dust of sorrow's path;
Where oft Love's power had borne me o'er,
Lifted me past its briers sore,
And folded me from wrath;

Saved from things foul where feet might
stray,
Purged sight where vision might betray,
And put the golden rein
Of Heavenly steeds unurged—untired—
Within my hands—once trodden, mired,
An alien in her train.

Such day as men are wont to see
And need, that earth may fruitful be,
Had faded from my sight;
A wedded moonray, dawn, eventide,
Well known to dreams, its place supplied
With an uncertain light.

In whose weird influence on I passed,
Viewing old haunts, as 'twere, at last,
As from a night-veiled sea;
Finding the spots so full of change,
That I would fain far further range,
Till I at rest should be.

So, on the cold light-flooded fields
Of Arctic night, a traveller yields
To spells all undefined;
Who, but for his unechoed tread,
Might count himself among the dead,
Far out of sight and mind.

At midnight thus I slipped away
To confines of immortal day,
Nor knew my soul's convoy;
While she who slumbered by my side
Secure in bliss—a sometime bride—
Clasped the chill dust of joy.

No present Host illumed my grave;
No tender priest my unction gave;
Grief's billows came not nigh:
No pleading bade sin's sullen night,
For love or hate, with fettered might
Prolong my agony.

O what a waking then she knew,
When orient bars were shattered through,
And, on the sea-tossed world,
Her bark must woo the winds of life,
But find them ever hushed from strife,
With all its sails fast furled!

For nightly on some lonely deep,
Seamen more calmly sink to sleep;
If in their wake appear:
The fleet with which they put to sea;
And all the voyage they pray to be,
In calm and tempest near.

How would she when the morning broke
Those lips, that all too lately spoke
To breathe one parting sigh!
How would she chide that torpid air
Refusing e'en soft beats to bear
Of angel-pinions nigh!

O sadness! on life's sullen sea
To sail in tearless agony!
But oh, the bliss at last,
When constant souls their haven find,
There too, secure from sorrow's wind,
Some lost ship anchored fast!

Too lately mortal to forbear
Some tender chronicle of care,
Or in my soul forget
Once kindred attributes of sense—
Of sight and sound—of passions, whence
A burning sun had set.

I, Orm, no longer made to weep
And nurse regrets, and weakly steep
My tenderness in tears;
Know that, if charity prepare,
I yet in holiness may dare
To sing of fleeting years:

If, for the love of Christ, my God,
The conscious doors may stand abroad
Toward either listening orb;
And words which living death avert
Find ready ears with grace begirt
That may my song absorb.

When, 'neath a veil of dreams and sleep,
Men pass into the spirit-deep,
That girds this fevered state;
There is one passing moment known
While sense, from her sublimest throne
Holds wide the dreaded gate:

Upon its quivering nerves I hung,
Between two vital systems strung,
To nature's utmost strain;
And in that pregnant instant cast
Whate'er, by one long look and last,
A lingering soul could gain:

A lamp's dull beams—a clock's sad beat,
That did my slackening pulses mete,
I knew;—and by the bed
A form, as of Heaven's Virgin-Queen,
In garb of softened glow, was seen,
Who lilies scattered.

With her another, on the face
Of my fair consort breathing grace,
  Stood in that trancèd spot;
And whispers broke the strange repose
That to the second said, "O Rose
  Of Lima, wake her not!"

Beneath such gaze I saw a calm
Suffusion of celestial balm
  O'erspread the cherished clay:
But other presence straight I felt,
And grief forgot her power to melt,
  And flesh gave up its sway.

That, in their stead, a sense might be
Superior to the immensity,
  Of intervening waste
Between this purgatorial clime
(Unmerited by slaves of Time)
  And that, its true foretaste.

Ere yet I could my flight pursue
As of a soul, from every view
  Of earth's affairs shut out;
To me, and yet within me, spake
A voice that might no echoes break
  Of mortal fear and doubt.

"O Orm," it said, "awhile to stand
With living death at thy right hand,
  The saints have prayed for thee:
In this charmed circle shalt thou find
Other of thine immortal kind,
  Bewailing misery.

"And thou shalt to the direst string
Of sorrow's harp thy dirges bring,
  For prodigals of breath;
Who on time's swift and perilled streams
Beguile their hours with hellish dreams,
  And tempt the maw of death.

"And when such varied horrors pall
Upon thy being, an angel call
  Shall summon thee to see
The love and truth concealed on earth,
The children of immortal birth;
  The uncared-for Harmony."

So spake the voice, while past me went
Men's souls to bliss or punishment;
  And on my left hand flew
A warder of the angel-band,
Who led me over sea and land,
  In vigils ever new.

Whose sequence neither motion seemed
Nor rest, save as of one that dreamed;
  Till wailings floated by,
And presence, now of lurid light,
Now as from thund'rous flashes white,
  Embodied, I descry.

Launched 'mid new scenes my soul demands,
"Who thus in conscious horror stands,
  Between the glare and gloom?"
"Tis he," the ghostly phantom said,
"Seralpha, deadly more than dead—
  Unworthy of the tomb."

"Behold, what spirit e'er thou art,
This refuse of a human heart,
  Reserved for future wrath,
In all its foulness cast away,
Between earth's night and murky day,
  To tread the nether path!"

By this we on a sudden came
To old Parnassus' Pythian flame,
  From igneous Delphi sprung;
Where 'mid its fell sulphureous smoke,
The foaming sorceress erewhile spoke
  In verse, with frenzy sung.

Till, halting at Dodona's grot,
We heard upon the enchanted spot
  Its oak in murmur low—
Strange echo from the days of eld—
The clash of brazen ewers held,
  And springs of silver flow.

"Tell me thy tale," I said, "and shape
Thy dirge, that so my own escape,
  How narrow 'tis! from woe,
May give Heaven's mercy fitting praise,
Whene'er within its courts I raise
  What once was sunk so low.

"Tell me, then, Orm, on what fell land
Doth mortal in this region stand
  That spreadeth out below?
Methinks it is a foretaste foul
Of gates where primal demons howl,
  And crownèd honors bow."

"Why stand we here?" to him replied
The angel warder by my side,
  "O ye, from flesh new sped,
To Orm, the just, Heaven grants a view
Of doom for sins that mortals rue,
  Among the living dead.

"And thou, Seralpha, art decreed
With him Heaven's last reproof to read,
In that too cherished state
Of former life; where, gentle Grace
Defieth floods urged on apace
As though by blindest Fate.

"O let the swift recording pen
Of Doomsday's angel falter, when
It writes my burning shame!"
So spake Seralpha—let it close
With mine, the sum of human woes,
A monumental name!

Bind, bind, fell Carnage, on my brow
Such laurels as in hell do grow,
For I have slain
Faith, Charity, and Hope, in one
That lived for me beneath the sun—
Earth's deepest stain.

O thrice bemoanèd midnight hour!
When, waked by life's dissolving power,
Too late I stood
At Terror's portal, to confess,
And, in repentance, to caress
The holy Rood!

"Wake, wake, thou new-espousèd bride!"
Conscious with fear and guilt, I cried;
"Awake to know,
This faithless heart proclaiming thine,
Thy very life and being, mine—
Their living foe!"

The calm of blessed night was there,
O'erspread on hill and valley fair;
With singing birds
Of darkened hours; and busy wing
Of owl and night-hawk, hurrying
O'er droway herds.

The perfume-breathing flowers peeped in
Upon my eyes of slumbering sin
Our trellis through;
The summer moon of silver gave
To death's cold, dark, fast heaping wave
A contrast true:

The death-watch sounded his alarm;
My blood at his transfixing charm
Ran slow and cold;
The sweat of horror bathed my form;
My spirit quailed before the storm
Upon me rolled.

Firsana woke—the tried, the true,
The trusting—woke to view
My dying plight:
O'er outward fright and inward pain
Triumphing, she besought Heaven's train
To check my flight.

But when in her sad stricken ear
I poured the muttering of fear,
And bade her know,
That whom she thus in love arrayed,
With faithlessness and lust was made
A fiend to grow,

Her grief rebounded—quivered, stopped,
Bruised—as an eagle that has dropped
Wounded in flight;
A ghastlier gaze than that of death
I met, and checked my ebbing breath
To ward its might.

But ready mercy loosed the spell,
And tears from their unfathomed well
Sprang up amain;
Which seeing, flesh, life, and soul, their
compact broke,
And to a future I awoke
Of endless pain.

Her heritage of grief I left
Unmitigated, and bereft
Of every ray,
That saith: "O mourner, look behind,
And in Death's orient thou shalt find
Promise of day!"

"Wherefore, Seralpha," I inquired,
"Was thus thy erring nature fired
To poison life's sweet cup?—
Knewest not how fully earth is brimmed
With woe, by them in whom is dimmed
Love's light-spring welling up?"

"For this," he said, "a Spirit spake
To me,—Let strong men break
The puny woven bands
Of priestcraft, kingcraft—forgèd chains;
The will, unfettered, free remains—
Chartered by Nature's hands!

"'Like seeketh like' is nature's plea;
That unrestricted sympathy,
Which pleasure sanctioneth,
Denies cement to forced restraint,
And bids the millions urge their plaint,
'Free bread—free licensed breath!'"

And next a Siren whispered me;
"Why shroud in awful mystery
The soul-pervaded realm?
Free converse hold with Present—Past;
The day of privilege at last
Yields thee her helm.

"Or, let me steer thy timorous prow
Whither the true initiate bow:
A new unfettered speech
There thy full-nerved vitality
Shall bid, with pregnant nature, try
Worlds where its runes can reach.

"But why these demons solely blame?
The weakness mine that me o'ercame,
Defying ready Grace;
They only who withstand the shock
Of fell temptation join Heaven's flock
Before its Shepherd's face."

Seralpha ceased; the Angel cried,
"New Pythias a new world deride
With promises of lore,
Strange influence, keener touch, and speech
From spectres! these her children reach,
And, reaching, bid adore.

"Yet from that Spirit all are sprung
Who o'er the rocks of Delphi hung
A veil of secret power;
And at Dodona feigned to find
Heaven's key for each perplexèd mind,
And Fate's eventful hour."

Then first upon Seralpha's soul
The tide of torment 'gan to roll
Such as none living feel,
With gnawing of untold regret
From broken idols, ever set
In recollection's wheel.

With less than sure salvation helmed
I had been in his terror whelmed,
All fleshless though I be;
But, girt with heavenly force, I said,
"What deem'st thou for the doubly dead
A fitting penalty?

"That they be held forever chained
To such temptation as sustained
Their soul's most cherished curse;
Be driven to loathe yet clasp in hate
The bane of life's once fair estate:
Hell yields no torment worse!

"But, to this being whence **Hope** is driven,
In dying semblance there is given
A thought, that 'mid its woes
One may not be—to meet again
The dreaded sources of its pain,
Its once delectant throes."

Seralpha ceasing thus to urge
His never dying sorrow's dirge;
As with a sorcerer's wand,
Uriel the angel gave our sight
A vision filled with angry light,
And of some sunset strand

By ocean, when its boding air
Bids feeble man, presaging, dare
To-morrow's thundering main:
But, disembodied, we passed on
Unstricken; till, all cold and wan,
Gray twilight closed again.

While in its firmament appeared
Strange shadows cast on clouds, and **weird**
In shape; to action, driven
Like human forms repelling fire,
And swayed by an unwonted ire
When no redress is given.

If in successive sight alone,
Or by unmeasured space o'erflown
We found the verge of hell,
And knew its borders thus to be
So full of muttered mystery,
My spirit scarce can tell.

But first we entered into night
Dark and unmitigated; bright
Only when lightning gleamed
Through clouds, and all its sabres **broke**
On torments' ebon main of smoke—
No billow silver-seamed.

Millions were seen at each swift **light**;
Some hurrying on, some held with **might**,
All pressing with their hands
Ears riven by thunder fiercer far
Than earth's short elemental war,
And deadened by no bands.

And next the semblance of a morn
Enrobed adjoining realms; upborne
Upon its glowing fringe
A hemisphere of threatening cloud,
'Neath which the gates of dawning, bowed,
Kept back their wonted hinge.

The beings that therein appeared
Each higher than each their forms upreared;
Fierce for the breath of day:
Finding it not beneath such shade
As through outstanding chaos made
Creation's secret way.

We traversed thence a glowing plain
As of Sahara's sandy main
Beneath the midday glare;
Where false mirages promise men
Deep wells in every sterile den,
And fountains in the air.

Ten times ten thousand creatures roved,
In aimless mazes fiercely moved,
By gasping frenzy driven:
The father's, and the son's, in hate,—
The mother's and the daughter's state
To fell reproach were given.

Soon sped we through the fourth domain
Of Hell's wide kingdom, where her reign
Is held 'mid mountains vast;
E'er and anon they quivering groan,
And answer to the endless moan
Of whom they prison fast.

There, seeking rest, these find it not,
For round each barren igneous grot,
Oft as men lay them down,
The fiery forked tongues reprise
To battle for some rightful prize,
Their labor long to crown.

Four dreaded regions then we crossed,
Where seas of flame with blasts are tossed,
And shrieks of woe resound:
Thence to the final doom we came
Which e'en in Hell hath found no name,
And is in silence bound.

Before the noiseless doors there stood,
And by its river, dark with blood,
One, as of woman born,
To whom the heart of woman—fled,
Left nought but horror 'mid the dead
Most deadly—most forlorn;

Within her, hate and scorning moved
Toward all that she had ever loved;
She, being thrice greeted, spake:
"Spirit of lost humanity—
Tomb of all mortal hope am I,
Whose fetters never break.

"I am the soul of them that love
Dark evil, all Heaven's light above;
Hither I guide their dead,
Tormenting them with olden crimes—
Urged by temptations early chimes
Beyond their dying bed.

"Forever, thence, they seek and fly—
Love once—then loathe in agony
The paths whereby they came:
Each sin that was their chief delight
Forsakes them neither day nor night
With unconsuming flame.

"Go whisper then in mortal ears:
'Defy temptation and the tears
Of sin's eternal rain!
Each moment's victory is worth
More than the argosies of earth,
Whose ownership is pain.'

"Nay, tell it not—let men descend
In grovelling herds!—then, hopeless, bend,
This charnel-house within!
There is one joy—a God to rob!—
To hear in hell's old age the sob
Of souls once purged from sin!

"To wrest from Her, o'er women crowned,
Those whom she loved, and sought, and found:—
Mother of God! I dare
Thy prayers, thy tears, thy love and hope;
Thy charity's unbounded scope,
And Whom thy womb once bare!"

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

III. History.

Much has been said and written about the philosophy of history, and many theories claiming to unfold fully and satisfactorily the manifold causes of human action and thought, detailed on the historic page, have been given to the world. Every historian from Herodotus to Volney and his American imitator, Draper, has believed that he possessed the key to the meaning and significance of history. One traces the origin, the rise and the fall of the different nations of the earth to the combination of various fortuitous circumstances; another, to the blind will of the fates; a third, to the intelligent coordination, by a master-mind, of the powers, resources, and intellect of a people. The Encyclopædic schools find the explanation of all history in the struggle of men to realize their ideal of a perfect government. The materialistic school assign climatic changes, the isothermal line, and the continuous evolution of the natural powers as the causes of the different stages and conditions which the history of a people marks. Others regard with contempt the idea that history has a philosophy, and they point to the trifles and the slight incidents that at times radically change the destiny of a nation. The turning of the river Euphrates was the downfall of the Babylonian monarchy. A single battle set Norman kings upon the Saxon throne. The arrival of Blucher at Waterloo dethroned Napoleon, and changed the fate of Europe. The election of Lincoln brought on the late civil war in America. The squabble of a French diplomatist with the German king caused the Franco-Prussian war. Scoffers at philosophy think they refute it, in its relation to history, by citing, as causes of so tremendous effects, occurrences that are wholly inadequate to produce them, forgetting that they mistake occasions or pretexts for causes.

But the truly great historians of the world have shown that history is not the arbitrary, causeless thing that infidels would have it; but that it is, on the contrary, a grand revelation of the dealings of the Almighty with His rational creatures. Notwithstanding the truth which De Maistre crystallizes in the famous sentence that, "history for the past three hundred years has been a grand conspiracy against truth," the conspirators cannot hide the truth. Willing or unwilling, they are forced to bear witness to the hand of God in history. Every page of the annals they chronicle, every paragraph they pen, every change which the political, social or religious sphere undergoes, realizes and proves the Catholic idea of history, viz.: that as all ancient time was but preparatory to the coming of Christ and the establishment of His Church, so all modern time centres about her, is concerned with her doings, reflects her spirit, is moved by her influences, or, rejecting her, beholds the national

and the individual destruction that such rejection brings on.

This Catholic idea of history has been beautifully unfolded by one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of the present age:

"The most important subject and the first problem of philosophy," says Frederick Von Schlegel, "is the restoration in man of the lost image of God, so far as this relates to science. Should this restoration in the internal consciousness be fully understood and really brought about, the object of pure philosophy is attained. To point out historically in reference to the whole human race, and in the outward conduct and experience of life, the progress of this restoration in the various periods of the world, constitutes the object of the philosophy of history.

"In this way we clearly see how in the first ages of the world, the original word of divine revelation formed the firm central point of faith for the future reunion of the dispersed race of man; how, later, amidst the various power, intellectual as well as political, which, in the middle period of the world, all-powerful nations exerted on their times, according to the measure allotted to them, it was alone the power of eternal love in the Christian religion which truly emancipated and redeemed mankind; and how, lastly, the pure light of this Divine truth universally diffused through the world and through all science—the term of all Christian hope and Divine promise whose fulfilment is reserved for the last period of consummation—crowns, in conclusion, the progress of this restoration."

In proportion, therefore, as any historian sets forth God's dealings with men, he carries out the Catholic idea. Thus Russel, in his *History of Ancient and Modern Egypt*, and Wilkinson, in his *Manners of the Egyptians*, have proved the Catholic idea. Their researches into Egyptian life and history verify the Mosaic narrative, and establish the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies relative to the downfall of Egypt and the everlasting exclusion of her native princes from her throne. Volney himself, in his *Travels in Syria and the East*, a book which records the results of a journey which he undertook for the express purpose of disproving the trustworthiness of the Scriptures, and particularly of the prophecies, bears testimony to their complete fulfilment. Wemyss's *Job and his Times*, and Russel's *Connection of Profane with Sacred History*, fully develop the same idea; showing that between the two histories there is a link so close, a relation so intimate, that they must have been fashioned and controlled by the same Divine Hand.

So Rollin, in his timid, cautious way, ventures to dissent from the French infidel schools of history, and gives as his opinion, that the revolutions and changes in the world's history bear so orderly a character, and seem to tend so directly to certain results, that they must be under subjection to a superior power. Bolder in their admissions, Thirwall, Grote, Gillies, Dr. Arnold and most English historians of the ancient world, do not conceal their faith in an overruling power, guiding the destinies of nations. Gibbon, however, is

an exception, and we wish to examine this exceptional case more in detail; for though his history is unfit to be put into the hands of youth on account both of its misrepresentation of Christianity and the disgusting obscenity of the notes, yet, unfortunately, we have no work in the English language which is more extensively read by historical students; nor can any history be regarded as a substitute for this masterly performance. He who has not read Gibbon (we speak of general readers), must remain in ignorance of a vast deal of historical knowledge accessible only in sources closed up to most students and readers. He has the art of condensing a volume of information into a few sentences; and when he can be depended upon, he is a most convenient authority to cite, both on account of the fulness and pithiness of his elaborate periods, and the pleasing effect of his style. But frequently he assumes, as well-known and certain, that which is doubtful and disputed. He is never more peremptory in his allegations than when he has least grounds for confidence.

Again, Gibbon did not approach the study of history with the proper motives. A vague desire after literary distinction was the only motive that actuated him; and, as he admits himself, "he aspired to the character of an historian long before he could fix upon a subject." We question whether those who have the most eminently distinguished themselves in the various branches of science and literature were impelled by any such principle. The mere passion for a name is the ambition of a boy or of a little mind, and has originated few undertakings of a truly great or beneficial character. But whatever motive supplied the first impulse to Gibbon's labors, his choice of a subject must be supposed to have been determined by a distinct purpose, and that was, as he himself avows, to fasten incredibility upon the Gospel records, and to connect the propagation of the Gospel and the triumph of the Church with the fall of the Roman monarchy. He deliberately sat down to the composition of his history, with a mind impregnated with hostility against the Christian name.

What sort of history could a man in such a frame of mind, with such a purpose, write? We are not surprised that he produced a work, however erudite or eloquent, filled with inaccuracies, disfigured by prejudice and bigotry, and teeming with calumnies against the religion which he at one time professed to believe divine. His reasoning from the "supine inattention of the pagan and philosophic world" to the miracles recorded to have taken place, is a fair illustration of the insidious sophistry and malignant design of this English Porphyry. Holding the opinion that Christianity ruined the ancient Roman Empire, he could not but form his history according to this groundwork. Nor is it of his infidelity alone that we complain, but of his unfairness and insidiousness. It is not the dagger, but the mask, that marks him as the intellectual assassin, is the fine remark of an eminent English scholar and critic. For his infidelity he had the excuse of mistaking Protestantism for Christianity. His history would

have done credit to a Pliny or a Tacitus; and we should only have to deplore the force of their prejudices and the unhappy origin of the mistake under which they labored as to the character and claims of the religion they rejected. But we cannot forget, in reading Gibbon, that the total misrepresentation that pervades his account of Christianity proceeds from one who possessed the knowledge (at least the opportunities of knowledge); for he once studied the principles and grounds of the Catholic religion and was even admitted to her communion. The method of his attack was the more specious and dangerous from the affected neutrality which he maintains while trying the cause upon the issue of fact. Instead of assailing Christianity with the small weapons and missiles of the polemic, he seeks to undermine the basis of evidence upon which it rests, and by a laborious induction to disprove its beneficent character. The deistical rhapsodists and theorists of former days are now little read, if not altogether forgotten; but the deistical historian lives, and his masterly and mischievous work is the only history of Christianity in English literature.

Despite, however, of the unhistorical and untrue character of the view he takes of primitive Christianity, his history is largely composed of the results of Catholic culture and Catholic literary labors. Gibbon owed the vast erudition and minute knowledge of the men and the times that he describes, to the opportunities afforded him of studying Catholic authors and consulting books which the Church, as the mistress of learning, jealously guards. He acknowledges his obligation to the learned and pious monks who rescued from destruction the stores of classic and oriental literature from which he freely drew in the composition of his history. He has, moreover, definitely closed questions which Protestantism had found to its interest to keep open, such as the nature of the regimen of the primitive Church, the antiquity and primacy of the Roman Church, the character and use of ceremonies and rites, the legitimacy of the Pope's title to his temporal dominions, &c.

What has been said of Gibbon will apply with tenfold force to Hume. No philosophical history could be expected of one who would make all philosophy impossible, by denying its cardinal principle—the principle of causation. No sound morality could be found on the pages of one that scoffed at religion, even under the mild, diluted form of Deism. No true picture of men or times could be drawn by one who was an open, professed skeptic, as to the honesty, purity, courage, or any other virtue of his fellow men. Shaftesbury belongs to the same ilk of Gibbons and Humes. Yet these and all the other followers of the infidel historical school of the last century, witnessed the Catholic idea of history, sullenly chronicled the triumph of the Church, and sneeringly admitted their inability to overcome a power "as vulgar and as uneducated as it was resistless."

The non-Catholic historic schools of the nineteenth century, have given up open warfare against the Church, as a policy that brought

contempt and infamy upon their predecessors, and have taken a neutral position. They profess to regard her with Macaulay as the greatest of human institutions, and with Guizot, as the main stepping-stone of barbarism to civilization. It is become fashionable to decry the persecutions to which she was subjected, and to flatter her with the delusion that she need not fear their repetition. Tired out with its fruitless attempt to make her history a lie, Protestantism no longer keeps up the olden howl about St. Bartholomew's Day, the Spanish Inquisition or the Jesuits, and the day seems really coming when history will do justice to the Church which it has systematically vilified. It is the old story:

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers."

A DREAM.

THERE are moments in our lives when, without sleeping, we dream, and our dreams seem a blissful reality; unlike the phantoms of the night, the dreams of daylight, illuminated by sunshine, are always happy. A few moments of patience and attention, dear reader, and I will tell you the brightest, the happiest dream I ever had.

I was lying one evening on the soft turf that formed the bank of a smooth, rippling stream; behind me lay meadows, over which the generous hand of spring had cast innumerable flowers. My senses were soothed by the songs of a choir of "winged worshippers" paying their nightly chant of homage to their Creator. On the other side of the bright stream was a thick, heavy grove of tall majestic trees, and looking up at the blue canopy of heaven above me, I beheld the last beams of the glorious sun, tinging every object with gold, and promising, by its brilliant good night, a cheerful, and a still more generous greeting for the morrow. The breath of the "sweet south" fanned my cheek, and brought all the perfume of the already dew-dipped flowers to sweeten the air. At such moments as this is it when earth seems heaven—when if, with a firm hand, we close our minds from all the paltry cares, desires, and passions of this world, glimpses of heaven may be vouchsafed us, and we behold the beautiful and the blessed, whom God has commissioned to conduct His children to their eternal home.

Having forgotten the earth and all it contains, my eyes seemed open to heaven's mysteries: suddenly I beheld the clouds open, and an angel, clad in robes of pure and dazzling white, descended to the earth, and following him in his course, I beheld him enter a lowly hut, and take his stand by the cradle of a sleeping babe, whose cherub brow had just been marked with the sign of the cross, the holy promise of salvation. The child of heaven bent with a radiant smile over his brother of the earth, and

as that loveliest of smiles reflected itself on the face of the sleeper, the mother bent over her child, and tenderly kissing it, she prayed God to guard it and bless it.

A year flitted quickly by, the child seemed dying; days, weeks, and months of sickness had wasted its dimpled cheeks, and dimmed the light of its heaven-colored eyes. Tenderly did the messenger of God watch over his charge. Even when the mother forgot her fear and her anguish at losing her pride and joy, even when she closed her eyes in sleep and forgetfulness, he knew no weariness, he slumbered not; but ever bending over the babe, he sheltered it with his protecting wings, until the dark shadow of disease had disappeared, and the child awoke once more to health and strength.

A few more years, and in a rich meadow, covered with golden buttercups, I beheld the child led by his angel thither in the warm sunshine to play. Attracted by a flower larger and brighter than the rest, the boy rushes forward to seize it; his angel vainly tries to check his progress. His hand is on the flower, he starts back: behold! a snake lies hid beneath the leaves. It is the angel's first lesson to his charge. Ever under the things which, to the eye, seem brightest in this world, lies hid the serpent of sin: beware how you pluck the flower without withdrawing the leaves that shelter the fell monster that guards it.

Time passed, the helpless child was now a bold and joyous boy, seeking amusement in everything that surrounded him. Now freighting his tiny ship, and launching it on the bosom of the bright running stream; now pursuing with eagerness the butterfly, or scaling the snowy cliffs after the sweet honeysuckle or the beautiful foxglove. His angel is ever at his side, warning him from danger, and pointing out the beautiful lessons written by the great Creator on the fair face of nature.

It often happened that the bright countenance of the angel became clouded with sorrow, for his words were unheeded, his warnings unregarded, but in the hour of danger the boy would call on him, and never was his friend inattentive to his voice.

The brightest moment of joy for the angel soon followed, the crisis of the boy's fate, the moment when he was first to possess the sole and only good of life,—the day of his first communion,—the day on which, by the divine power of Jesus Christ, man is made equal to angels. Now, the inspirations of the angel became more frequent, they led to the practice of great virtues and sublime sacrifices. The youth, fast advancing to manhood, longed to be a soldier; his heart was full of lofty desires, and he panted for high achievements. The neigh of the war-horse, the blast of the clarion, the distant music of the deep drum, all filled his soul with rapture. His bright eye became fierce with joy, his soul proud and ambitious. I saw the angel tremble for his charge; with warning voice he pointed out the perils of the soldier's life, and finding the youth still bent on thoughts of war, he led him to the foot of the Cross, there to learn the most sublime lesson of humanity ever taught.

with songs of joy and thanksgiving, and the old man's staff became a column of magnificent form, dedicated to the glory of the Cross.

ALLELUIA.

MY TRAVELLING FRIEND.

I HAVE no figure, and have lived to record the fact without any particular feeling of humiliation. When nature first began to declare herself in favor of rotundity indeed, I struggled against her decision. I rose early, and took violent exercise on an empty stomach in flannels and a P-jacket; I stuck to a diet of boiled soles and dry toast with such pertinacity that my friends groaned over me as a probable pervert; but it was all of no avail: my waist, like murder, would out; protuberance would not be *stayed* (well, yes, if I must confess it, exterior compression *was* attempted). So I gave up a senseless wrestle with destiny, forswore the patronage of photographers, and found consolation for shapelessness in good living. All went well till after the whitebait season of 1865, when something far worse than a mere æsthetical calamity befell me.

I have only one accomplishment, immunity from sea-sickness, and a very troublesome advantage it is. It would never do, you see, to let a solitary talent lie quite idle, so I feel it a moral duty to travel by water instead of by rail whenever I can, though the latter mode is very much more comfortable, convenient, and expeditious. Late in the summer of the year above mentioned, then, I started for the Rhine by the Rotterdam steamboat from London Bridge. The voyage was rough, and only one passenger beside myself enjoyed his dinner, a sympathetic coincidence which naturally drew us together.

He was a young man of affable manners, and florid taste in dress, whose occupation, exact social position, and even nationality, it was difficult to define. Sometimes I took him for a commercial traveller, then for a clerk in a counting-house, and then for a man of independent means, whose companions in early life had been somewhat mixed. His inquisitiveness was American, his vulgarity British, his jewelry Teutonic. Was he a Dutchman, who had lived a great deal in England, or an Englishman who had resided much in Holland? Both languages seemed natural to him. I tried to make him talk about himself, and found, after a time, that he was practicing a precisely similar experiment upon me; only he was successful, and I was not. What a difference that makes, eh?

I hate curiosity in other people, and I avoided his snares at first; but in the evening, after we had had a glass of grog together with the skipper, and were smoking and staggering up and down the see-saw of a deck, I was certainly less cautious and more egotistical. Who but a professional diplomatist can keep his counsel in the dark? I

don't know that it matters much, when there is no reason for concealment, but it seems stupid to tell your name, residence, and business, to a chance acquaintance who does not inspire you with any particular admiration. All the information I got in return consisted of the uninteresting fact, that my companion never carried circular notes in his travels.

"I cannot see the use of them," said he; "bank-notes are much more convenient; one always gets the full value for them, and they can be changed at any hotel one is staying at."

"I never use circular notes either," I replied: "but as I sometimes visit quiet, out-of-the-way places, I find English sovereigns the most handy."

"True," said he; "but the bulk and weight are troublesome: I should not like to carry a courier's bag like that over my shoulder."

"I am accustomed to it, and do not mind it."

Soon we turned in. The cupboard in which I performed this nautical feat contained four berths, three of which were tenanted by unfortunates who had undergone the extremest horrors of sea-sickness, and were now happily sunk in the lethargy of prostration. I removed my boots, coat, and neck-cloth, rolled myself up on my shelf, and fell asleep, little thinking that a physical evil far worse than stoutness was at that moment preparing for the attack.

I dreamed that I was in a forest so thick, so lofty, that the rays of the sun could hardly penetrate, and perpetual twilight reigned. There were no birds, squirrels, insects even, I was the only living creature, and the silence was awful. To add to the horror, the ground swayed to and fro in waves of earthquake, and I expected it to open every moment under my feet; but there were no rumblings, and the trees were not shaken into rustling. The convulsions were as the noiseless spasms of a galvanized corpse. At length the appalling stillness was broken by a light distant crackling, as of something moving amongst dry leaves; nearer and louder it came, and soon I saw a gigantic serpent winding towards me through the trees. There was no beauty about the monster; its sluggish folds were slimy, toad-like; its eyes were cold, cruel, inexorable as death; it darted forth no barbed tongue, but showed its poisoned fangs slowly and viciously, as a threatening dog does. It approached; its fetid breath stirred my hair, and I turned and fled. To no purpose: the thing gained and gained upon me till it was within striking distance, and then drew back its flat head for the blow. In my despair, I sprang at an overhanging branch, caught it, and strove to swing myself up. Alas! I was too slow; the reptile fastened on my left foot, and its fangs were plunged into the great toe. If the reader desires to appreciate the sensation, he may heat the point of a packing-needle in the fire till it is glowing white, and then thrust it into his corresponding member.

An inverted blessing escaped from my lips as I sat up with a jerk, meeting the planking above the berth smartly with my forehead. It was like a double-barrelled gun going off: "Bang! bang!" Horace

sings somewhere about striking the stars with his sublime head, and that is what I must have done, for I saw them. But the toe-pang was too sharp to permit of my paying much attention at the moment to what was going on at the other end of me.

My Shakspeare had taught me to think lightly of dreams; but this vision could hardly be called a baseless fabric, for it left a most dicided rack behind. Wow! Worra-worra! it came again, red hot, and right through the joint. What could it be? Not a scorpion or centipede, first, because in these latitudes we are spared their society, as a compensation probably for colds in the head; next, that the pain arising from a sting is for some time steady, and I only felt a tingling after the second twinge. Nevertheless, I struck a light, in defiance of ship-rules, and searched, but saw nothing more formidable than the antennæ of cockroaches quivering between the planks. An examination of the afflicted toe showed it to be inflamed: perhaps it was cramp; perhaps I had strained a particularly sensitive nerve in my struggles with the dream-serpent. My first impulse was to get up, especially as the absence of motion showed that we were in the river, and the gray light of early morning was shining through the port-hole; but the noise of men washing the deck deterred me, and after awhile I fell asleep again.

The dream did not recur, which was fortunate, as the effects of the first were still painfully obtrusive when I finally roused out, and it was with difficulty I got my boot on. My new acquaintance accosted me amid the confusion of landing, and asked if I intended making any stay at Rotterdam. I told him no; I was going on to Düsseldorf, *en route* for Cologne. Why, Düsseldorf was his own destination: how singular! We would travel together. I had no objection; I cannot talk Dutch, either High or Low, and the young man certainly saved me a great deal of trouble at the quay and the railway station.

We got a *coupé* to ourselves.

"Why, what a bump you have got on your forehead!" he exclaimed when I hung my hat up. "Did you fall out of your berth last night?"

"No; but"—. I told him the whole story, dream and all.

"Hum!" said he gravely: "I wish you would let me see the toe."

"Are you a surgeon?" I asked, painfully pulling my boot off.

"Not exactly," replied he—"that is, perhaps you would not call me one. Tut, tut; the bite of the serpent has produced in a second the same result that port, burgundy, venison, whitebait, turtle, take years to effect. My dear sir, you have got—gout!"

"Gout!" I feebly gasped.

"Decided. But never mind; I will soon bring it out of you when we get to Düsseldorf. You may thank your stars that you have not fallen into the hands of the faculty. I am hydropathical, and your complaint is just *the* one to which the cold-water treatment is best adapted."

Gout! The fatal word meant pain, sickness, doctors, lameness, and, worse still, temperance and so-

briety; this was what I was condemned to, then, for the term of my natural life.

"Bibisti satis, edisti satis, atque ludisti; Tempus est ire,"

I murmured. My companion, who was evidently not a Latin scholar, looked solemn, and raised his hat, under the impression that I was uttering a prayer. But what mattered classical attainment? Smitten suddenly and unexpectedly with a sore, though noble, malady in a foreign land, the language of which I could neither speak nor understand, far from the physicians of my country, I clung to this medical straw. Under more favorable circumstances, indeed, I should have recoiled from the idea of trusting my precious person to the tender mercies of any man who had not a great many capital letters after his name, or who wore rings on his forefingers; but now I was demoralized and trusting. Besides, I had really heard of some public character who had been treated for gout hydropathically and with success—a statesman, or novelist, or something.

We arrived at Düsseldorf, and my companion took me to a second-class hotel near the station, where, he said, the attendance, &c., was just as good as at the expensive one to which English travellers usually went, while the charges were about half. The fact that no one connected with the establishment spoke a word of English or French did not matter, since the young man was to manage everything, and attend upon me himself till I had thrown off the attack, which he promised should be in two days' time at farthest.

He certainly commenced my treatment promptly. That evening I drank a gallon of water, and had my foot, which was now much inflamed and very tender, swathed in wet bandages surrounded by dry ones; and on the following morning, servants having brought many sheets and pails into my bedroom, the young man locked the door, and commenced serious operations. One of the sheets was set to soak in one of the pails; I was invited to rise and attire myself in the costume of Gibson's "Venus." Then I was suddenly draped in the saturated sheet, and really thought I should never get my breath again, the shock was so great. Then commenced a swaddling process, dry sheets being wound round and round me over the wet one, till I was like a sweet onion with a damp heart; and in this state I lay on my back on the bed, a live mummy, unable to stir hand or foot.

"Do you glow now?" asked the young man. I did; I was cooking "in my juice." "That is right, it will draw the gout out of you: now open your mouth; so."

When I complied, he put a handkerchief, tightly rolled up, into it, keeping it in its place with another inserted like a bit, and tied tightly at the back of my head.

"Don't try to speak, for it will be a useless exertion," said the young man. "If you want to know what I have gagged you for, I will tell you; it is to prevent you from calling for help. You cannot move hand or foot, you cannot make yourself heard, so now I am going to rob you." And the villain positively proceeded, under my very eyes, to ransack all my luggage,

appropriating to himself every note, every coin he could find, and he found all I possessed.

"I leave you your watch, your chain, and your ring," he said at last; "and now I must bid you good-bye. I will tell the people to come and look after you in a couple of hours, by which time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit. Sorry I cannot stay to see the success of my experiment upon the gout—ta, ta!"

I lay there gagged, bound, gouty, robbed, tricked, for two mortal hours, and I did not choke—which proves to my complete satisfaction that I am an angel: no merely human temper could have warded off suffocation.

Relief came, and an interpreter, and a doctor, and what foreigners consider a policeman, and—eventually—remittances. I got rid of that fit of gout (which, alas! was but a mild prelude) very soon, and continued my travels; but I never saw or heard anything more of my lost money, or of that very dishonorable and vulgar young man.

FIAT VOLUNTAS DEI.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

ONCE I made plans, and said: When spring-tide rains
Have made the summer bloom, I'll dream my dream;
And when the autumn garners in its grain,
And ere the winter whitens all the plain,
I will fulfil my long-projected-scheme.

II.

But ah! (heigh ho!) before the silvery rains
Melted in bloom, my dream was sacrificed;
And autumn proved my schemes were worse than vain,
And all the winter, in a vice of pain,
My heart was caught and crushed and agonized.

III.

Sufficient for the day—O Lord, Supreme!
Thy lips have said—*shall be the ill thereof;*
And now I have no plans, I make no schemes,
But, like an infant rocked in tranquil dreams,
Within Thine arms I simply trust and love.

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter VII.

"Tower of Bellavista, August 7, 1868.

"Most precious One,—I am painting three hours a day, and it amuses me. I caress you with the end of my brush; I softly kiss your brow and your cheeks; and then I think I am with you, and it does me good. Do you know this is the fourth picture I have drawn of you? One very so-so at two years old, another at sixteen, a third at twenty, and this which I am now busy about, just as you are four-and-twenty. I have promised your mother *to do one myself* when your hair is gray, and do not laugh at my presumption. Let my successors be furious, but I intend to live to be a hundred. This means that I am very well; so amuse yourself, and do not think about me.

"As for me, I amuse myself as an old woman should, and I say my prayers. The other morning I was saying a *Pater* for you, and while whispering over the Lord's Prayer to myself, I said 'O my Father, Who art in Heaven, shall I ask Thee that Adelina may sanctify Thy Name? I trust she will sanctify it. That she may desire Thy kingdom to come? I believe that she does not fail to do so. That she may pray for Thy will to be done? Thine has been always hers, and will be so, *whatever may happen.* That she may forgive her enemies? She has done so since coming to the use of reason; there is no bitterness in her heart. Shall I pray that she be not led into temptation? Ah, yes, yes! O my Father, Who art in Heaven, let her never fall under temptation, and be kept from all evil. Amen, amen!'

"This is how I prayed for you—was it not well done? Is not temptation the real danger of life? Is it not that downward incline upon which we may not set our foot? for the descent is rapid, and sin is at the bottom of it; sin, into which one so quickly falls, if we do not walk carefully.

"Last year I read something about the Etruscans, whose pedestal they are trying now—and perhaps justly—to pull down. I feel it difficult to strip myself of a single honor for the sake of the Pelasgi. But what is to be done? for we must submit to the necessities of history, though it overturns a great many of our notions and great names. History pulls down the proud, and exalts the lowly; saying to us very much what St. Remi said to the haughty Sicamber: 'Burn what you have worshipped, and worship all that you have burnt.'"

"April 20, 1868.

"Come, my little friend, would you like to write a novel, and lay the scene in Calabria? This matter has never yet been treated *delicately.* It is always seasoned and *peppered* excessively, as if that were needed. The idea of Calabria is ever associated with brigands, according to the received notion of taking the exception for the rule. All I know is, that your letters from there *fill* me with a sweet, rather pensive feeling, that melancholy which

poets call *malinconia, ninfa gentile!** The dance you describe, that magnificent country so deliciously southern,—all this, Mimi, Mimi of my heart, makes me long to be there with you! I do so love what is beautiful! and to me beauty has such wide bounds, that it causes me perpetual joy; for I find it easily, and relish it in all its degrees, from the graceful to the sublime. Everything that comes the least in the world *from above* brings with it a perfection and relative harmony without which there is no beauty, but with which everything is beautiful. Good-bye, farewell! I leave off to-day because I feel deeply, and words will not come—*e il mio dir corto.* This disturbance worries me, so I make an end."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 2, 1868.

"MY DEAR ADELINA,—This dear month of May is come, and I feel refreshed with all natural things; though when one thinks of it, what dreadful anniversaries occur in this month of Paradise! *El dos de Mayo*—the second of May—the massacre of the French at Madrid; on the 5th, Napoleon's death, which many people reckon as a misfortune; the 15th, another fatal day for Naples in 1848; and then the very idea of the 4th of May gives me the idea of chaos, of pandemonium, and of every uttermost confusion.† In spite of all this, long live the month of Mary! I liked it still better when I thought it would bring you back to us; but this will come later, and you will be *always* welcome. To-day we got your letter; and your letters are always so touching! I do believe that if you told us about Punch, Harlequin, Columbine, and every funniest thing in the world, it would bring little tears to our eyes. I do not know why; perhaps it is the way in which love expresses itself. Ah, yes, it is the true, and tender, and strong love we feel for you, which spreads itself over everything that comes from you, wraps us round, thrills us through, stirs us up, and will go with us to Heaven. Clotilde would say to me, 'Do not run off the line so;' and she is right. It is enough for the handle of the blade to appear; the blade must remain hidden.

"But in speaking to you, Clotilde allows this both for me and herself."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, April 29, 1868.

"MY VERY DEAR ADELINA,—There are, as you know, the delights of spring; but spring has also its dark days, for this pretty season has a marked influence upon our spirits; sometimes toning them towards rose color, sometimes towards black; at least that happens to me. To-day I am joyous, while latterly I have been sad without any cause. Ah, how one good day blots out every shadow on the mind, and one enjoys in four-and-twenty hours what is enough to adorn a whole week! Everything then seems beautiful and easy. I went out walking this morning, and the shade was refreshing, and the sunshine enchanting. I went to see the Marchioness C——, whose little girl seemed to me a love, and she most kind and obliging. I settled two pieces of business—one for

* "Melancholy, thou gentle nymph!"

† At Naples this is the day from which houses are let, and therefore that when all the removals and settlements take place.

Ernest, the other to place out a little girl; both of which succeeded just as I wished. I am reading St. Paul's Epistles every morning in the tribune after Mass. To-day I read that to the Galatians, where he tells how he reproved St. Peter, who through weakness allowed circumcision for the Christians. With what courage St. Paul rebuked him for his cowardice! and how humbly did St. Peter listen and submit! *he* the first of the Apostles, upon whom Christ had founded His Church, while St. Paul seemed only one who had intruded on the twelve chosen, having not even learnt the Gospel from those who had the right to preach it! If these two great Saints had appeared to me yesterday, could they have impressed me more than they did to-day? *Non so.* On coming home, I went into the garden—that is, the so-called—and made a nosegay of mignonette, violets, and heliotrope. Had these flowers really the fragrance I feel they had, or was it only the influence of spring? I know not, dear Adelina of my heart; but I felt filled and enchanted with it.

"The last act of my spring delights to-day was this: I stayed one hour at the piano, taking the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese. How delicious! I played the three first verses without singing, and mounted, mounted upwards to the first, second, third heaven! I was in the upper air when Clotilde came in. She took my place at the piano, and I sang *Quæ mærebat.* Ah, how beautiful it is! There is genius, imagination, knowledge, feeling! I thank our good God for having allowed a simple mortal to mount so high, and to bring back to the world a ray of His beauty. The Promethean fable is a most true fiction. Man may steal the sacred fire—at least he can win it. He is not a creator, but he knows how to raise his works to a height which draws near to perfection; and then God condescends to breathe into them, and make them living. You see, dear friend, how I share with you the secrets of my being; you cannot say that with you I am buttoned up!"

"Tower of Bellavista, May 4, 1868.

"I am charmed that you are in Calabria, that you stay there, and that you are draining to the dregs what is delicious to the very last. But the month of May will soon be over; and then you will come back, and that will be an enchanting moment. While waiting for you, we are in the depths of Mons. Gobineau's book on Central Asia. It is shameful to find out how many things there are that one does not know the least. Did I know that there were celebrated schools of philosophy in Persia? That while I write, there are excellent colleges at Ispahan, Khiva, and other places, where hundreds of scholars are collected to study philosophy; that professors abound; that his Excellency Hadji Moulla Hady de Sebzewar is an exceptional man of science, an accomplished master in metaphysics? No, I knew absolutely nothing of all this; and if I had been going to tell you my ideas upon Persia as it is, I should certainly have put it among the nations whose glories are of the past. I confess it. My knowledge ended with Avicenna—that is, with Avi-

cenna's name, no more; and yet I considered myself rather a well-informed woman! But I come down every day in my own eyes; and the more I learn, the more ignorant I feel. Ah, Pascal was right when he said, that the highest degree of human knowledge was to know that one knows nothing."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 10, 1868.

"I perfectly understand your pleasant feeling in chatting with your two young friends. That peaceful country life and the long hours of talk expand the heart; and certain recesses forever closed, except then, are mutually opened. And it is good to penetrate them, for they contain the key to the riddle of character; and it is always interesting to make an entrance there. We like to know the unknown. Curiosity—the motive-power of many good things, when taken on its good side—is satisfied, as it would be by the discovery of an unknown land, and we like to cut a road through it. So we love to get into the mysterious corners of another's heart, where one always finds a crowd of matters of which one has not dreamed. In these secret hiding-places we find out the distinguishing marks between two people, who in the eye of the world seem alike; for it would be impossible to class the world into categories or individualities. I own that the charm of thus diving into a heart laid open to me has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life; so much so, that in my young days, finding it dangerous, I denied myself this pleasure.

"Shall I tell you what has latterly given me something of a kindred pleasure? It is the discovery of Indian literature. We have become acquainted with the turns of thought, the belief, and the various feelings of this great people; not through any trick or cunning, but because their books have suddenly been opened to us. What treasures, what things we neither knew of nor imagined! We knew the Indian race had been highly civilized, but what did our knowledge consist in? That they were philosophers and poets. But what they really thought, said, and did, this is what we thought nothing about, but which we now know to the smallest detail. Each beautiful mind that opens to us is an India which we have discovered. But, alas, the comparison fails, for there are few souls in whom we find such greatness! My dear Adelina, how difficult it is to stop when once I begin to chat with you! The regions of thought are your kingdom, and I find myself with you there in such good company! But I must bring you back to this world again. You want to know about my health. What shall I say? There is nothing to be told about a stationary condition. On the whole, I am not ill; but in particular, I am like a clock-pendulum, which goes backwards and forwards, and remains always in the same place."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 12, 1868.

"I have always remarked, that if a correspondence lasts and does not die of inanition, it must either be sustained by deep affection, or by common interest, or by some common literary taste. Adelina, darling, we are united by these three bonds, and thus our correspond-

ence does not dry up; and I wish that my letters may be received with a quarter of the interest that yours give to me. Your last, filled with Alban details, interested us amazingly. Those Alban things always excited my curiosity, and I so wished to know how far they have retained their characteristics, shut in as they were by Calabrian territory. What an interesting country, classical in all times and in every respect! At this moment, however, I am thoroughly wrapt up in the history of the Bâbys in Persia. That part of Mons. Gobineau's work is infinitely interesting. It seems to me that I read formerly in some paper an account of the phases of that great religious revolution, but without paying the smallest attention to it, and most likely without understanding it; for one understands the least about things that are happening in our own day.

"You are not coming yet, after all? Perhaps you will come for St. Clotilde? Anyhow, everything that *is*, is right to be so. I know that you want to see us; I know that you long to see your brother again, and to become acquainted with your sister-in-law; but I know too that you like to do what it is your duty to do; and God will bless you."

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 15, 1868.

"MY VERY DEAR ADELINA,—I will not talk about your coming home. I know you wish it, and you know how much we wish for it. But it is useless to be occupied about it; for certainly it will be when it can be, and our wishes will not hasten the time. I know that Cillo* will do all he can to make you happy; so I shall be silent upon the matter, though it is what we are chiefly thinking about. In the second place, there is our reading. Decidedly, if one were so wretched as not to be a Christian, one would be a Bâbys. It is a religion harmonizing with our notions, though in some things very droll. For instance, Bâb, who was the Mahomet of the sect, was a special protector of women and children. In his care for women in general, he commends all those who were betrothed to the faithful, and desires that ornaments, and everything that can add to their gladness and beauty, should be lavished upon them, saying: 'Decorate your adornment, and honor your glory.' Then he strongly reprobates those who ill-treat children: 'If thou desirest to be of the number of the faithful, strike [children] very gently, nor smite thy scholar before he is over five years old. If thou then wilt strike him, give him no more than five blows, and those not upon the flesh, unless there be a hand or some covering between the rod and his flesh.' Is not this charming? How full these particulars are of good feeling!"

* The Count de Melissa.

"TOWER OF BELLAVISTA, May 18, 1868.

"Goodness! the rule-and-line exactness of the B——s used in past times to irritate my nerves, and sudden decisions took a high place in my esteem. The benefits of things settled without foregone arrangements seemed to me infinitely preferable. 'But wise men have changed their ideas with the times.' I did not then know the *hideous* inconvenience of the contrary fault;

and now I ban it, and desire that it should be put beyond the pale of the law. Let the fiend of *indecision* be anathematized; and while all mercy is shown to the sinners, let the sin be held up to detestation!

"Now I know that you are going to stay in Calabria, I shall actively carry on our correspondence; for I should not like my letters to fail you. Poor Don Jerome has lost his brother. It is very sad; for a brother's love is not easily replaced. Still I think he will be like a great many others in this very impressionable country, and that time will do its work on him as for them. The violent grief of a day, and then a fresh life, when the wind blows and carries away the past. This is certainly not the wind of Dante's Lucifer, which froze the tears in the eyes of the lost, and thus forever stamped their grief upon them. This transitory impression of the bitterest grief in our Southern countries has always served me with food for the deepest thought. The whole charge of trouble seems to explode at once. People are rent with grief; they are overwhelmed, annihilated, drowned by it; but if you do not break down under the first hour's trials, they are got over, and very soon ended. This is, no doubt, providential; but it is not pleasant to see. It is the failure of all human things, the saddest and least poetic side on which to look at it.

"Nevertheless, I do like sometimes to know that the most violent sorrows are not eternal. If not for this, what would become of that wretched Strato, at the coffee-shop, and his wife, whose child has come to a dreadful end? A delicious pet of six years old, the glory of the infant-school. One of his schoolfellows, not knowing what he was doing, poked a carooba-seed into his ear about a month ago. They were never able to get it out, and he died in dreadful pain. Listen, Mimi darling; if ever you have any children, I shall make them little caps to tie under their chins, that their dear little ears may be out of all harm!"

"Tower of Bellavista, May 21, 1868.

"It is a very sad and touching thing to see the poor monks, who have been driven out of their convents, taking up again some rough trade, by which they may gain a living. This morning I felt so much at seeing poor Brother Alphonsus, the Trinitarian, carpentering. Another is weaving, and so on. No doubt labor is a grand thing, and any one who lends himself to it is to be honored. But the life of an artisan is painful; and when I think of that idea—'*Shall I get bread to-day? to-morrow?*'—being inflicted upon so many poor religious, who lived so entirely sheltered from all care for the morrow, it makes my heart ache. O, how that persistent thought of to-morrow must wear them out! What a wicked and foolish act it was to suppress them! Listen, Adelina: there is but one thing I hate more than disorder, and that is destruction."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF TOBACCO.

No. II.

I HAVE been up to this moment opposing the arguments of the opponents of tobacco, because those arguments seem not merely fallacious, but eminently ill calculated to screen from the public what is the real danger; but I must now call attention to the serious warning which medical experience furnishes respecting the danger of too much smoking; for it is one thing to deny the misrepresentations of the danger, another thing to deny that there is any danger at all. There may be, and assuredly often is, both imperfect observation and imperfect reasoning at the basis of the denunciations; but medical experience is not always at fault in its vision of a causal nexus between a particular disease and tobacco. Valueless as are the unverified inferences from statistics or vague observation, that madness, angina pectoris, or any other malady, will be produced by smoking—valueless as are the inferences from experiments on animals in which nicotine is administered in a state of concentration wholly dissimilar to its state when smoked—there is valuable evidence to show that in particular cases a malady suspected to be due to tobacco diminishes or ceases with the diminution or cessation of smoking, and returns with its resumption. I will select an example or two from the work of Dr. Druhen, an uncompromising opponent of tobacco.

CASE 1.—M. T., an advocate, aged thirty, of athletic frame, began in 1840 to manifest symptoms of a spinal affection, which continued till the summer of 1845. These symptoms fluctuated considerably, but they resisted all treatment. At last Dr. Druhen, suspecting that the disturbing cause was excessive smoking, persuaded his patient to give up this bad habit. All the symptoms disappeared as if by enchantment, and at the end of one month the cure was complete. M. T. enjoyed excellent health for some time, but one day, dining with the doctor, he entreated to be allowed to indulge in a cigar. The permission was refused, but he persisted and smoked. "No sooner had he finished his second cigar than I saw him hastily quit the table. I rose also in some anxiety, and he confessed that all his old sensations had returned. This indication was decisive. M. T. henceforth entirely gave up his cigar, took steel tonics for a month, and has ever since enjoyed robust health."

CASE 2.—M. observed that for some years his energies had been declining; he was excessively thin, ate little, and only found comfort in smoking very strong cigars. He complained of acute abdominal pains every afternoon, which only ceased at night; tremblings of the limbs, palpitations, and sometimes sickness. He was advised to relinquish tobacco during one month;

did so, and all the symptoms disappeared; but he afterwards declared that he would rather endure the sufferings than be deprived of tobacco. He resumed his old habit, and the old pains returned.

Case 3.—A man aged forty-five, of lymphatic temperament, extremely sober, and very regular in all his habits, was troubled by the premonitory symptoms of melancholy mania. He was perfectly aware of his hallucinations, but could not escape them. After two or three weeks' medical treatment they passed away, and he resumed his labors at the bank, where he held the post of cashier. M. Druhen accidently learned that his patient was a smoker,—a moderate smoker,—and that during his treatment the desire for tobacco had not made itself felt, but on his recovery he again resumed his cigar, and once more the old symptoms appeared. Warned thus by experience, he renounced tobacco entirely, and from that day has had no recurrence of the symptoms.

Case 4.—Dr. Turck has published a case of a peasant who became deranged in consequence of excessive smoking, and who was cured by the accidental diminution of his supply of tobacco.

It is needless to multiply examples, the injurious effects of excess being beyond dispute. What concerns us here, is the rational interpretation to be put upon the fact. When we see that millions of men daily smoke without appreciable injury, we may safely conclude that the cases, however numerous, in which injury is distinctly traceable to tobacco, are to be ranged under two heads, cases of excess and cases of idiosyncrasy. A word on both may be desirable.

We have seen that the nicotine, which is a poison in certain quantities, is only a stimulant in minute doses. We have also seen that the impunity with which nicotine can be taken into the system depends on the rapidity with which its excretion prevents an accumulation of it in the blood at any given moment; the same amount which is harmless when the normal rate of excretion is maintained, becoming fatal when the excretion is retarded. It is clear, therefore, that inasmuch as different organisms vary greatly in their power of getting rid of the poison, the question of excess is one of personal idiosyncrasy. To some men one cigar is excess; to others half a dozen is moderation. Some men can smoke mild tobacco who are immediately disturbed by the same quantity of greater strength. A friend of mine, who for many years has smoked on an average ten cigars daily, assures me that he left off smoking during a period of six months, and could not detect the slightest change as a result of the absent stimulant,—clearly proving that the ten cigars were to him a scarcely appreciable stimulant, whereas to many men such an amount would be disastrous. I find that I cannot now smoke two cigars, one after the other, without decided excitement and malaise; if an interval of two or three hours elapse, the second cigar is less operative, but it is still appreciably operative, whereas after each meal a single cigar is borne with comfort.

It is on a similar principle that men drink half a pint of wine,

slowly in sips, with but a slight acceleration of the pulse, whereas that same half-pint swallowed like beer would intoxicate them. The limit of moderation can easily be determined by each man for himself. He ought to know how much tobacco he can take without disturbance, as he knows how much wine or beer he can take; and, having determined his limit, he should rigorously confine himself to it, for there is a lurking danger in tobacco which only foolhardy men will play with. Let him, above all, get rid of the notion that because his friends can smoke without injury three or four cigars, he also must be able to do the same,—or that there is any inferiority in his greater susceptibility. There is no such thing as absolute parity between any two organisms,—each has its own individual constitution, and according to this will be the limit of endurance.

And we are thus led to the cases of the second class, which involve the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the individual. Physiologists are familiar with abundant examples in which articles of food, eminently nutritious to the generality of human beings, act as poisons upon some exceptional organisms. There are many people who cannot eat fat, others who cannot eat butter, or eggs, or mutton, game, or peculiar sorts of game, without the most distressing effects. The late Dr. Prout knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison. "He could not eat it in any form. This peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, and the mutton was repeatedly disguised, and given to him unknown; but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa." Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Hahn found that seven or eight strawberries sufficed to send him into convulsions. In presence of such examples, how can we help concluding that tobacco also must, to some organisms, be of quite peculiar dangerousness? If the excretory action be not rapid, we know that tobacco will be a poison to all men, and inasmuch as there are varying degrees of excretory vigor in different organisms, it is clear that the effect of tobacco will be strictly dependent on this varying susceptibility.

It is in every man's power to answer very decidedly for himself the important question, whether tobacco is injurious to him. Does he suspect any evil influence? Let him abstain, and closely watch the result. If, with no other change in his way of life, he can detect the disappearance of any marked symptom, which reappears whenever he resumes his cigar, then he may be sure that he is wrong to smoke, or that he smokes too much.

The argument closes here, but I will add a detail or two which may not be uninteresting. The state of health and external conditions necessarily influence the amount of tobacco which can be taken with impunity. Active exercise in the open air necessarily increases the activity of excretion, and therefore renders a larger amount of nicotine endurable. Avoid smoking on an empty stomach, unless you have one of those organisms which are eminently insensible; for not only does the absorption of nicotine

under such conditions take place more rapidly, whence the injurious accumulation results, but inasmuch as in most cases the salivary secretion is stimulated, this brings with it a stimulation of the gastric glands, and gastric juice is poured into the empty stomach, producing a feeling of nausea and constriction.

Smoke slowly: the enjoyment is prolonged, and the danger of accumulation is lessened. Let your tobacco be dry. Nicotine is volatile at the temperature of combustion, and the greater part contained in a cigar evaporates in the air; but nicotine is very soluble in water, and what is thus dissolved, instead of evaporating, enters the system. The practice of wetting the cigar all over before lighting it should, therefore, be avoided. Those who are susceptible should be careful in their choice of tobacco, the different kinds of which have widely different amounts of nicotine. In that of Turkey, Greece, and Hungary there is scarcely a trace of the poison. In that of Brazil, Havana, and Paraguay, the amount is 2 per cent. In that of Maryland, 2.29; of Alsace, 3.21; of Kentucky, 6; of Virginia, 6.87; and of France, 7.30 per cent.

I have left myself no space to speak of the delights after having discussed the dangers; but every smoker is sufficiently enlightened on that point, and all eloquence would be thrown away on those who cannot discover the reason why men should make "walking chimneys" of themselves, and who know nothing of the vague diffusive pleasure which steals over the mind at the first whiff. That tobacco has its delights is too obvious for remark; that these are so potent as to make men reckless of its danger is a fact to be deplored; but its opponents have singularly failed in their well-meant efforts to arouse men to the consciousness of these dangers, because they have made the common mistake of supposing that exaggerations will continue to appal. Every wise man desires to know the perils which surround him, and to know these is neither to underrate nor to overrate them.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Is this the type, as poets paint, of man's immortal doom,
When into life and light he springs victorious from the tomb?
Alas, poor fly! a fleeting hour is thine, thy struggles vain,
And sinking soon, the child of dust returns to dust again.

Of human weakness rather thou the type dost seem to me,
Of thoughts that from the grovelling earth take wing and upwards flee,
But, unsustained by heavenly power, yield to the passing storm,
And from a winged and glorious thing descend a sordid worm.

L. R.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUTLINES OF HISTORY; with Original Tables—Chronological, Genealogical, and Literary. By R. H. Labberton. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1871.

We have received from the above enterprising publishers, the advance sheets of a new manual of history constructed on a plan as novel as it is able. Believing with the Greek philosopher that there is no royal road to learning, we naturally view with distrust any attempt to make study play, or science recreation, but we confess that this opinion of ours has been summarily dispelled by the tables of chronology before us. They are really admirable, because philosophical. We agree with all sensible educators that it is the sheerest nonsense to force a child to commit to memory lists of dates arranged without plan or method, and as the generality of chronological tables are of this description, we were heretofore prepared to condemn any system of chronology as soon as seen. But as Mr. Labberton has so philosophically composed his tables as to make them brief, comprehensive, easy of memorizing, and intelligible, we make an exception in his favor. In the cursory examination we gave them, we detected no mistakes worth mentioning. It would be well, however, if he explained in the introduction, that he had adopted exclusively the new style in his dates, for the wretchedly arranged chronology in most of the histories, at present studied in our schools, so confuses the learner by mixing the old with the new style, that when he encounters a history adhering to a uniform plan, he is led to believe that its author or the printer has made mistakes.

Of the value of the text we can say nothing, as we have not received it. It is charitable at least to presume, that the author indulges in none of the vulgar anti-catholic prejudice and misstatement that have made the American "school historian" the laughing-stock of intelligent society. We remember, as a boy, studying history in our Philadelphia High School, from the text-book at that time in use. We forget the name of the "historian," but he must have been a man as vulgar as he was ignorant and narrow-minded. The frontispiece of his book was a poorly executed wood-cut representing the encounter of Pope St. Gregory with Henry of Germany. The "artist," perhaps at the suggestion, and under the supervision of the "author," had desperately endeavored to make the Pope look as arrogant and as unbearably insolent as the text described, but he succeeded only in turning the pontifical nose awry and in giving the eyes an expression suggestive of gimlet-holes. The legend around the Pope's chair was the very modest one, "I AM GOD;" and the legend at the bottom of the picture was to the effect that the accompanying engraving represented a "triumph of the Beast," in accordance with the prophecy of the Apostle relative to the "man of sin's" enthroning himself in the house of God.

We believe that the Faculty of the school were so ridiculed about this precious "cut," that they abolished the book, and substituted a history which is not so vulgar, but every whit as false and calumnious.

We hope that Mr. Labberton knows that the day when the Church could be vilified is past, and that the historian, if he is true to his lofty function, will do her at least simple justice, if he has not the faith or the courage to give her the praise and glory with which her sons love to crown her.

MEMOIRS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL. From the French of M. L'Abbe Chardon. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

This beautiful little book has been lying on our table for some months past, waiting for the notice, which a variety of business and labors has hitherto delayed. It must have been our guardian angel

that jogged our memory, and insisted on our adding our meed of praise to a book which describes so graphically his and his brothers' blessed ministry. Nothing can exceed in beauty, pathos, and descriptive force, the narrative given in this book, of the functions, nature, and works of the glorious spirits that the Heavenly Father has appointed to be our guides and defenders, on the weary road we are treading, to the home in which with them we hope to see His face.

THE HOLY COMMUNION; It is my Life, or Strains of Love of the Fervent Soul whose Happiness is Constituted by Holy Communion. By H. Leon. Translated from the French by M A. Garnett. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

What a beautiful book has its author laid at the feet of our Lord in His Holy Sacrament! In tenderness of sentiment, genuine devotion, and exquisite polish of language, it rivals the devotional parts of Faber's "Blessed Sacrament." As a book of meditation, before and after communion, it is invaluable to the devout soul, whilst its perusal by the lukewarm or indifferent must of necessity awaken love and devotion to Christ, who suffers for the sake of men, the humiliations and indignities to which he is exposed in the sacrament of His love.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia.

This work, which was lately completed in two large quarto volumes of 1200 pages each, is a combined Encyclopedia, Dictionary, and Gazetteer. The conception of such a work is entirely new, and, as happens with all new ideas, its success was doubted by many at the outset, but we are informed by the publisher that his subscription list reaches thirty thousand copies. An examination of its contents shows that this appreciation of the work, which is not confined to literary circles alone, but extends throughout the humblest classes of the community, is not misplaced. The articles are fresh and vigorous, everything in connection with biography and history is brought down to our day, and all the latest researches in literature, science, and art, have been examined and freely used. It is conveniently arranged for reference on all subjects, and is illustrated with nearly three thousand engravings. To many persons who have not the means of furnishing themselves with a complete library, Zell's Encyclopedia will be found a valuable substitute.

CORNELL'S OUTLINE MAPS; APPLETON'S ARITHMETICS; QUACKENBOSS'S GRAMMARS, COMPOSITION, AND RHETORIC; QUACKENBOSS'S HISTORIES; QUACKENBOSS'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; MISS YOUMAN'S BOTANY; YOUMAN'S CHEMISTRY; HUXLEY & OUMAN'S PHYSIOLOGY; HARKNESS'S LATIN AND GREEK SERIES; HADLEY'S GREEK GRAMMAR; FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, HEBREW AND SYRIAC GRAMMARS, READERS, PHRASE BOOKS, AND DICTIONARIES. D. Appleton & Co, New York.

This is the season for school books, and we take pleasure in recommending to the attention of our educators, the above excellent works published by Appleton, of New York. Most of these books are well known to schools, and we are but echoing the opinion of many Catholic teachers who use them, that, for general accuracy, beauty of mechanical finish, and cheapness of price, Appleton's educational books are unsurpassed in the market.

THE NORMAL AND COMMERCIAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP. By James A. Congdon. Philadelphia: Uriah Hunt's Sons.

The special features of this new system of penmanship are its philosophical arrangement and the systematic plan that seems to have been adopted by the author.

The peculiar slope-lines introduced as an aid to the pupil in keeping the regular slant, prove of great value to the teacher also, who by this means is enabled to instruct both sexes simultaneously from the blackboard, a difference only in the size of the letters being observed. The books are manufactured from fine linen paper, and their handsome appearance generally reflects much credit upon the publishers.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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ANOTHER REFORMATION.

THERE are in Europe, at present, two men endeavoring to revive the effete drama of Church reformation. They are Dollinger and Loyson, *alias* Hyacinthe. The former is, in theatrical parlance, "first heavy man." The latter appears in the *role* of light comedian, with an occasional melodramatic touch. Dollinger, in tragic accents, recounts the woes and indignities which have been heaped upon him ever since he took up arms against the Roman tyrant and his Jesuit minions; whilst Hyacinthe relieves the monotonous strain by introducing quiddets and quillets about monks and nuns. Notwithstanding the many *claqueurs* furnished by the infidel universities and the Liberal party, the play does not appear to draw, and both reverend actors are threatened with the fate of Shakspeare's poor player,

"Who fumes and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

With the past history or the present doings of these gentlemen, this article is not concerned. We wish, however, to examine the ideas and the designs of which each is the exponent and apostle. Both are "reformers." Each has been called the modern Luther, although the Protestants that so designate them unwittingly pay the greatest of insults to the memory of the Saxon monk. Neither has the courage or the frankness of the founder of Protestantism. He was an enemy in the field. They are traitors in the camp. For Luther, we have the feeling of admiration which even a foolhardy feat elicits. Once cast out of the Church, he made no attempt to conceal his hatred of her, or his determination to crush her. He becomes almost sublime when compared with the two reformers of to-day, sheltering themselves, one under his professor's chair, the other under his monk's cowl, writing twaddle to Protestants and Jews, and loudly professing their filial love for the Pope whom they defame and the Church which has branded them as heretics and schismatics.

Dollinger comes before us directly and immediately as the mod-

ern reformer of the *faith* of the Church; Hyacinthe, of her *discipline.* It is the scope of this paper to show that Catholic doctrine is absolutely irreformable, and that the Church's discipline, falling directly within her own province, cannot be altered, "reformed," or modified except by her authority, and with her permission.

The absurdity of the proposition that the faith of the Church admits of reformation becomes more strikingly evident when we resolve it into certain equivalents, viz.:

1. What is, in essence and substance, immutable is changeable.

Essential oneness may indefinitely increase or decrease.

2. Christ is not God.

He has repudiated the Church.

The gates of hell may prevail against the house of God and the pillar and ground of truth.

To prove that the foregoing are the equivalents of the proposition, a reference to the nature of divine revelation, and to the Scriptural idea of the Church, suffices. All Christians admit that the Creator has deigned to reveal to men, at different periods of time, a complete system of moral doctrine and practice, ranging from the sublimest mystery to the most commonplace truth; from the loftiest duty of which nature, strengthened by grace, is capable, to the simplest office of daily life. This revelation extends from the creation of the world to the ascension of Christ, who completed and perfected it. The tradition of revelation subsisted only orally down to the time of Moses, who, at God's command and under His inspiration, "wrote in a book" an account of the creation of the world from nothing; the fall of our first parents; the general annals of the primitive race, and a detailed description of the Creator's dealings with the chosen people. In subsequent time He revealed Himself to humanity by the ministry of men whom He commissioned as the bearers of tidings of weal or woe to various nations and kingdoms. These were called prophets, and were distinguished by certain prerogatives that certified their divine mission. The power of working miracles, for instance, was one of the marks by which this mission was authenticated; and as the Almighty has invariably bestowed this power upon His ambassadors, the most expeditious means of determining any one's claims to be the apostle of a new revelation is, as the Jews did, to demand a sign in testimony of the commission claimed as divine. This gradual revelation terminated with Christ, who verified in His Divine Person the types and figures of the Old Testament, and, according to Catholics, established a Church as the unerring custodian and teacher, not only of His own specific revelation, but also of the Mosaic and the prophetic one.

Yet in all these successive revelations the substance of faith remained the same, for every doctrine, every article of faith, is implicitly contained in certain first beliefs (the *credibilia* of Saint Thomas). The Apostle epitomizes all doctrine in two points—to believe in the existence of God and in His providence.* Thus, faith in the existence of God includes every-

* Heb. 9.

thing which regards Him as our final end and eternal beatitude. Faith in His providence includes whatever He ordains in time for our acquisition of this happiness.*

Another illustration which the Fathers give of the essential oneness of faith is drawn from the nature of its object, which is the First Truth. Whatever is believed, is believed because it has been revealed of God. "If," says St. Thomas, "we consider the formal reason of the object of faith, we shall find it to be nothing else than the First Truth; for faith assents to nothing save as revealed by God. But if we consider the matter of faith (*materialiter*), we shall find that it is not God alone that faith accepts, but also many things. These, however, belong to the province of faith, only inasmuch as they bear a relation and an order to God. Wherefore, even in this respect, the object of faith is, in a certain sense, the First Truth, so far as nothing falls within its province, except what has this order and relation to God."† Hence, St. Paul speaks of the one faith, and represents it as shadowed forth in the Divine Unity.‡ There can be no comparison stronger or more forcible than this. Other and beautiful illustrations of this oneness occur in the writings of the Fathers, who compare the faith to the sun, ever one and the same, shining out upon the whole world; the Church, though composed of many members, to a single person possessing one mind, one soul, and one tongue, &c.§ Thus faith in all time is, in substance and principle, the same. The faith of Abraham, for example, held in its comprehensive grasp all the truths and doctrines that were afterward revealed by Christ. In faith, the patriarch saw His day and was glad.

It follows, therefore, that what we have called the first equivalents of the proposition that faith admits of reformation, are logical and real equivalents. For reformation, in its very idea, implies change. But if faith is one and immutable, it cannot be changed, nor consequently be reformed. Furthermore, the idea of reformation is antagonistic to the idea of faith considered as an assent to the revelation of God. The rejection of one article is virtually the rejection of all, for all, as supposed, have the same divine warrant for their truth. It is absurd to dissent from one doctrine of the Church, and, at the same time, to assent to every other doctrine as infallibly taught. Such a believer has not faith in its true and logical sense. "He does not adhere to the Church, but to his own will." He is a self-contradiction, for, whilst believing in the infallibility of the Church as regards all other doctrines, he rejects this infallibility by rejecting one, as he overturns the foundation on which his faith, or rather opinion regarding the others, rests.* Hence, any reformation or change of faith affects its unity and immutability, and consequently nullifies assent, certitude, divine authority, everything, in fact, expressed by the word faith.

The proof of the second set of the propositions that are equivalent

* St. Thomas, 2: 2; q. 50, a. 6. † Ib., q. 1, a. 1.
‡ Eph. 4. § Irem. adv. palv. l. 1.

* V. St. Thom. 22, q. 1, a. 3.

to "reformation," is perhaps more obvious than the proof of the first. It is clearly abhorrent to Christian sensibility to suppose that Christ taught His truths so carelessly and imperfectly, and established so untrustworthy a medium for their communication, as to render it necessary for men to reform, improve, and alter indefinitely His system of doctrine and morals. It is a gross imputation on the Divine wisdom of Him who praised the man that built his house upon a rock, to think that He built His Church upon the sands, exposed to the beating of the storms of error, the inroads of falsehood, and the decay and rottenness of superstition. It is repugnant to the mind of even the child that has heard of the loving-kindness of the Saviour who blessed and caressed the little ones, that He was so indifferent to the spiritual needs of the race for whom He died, as to suffer them, not to come to Him, but to wander after any knave that had a glib tongue, or could read the Bible. Yet all this is what "reformation" means.

The bare contemplation of the compassion of Christ, aside from any study of His words or acts, in reference to the Church, is sufficient to show that He would have established some channel through which His doctrines, truths, and history should go down, pure and undefiled, to the end of the world. Hence to our mind, the denial of the infallibility of the Church is a virtual denial of His Divinity, in view of the blasphemous notions concerning His wisdom, that force themselves upon one who contemplates the direful fate of the world were it bereft of an unerring teacher of faith and morals. Of what avail would the Scriptures be without such a teacher? "Jupiter," says a profane infidel, "sent to earth a box which contained all the bodily and temporal ills that have ever tormented mankind. The God of the Christians has sent us a book (the Bible) which contains all the mental insanity, spiritual diseases, and infernal crimes of the ten thousand warring sects that now curse the world." What a sneering commentary on the words of the Apostle! (2 Pet. 3 : 16.)

But our Redeemer gave us the crowning proof of His Divinity by establishing the Church as the tribunal of doctrine and the judge of all matters of faith. To her He confided the deposit. On her, as morally represented in the person of the Apostles and their head, He bestowed the great commission of teaching whatsoever He commanded, assuring her that He would be with her to the end of time. He left in her hands all power, even as the Father in sending Him, had given Him all dominion in heaven and earth. He drew up no code of laws for her guidance, because she was to be ruled by the Paraclete teaching her all the truth. He wrote no book of counsels, or precepts, or doctrines, for her living voice should utter nought but truth. He left her no tables of stone with carved and chiselled commands, for He, the Prophet greater than Moses, would speak through her, not to a single tribe of men, but to all the nations of the earth. He simply bade her teach to every creature what He had com-

manded, and comforted her with the promise of His abiding presence with her all days.

If, then, the faith of the Church can be reformed, which implies that she has erred, it follows that Christ, contrary to His sworn promise, has abandoned, repudiated, and cast her off. He is therefore not God, for, when the Church erred, He either would not or could not keep His word—either of which suppositions is irreconcilable with the idea of Divinity.

By placing in the possession of the Church the complete supervision and control of His doctrines, Christ also empowered her to define and explain each one of them according as it became a subject of doubt or dispute in the religious world. The progress or unfolding of the faith was thus to be gradual, a process observable in all the divine works. The Protestant writer, Butler, in his "Analogy," which traces the resemblances between God's works in the supernatural order and those in the natural, beautifully illustrates this idea.* Heresy generally brings out into striking clearness and force a doctrine which up to the time of attack was in comparative obscurity; just as, to use a homely illustration, a jeweller will take from his casket a precious stone, and holding it up to the sunlight will show it shimmering and gleaming in its purity and faultlessness, to a customer that has questioned its genuineness. "Many things," says St. Augustine, "that belong to the Catholic faith are inquired into more diligently, understood more clearly, and proclaimed more loudly when crafty heretics begin to attack them."* St. Thomas gives us the philosophy of this gradual exposition of the faith: "In substance, the number of the articles of faith does not increase with time, for we now believe what was contained implicitly in the faith of our fathers; but in explication or unfolding, the number of articles does increase, because certain doctrines of faith are now believed explicitly which, in former times, were held only implicitly."

To illustrate this idea in the case of a dogma, let us take the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. In defining this, Pope Pius IX only gave expression to the faith which had been handed down through all past centuries; the faith which, in the dawn of Christianity, had taught the sinlessless of the gracious and venerable Mother of the Lord; which had moved the great Doctors of the Church to speak reverently of her as one single in her immaculate purity; which had guided the instincts of the faithful in all time to regard as wholly undefiled, the woman blessed above all other creatures in her fulness of grace; the potent Virgin who had crushed the serpent's head. He but confirmed the Christian thinking of all antiquity. He but re-echoed the voice of the Church Catholic, whose utterances had been heard at Ephesus, Chalcedon, and Trent. His was but the happy privilege to combine and concentrate into a halo the scattered rays of this divine truth which sparkle in the sacred Scriptures and the traditions of the Church, and to

* Analogy, p. 2.

* De Civ. Dei, l. 16.

set it, in fuller radiance, upon the brow of the Immaculate Queen. Every definition in which the Church embodied her divinely taught conception of the stainless purity of the Mother of God, her divine maternity, her exemption from actual sin,* her special claims on the special veneration of the faithful, affirmed indirectly faith in her Immaculate Conception. For the belief that Mary was once defiled by original sin, once the slave of the demon, and an outcast from God, would have detracted immeasurably from the force of such definitions, chilled the ardor of the devotion of the faithful, and dampened the joy with which the Church has always celebrated the Virgin's feasts. As for Papal Infallibility, it was affirmed by the perpetual action of the Church aside entirely from its express declaration by Fathers, Councils, Synods, and the voice and heart of the faithful in all time. It is in the very nature and essence of the Primacy, faith in which necessarily implies faith in the infallibility of the Primate.

This increase in the expository parts of the creed, the substance of the articles always remaining the same, is further illustrated by the symbols or confessions of faith which the Church at times has issued. Thus the creed which indubitable tradition ascribes to the Apostles sketches the broad outlines of the whole system of Christian faith. The Nicene symbol more diffusely explains the doctrine of the Church on the Divinity of Christ and that of the Holy Spirit. The Athanasian creed embodies the doctrines on the Trinity and the Incarnation. Later, the creed of Pius IV defines the doctrine of the Church in opposition to the Protestant heresy. In a critical examination of these various confessions we can trace the ceaseless care of the Church to keep and defend the faith once delivered to the saints. Being as each is the touchstone of the faith, the Church pronounces her anathema (as in the Council of Ephesus) on any private man or body of men that presume to change or in any wise interfere with a symbol, which she alone has the power to enlarge, not in substance of course, but in fuller explanation.

If the Protestants or the "Liberal" party that patronize Dollinger and Hyacinthe, would spend the time they pass in groaning over the Church's inability "to keep pace with the times," in the study of this beautiful and harmonious unfolding of the faith, they would stand amazed at the thorough insight which the Church has ever had into every phase of human thought and mental life. The study of her creeds alone is the study of the human mind since the time of Christ. There is no assertion so absurd and ridiculous as the one we now hear, that the Church does not understand modern ideas, and is wholly unfitted by old age to measure their worth, or pronounce upon them with any certainty of judgment. Paradoxical as it sounds, precedent and facts prove that she understands the modern mind, with its hopes and fears, its strength and its weakness, its needs and its danger, better than the mind itself does. Time will show the wisdom of her mode of dealing with the

* Trent did not define this categorically, but no Catholic disputes it.

errors of the present day. The twentieth century will laugh at the philosophy of the nineteenth for rejecting the Syllabus, just as we laugh now at the nations that refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar because it came from the Pope.

Having shown that the faith of the Church is irreformable, and so disposed of Dollinger, let us examine the case of the cowled monk, who objects to the discipline of the Church on the subject of clerical celibacy. It is much to be feared that the gallant *pere* has personal reasons for his strong antipathy to this discipline. The Church is certainly to be blamed for her dilatoriness in settling this delicate point to the satisfaction of the gentleman and his intended; for this absurd delay on the part of the Church is, we are informed, the very reason why Dollinger declines to grace the friar's wedding with his venerable presence. The only resource left Hyacinthe is to get married, and then appeal to a General Council. If he intends to wait until the Church changes the discipline, we advise the lady to dissolve the engagement on the theological ground that *mora diuturna solvit sponsalia.* Hyacinthe knows well that the Church will never abolish the discipline which dates from Apostolic times,* and which is in full harmony with the scriptural and the rational view of the holy ministry. It is not, however, this or that point of discipline which we purpose defending, but it is the teaching of the Church on the principle itself.

* Con. Ap., l. b. c., 17.

The idea expressed by the term church discipline is very comprehensive. It takes in the whole external *status* and administration of the Church; such as rites, ecclesiastical laws, fasts, liturgies, &c. Christ placed no limit to her action in these matters, and this unconditional transfer of power is another evidence of His divine wisdom. The Church was destined to pass through every stage of persecution and prosperity, and to come into contact with every class of men, every phase of life, every kind of nationality, and every variety of circumstance. Were she hampered by one unvarying disciplinary code, she could not "become all to all, in order to gain all." Hence, her founder in constituting St. Peter the supreme executive of the Church, gave him expressly the amplest power of binding and loosing—a power afterward bestowed upon the other Apostles, in the presence, and under the jurisdiction of St. Peter. The exercise of this power by the Apostles, is seen in the substitution of Sunday for Saturday, as the Lord's day; in the consecration of certain portions of the year to fasting and prayer; in the composition of the liturgies and the principal ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice; in sacramental rites, and, generally, in kindred disciplinary matters, which, being found uniform throughout the Church, in all ages, are by St. Augustine's rule, referred to apostolic institution.

Still, we are not to conclude from her power of changing discipline, that the Church exercises it arbitrarily or causelessly. Most Protestants, and even some Catholics,

are under the delusion that the widest difference in discipline exists in the Church. Nothing is falser. It is with extreme reluctance that she permits any departure from the letter of her disciplinary canons, especially those regarding the details of the regimen of the Church, the administration of the sacraments, and any ceremonial of an important or ancient character. The phrase, "reform of discipline," may have given rise to a false impression, as it is an ambiguous substitute for "restoration of discipline." Thus, the disciplinary decrees of the Council of Trent are, in the main, only the renewal and reaffirmation of the old discipline. Even the change in the penitentiary canons of the ancient church is one, not of kind, but of degree.

But we find that we have devoted to the two modern reformers of faith and discipline, more space than they deserve. Fifty, nay, twenty years hence, some reader looking over the old volumes of the RECORD, may light on this article, and, as he reads he will say: "Why, who were these two 'reformers' about whom so much is said? Their memory has perished."

THE MONK'S STORY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest."—ABBOT ALLONIUS.

A MAN of youthful appearance, clad in the Benedictine habit, was seated in a cool and pleasant cloister, whither the spring breeze carried countless fragrant odors from the adjacent garden, and where were heard the clear, silvery voices of the youthful choristers rehearsing a melodious chant in the chapel choir. At short intervals the young monk was seized with a violent cough, which racked his whole frame, and caused the rosary he was chaining to fall from his emaciated hands; but when the paroxysm, and the pain attendant upon it passed away, he would raise his eyes devoutly and exclaim: "I thank Thee, O my God, for every token that I shall soon be dissolved, and be with Thee!"

Presently the voices in the choir sang out in jubilant strain the "Gloria;" then the singing ceased; the sound of many footsteps passing through a distant corridor came and died away, and profound stillness fell over the cloister, to be broken, a few moments later, by the tread of two men, who approached the invalid monk, and were greeted by him with a gentle smile.

"Father Eulogius," said the elder of the new comers, who was a venerable-looking man, also in religious garb, "I have brought a former pupil of yours to receive consolation of whatever kind he needs from your lips. Since he has entered the class under my charge his frequent spells of sadness and depression have caused me great concern; and within the last week he has been so singularly cast down that in my anxiety I spoke of the matter

to our Father Prior, who bade me bring him to you; a command which has not distressed our young friend, for he has seemed of lighter heart since we started together to seek you."

"I am indeed happy to see you able to have left the infirmary this afternoon, dear father," said the monk's companion, a young man of about twenty, as he pressed a kiss upon the extended hand of Father Eulogius; "and it gives me great pleasure to be permitted to pass some time in conversing with you."

"And may God send you relief from the spirit of sadness that holds you in thrall," said the older monk; "and now, wishing you a blessing, I leave you to the gentle ministrations of Father Eulogius."

"Father," said the young man, when he was alone with the invalid—and a shade of reproach stole into his voice—"have you shared my secret with the reverend prior?"

"God forbid, Cyril; although the secret of your soul was confided to me only in friendly conversation, yet it was as sacred as though revealed to me under the inviolable seal: but, my dear son, it is a secret easily guessed. I have frequently heard our Father Prior, and other fathers of the house, say that they thought you called to our holy order; and they attribute your occasional defection to the struggle between the two voices in your soul: the one calling you to serve God; the other, reminding you of the ties of kindred."

"They have judged aright," answered Cyril, with a sigh. "Now that my collegiate career draws to a close, and the time for my solemn choice approaches, my soul is in a state of torture. I know that my family, strong in their faith, fervent in their piety, would not dare to oppose my desire of devoting my days to the service of God: but oh, how could I leave forever that lovely home circle; my cherished mother, whose many virtues have drawn the hearts of her children so closely to her; my honored father, who has ever been 'beloved of God and man;' my brother, so generous, so noble; my sister, beautiful and gifted! The struggle seems to be wearing out my heart!"

"Cyril, have you never thought how probable it is that this sweet union which reigns now in your family may one day be broken? Have you reflected on the changes that time and circumstance may make with the human heart, so sadly mutable!"

"Father, I have thought and reflected until my mind is weary. Dear friends, you have never known what it is to suffer as I suffer; you, whose family ties were all dissolved ere you gave yourself up to God; you, who were the last of your race."

"Cyril, say no more," said Father Eulogius, laying his hand gently on the arm of the youth. "You mistake, my son, when you say that the bonds of kindred that bound me to earth were all sundered by death before I embraced a religious life. I am now the last of my family; but then—"

For an instant some painful memory threw a shadow over the pale face of Father Eulogius; but he soon regained his usual placid expression, and continued:

"Our Father Prior bade me relate to you my history, Cyril, and

"'He writes very seldom of such things,' I answered; 'his letters are filled with glowing descriptions of the pleasures of student life, but his reticence on this point never annoys me; for I deem Martin to be of a more uncommunicative nature than I am on the subject of religious emotions; and I never doubt for an instant that he is firm in his faith, and loyal to the devotions our dear mother taught us. Oh, if I thought he had wandered away from God it would break my heart: it is our mutual faith that renders our love so strong.'

"'Do not disquiet yourself,' said Basil, 'I have only expressed fears that may never be realized; but pray much for this beloved brother, that God may keep his heart inclined aright.'

"My dear tutor never came to me again. The day after the conversation I have repeated, his mother died suddenly, and as soon as possible he fulfilled his pious desire of entering a monastery.

"I was beginning to look for one to fill his place, when my father was smitten with a dangerous illness, so that my whole attention had to be given to him. When he was first taken ill I wished to summon Martin, but he forbade me, as he did not realize his danger, and would not have Martin interrupted so near to the time he would graduate. But my poor parent was soon forced to see that his end was near: his physicians formally announced his danger; and he prepared to settle his estate. To all my entreaties that he would think of his soul he refused to listen.

"It had ever been a custom in our family to hand down the entire estate to the eldest son. My father offered to do otherwise, and leave me joint heir with Martin; but I refused, and persuaded him to bequeath it entirely to my dear brother. A small property that I inherited from my mother was all I wished to retain. I held my brother's generosity and nobility of character beyond a doubt.

"Three days after signing his will, at the very hour appointed for Martin to receive his degree in a far off land, my father expired. Martin was summoned at once, but as it would be some weeks before he could reach home, and I was sick with grief at my father's death—grief greatly aggravated by the reflection that he had so neglected his eternal welfare—I left home after the funeral, and went to spend some days in the monastery that my friend Basil had entered.

"I found him very happy in his choice; and while I remained in the monastery the inclination to embrace a religious life, that had at times arisen in my soul, grew strong; and I told Basil at parting that had I not so powerful an attraction to the world in the shape of my dear brother, I would be very happy to remain with him.

"'I have always thought that you were designed by Heaven to lead our life,' he answered, gravely, 'beware, my friend, of loving your brother more than you love God.'

"'Oh, do not place the matter in such a light!' I said, shuddering.

"'It impresses me so,' he answered; 'your brother is older than you are, and possesses a large fortune; he is, therefore, quite able to take care of himself; you have no reasonable excuse for devoting

your life to him, when God calls you to so high a destiny.'

"'He is certainly not dependent upon my care, Basil, but I do not wish to leave him because of the mutual love we bear each other; I wish to enjoy the pleasure of his society.'

"In answer he quoted the words of the Abbot Allonius, that I repeated to you, Cyril, at the beginning of this history. The very quintessence of asceticism the words of that saint of the desert seemed to me then, of an asceticism which was too stern for modern hearts, and had, therefore, passed away with the days of sanctity whose spirit it represented. Yet they haunted me; they pursued me in my reveries about my brother, in my conjectures as to the changes that years had made in his appearance; and they quenched the flame of pride that glowed in my heart, when I thought of the marvellous progress he had made in his studies, and of the honors that had been conferred upon him.

"'Why should those words of Basil's haunt me so persistently?' I cried impatiently. 'How can dear Martin stand between me and rest, or peace, or happiness? Am I not looking forward to him to prove my greatest earthly joy and blessing?'

"When Martin arrived I was overpowered with gladness. I forgot my grief for my father; and the warning words of Basil faded from my mind. My brother had grown to be strikingly handsome in form and feature, and was a prodigy in intellect and learning; if exalted honors had been bestowed upon him they were well merited. But his manner had changed; he had become harsh, brusque, and cynical; all the old kindness with which he had treated me had vanished, and he seemed to regard me with illy concealed impatience. The only time that he testified any of his former affection towards me was when our lawyer informed him of my conduct when my father consulted me about the arrangement of his will; then he acknowledged in warm terms what he pronounced a most generous sacrifice on my part, and assured me that I should never repent my confidence in him.

"After a while another painful fact forced itself upon my notice: Martin seemed no longer attached to devotion. It is true he went to Mass on Sundays with me, but it was with evident reluctance and apparently to satisfy me; but he never seemed to think of daily devotion, and as to those religious subjects upon which we had once conversed with such pleasure he never spoke of them, and whenever I broached them I could see by his impatience that they were disagreeable to him.

"Six months after his return he told me that, as he considered our period of mourning had expired, he would attend a levee given by a lady, whom he had visited in Europe, and who, on her return home, had remembered him, and sent him an invitation, which included any friends he might select; and he invited me to accompany him.

"I accepted this invitation gladly, for I inferred from his manner of speaking of the lady that he was attached to her, and I was anxious to see the one upon whom his choice had fallen. He informed me that

she was beautiful and of exalted station; and I pictured to myself a woman whose virtues equalled her loveliness, and who employed the influence which her high position commanded in doing good. Such a one only, I felt sure, could take captive my brother's heart.

"On the evening designated, I accompanied my brother to a splendid mansion, which he told me was the residence of Dora Montmorenci, the lady who was to be our hostess for the evening.

"We entered a large parlor, sumptuously furnished; and a lady, faultlessly beautiful, and arrayed in a style of great elegance, bade us welcome.

"When, after paying our respects, we gave way to others, my heart was beating painfully, and I prayed God to forbid that Miss Montmorenci should ever become my brother's wife; for in her face, with all its beauty, I saw nothing pleasing. Pride, ambition, an utter lack of principle, were all I could read there; and when a circle formed around her, and she began to converse, my unpleasant impression was confirmed; her remarks breathed nothing but impiety and skepticism. Possessing intelligence rather above the average, she assumed the character of a woman of profound intellect and innumerable attainments, whose lofty mind looked down contemptuously upon absurd ideas that had long held the world in ignominious bondage. Among these injurious theories she classed the doctrines of Christianity, and spoke of them with the utmost contempt.

"With the very first who arose to leave, I signified to Martin my desire to retire; and he acquiesced with considerable reluctance.

"'What a wretched woman!' I exclaimed, when we reached the street.

"'Wretched!' he echoed, indignantly; 'what do you mean by that?'

"'Martin,' I said seriously, 'a woman who is an avowed infidel is a wretched object in my sight, and, I should hope, in yours also. Politeness bade me let her remarks pass uncontradicted, but I trust in God that none of the company supposed that I assented to the heathenish opinions she expressed. I was shocked to think that a lady, for such she is in position, if not in sentiment, should so debase her mind as to make it the harbor of such unbecoming ideas.'

"'You have lived so long in seclusion, and your mind is so confirmed in the wretched habit of running ever in the same grooves, that you cannot tolerate freedom or latitude of thought in others,' was his cold answer. 'When you mingle more with the world your mind will expand, and you will view matters in a more liberal light.'

"'You are holding forth a strong inducement for me to remain ever in solitude, dear brother,' I said; but I felt like one stunned, for his words made a direful revelation to me. Alas! this was only the commencement of my trials. Every day my brother took occasion to sneer covertly at religion and devotion. He ceased going to Mass altogether; and he informed me openly that he constantly visited Miss Montmorenci. Vain were my many endeavors to bring him back to the path from which he had strayed. He disdained my argu-

ments, scorned my exhortations, absented himself from the house when I invited thither ecclesiastics whose influence and conversation I had hoped would have a favorable impression upon him; and when I appealed to his feelings, and recalled the memory of our mother, he invariably became indignant and left me.

"Still my heart yearned towards him as fondly as ever, and I prayed with all the fervor of my soul for God to soften his heart, and bring him back into the old happy ways.

"One day, when he had answered an appeal of mine with unusual contempt and bitterness, I felt a strange longing for Basil's sympathy, and again sought him.

"'Have you come to stay with us?' was his greeting.

"'Not yet, Basil; although I am weary enough of the world to quit it without hesitation,' I answered. Then I told him my sorrow.

"'Then why do you not abandon the world when its last tie has grown so painful?' he asked.

"'I may yet win Martin back; surely, he cannot always withstand my influence; he cannot always remain unmindful of our boyish love; he cannot forget that my affection for him led me to resign a fortune in his favor—though any sacrifice I could make for him would be light.'

"'Then why do you withhold the sacrifice of your life? If you offered it up to serve God in this order, it might plead powerfully in your brother's favor.'

"'I have said that I am weary of the world,' I cried, 'yet I cannot leave my cherished brother. God does not require us to make sacrifices beyond our strength. After all, Martin does not mingle much with the world; and he has not taken any stand before the public in these sentiments; therefore I have a glimmer of hope. When that dies, I will come and be your brother in Christ.'

"'Ah, I see,' said Basil, coldly, 'you will not give up your heart to God until it is broken. May His patience endure until then.'

"I did not return home at once. As it was summer, I made a short sojourn at a country village near the monastery; so in that way I was absent for a week. When I returned, the servants informed me that Martin had left home the day after my departure; but that morning they had received word to have the house put in order, and a feast prepared by evening. He had also sent a letter to me, which I found in the library. It ran as follows:

"'BROTHER: You cannot be surprised that I have not consulted you upon a step that I took three days ago—that of making Dora Montmorenci my wife. I knew your unwarrantable prejudices, and avoided all bitter discussion by settling the matter inevitably without your knowledge. Now you can but be silent, and that silence I enjoin strictly upon you. Necessity compels us at times to say harsh things; and I must remind you that by your own unsolicited act, you are, without my countenance, little more than a beggar; therefore, you see the expediency of behaving in a peaceable manner. I feel bound, in courtesy to my wife, to encourage the peculiar opinions that she upholds, and to make my house the gathering-place for a large party

whose views coincide with hers. I will tell you now, for the first time, that I met Dora while a student at Leipsic, and from her learned to throw aside those shackles of belief that hold you in so painful a thraldom. I beg you for your own sake to heed my warning. If you fail to do so, I assure you that you will find me intolerant. 'MARTIN.'

"As I laid the letter aside with a feeling of despair, I was conscious of the bustle and noise that accompanies an important arrival going on below; and before I could reach the door to investigate the matter, it was opened, and my brother entered with his bride. She looked at me in haughty surprise, for I did not salute her; and as I answered her gaze, a sense of the evil she had done me came over my mind, making her in all her brilliant beauty seem so shallow, so heartless, so erring, that I said to Martin, in a tone of anguish:

"'Brother, why have you sacrificed yourself?'

"My sister-in-law grew white with rage. 'Is this the greeting that meets me on my entrance to my husband's home? an insult, and that from the lips of his brother!' she cried.

"'Wretched bigot!' exclaimed my brother, trembling with anger. 'Has your fanaticism led you so far as to insult a woman, and she my wife, and mistress of the house that harbors you? I assured you of my intolerance should you despise my warning; see how I keep my word.'

"He strode to a cabinet near by, took from the drawer a folded paper that I recognized as a deed of the property I inherited from my mother, and thrust it into my hand.

"'Take that—your all,' he said, 'and go. Never attempt to enter this house, or to speak to me again!'

"I left the house at once. Bewildered as I was, I felt that this terrible trial was a punishment for allowing my love for Martin to lead me to slight the voice of God. I went again to Basil, and told him that his words had come true. I had only a broken heart to offer to God. But he received me with the utmost kindness, and consoled me gently in my sorrows. After a time of probation, I was admitted to the novitiate, and a month after having that happiness, I heard that my unfortunate brother had been suddenly killed by a railroad accident, while on his way to attend an infidel meeting."

Large teardrops were trickling down Father Eulogius's cheeks, and as he brushed them away he turned to his young friend and asked:

"Cyril, do you still pause between God and your family?"

"No, my father," said the young man, in an humbled tone. "I will offer my life to God ere the trials of the world force me to do so. I will speak to the reverend prior tomorrow."

The bell for vespers sounded, and the infirmarian appeared to assist Father Eulogius to the infirmary, while Cyril, no longer sad, went to fulfil the duties of the hour. Three months later Father Eulogius was laid to rest among his brethren, and Cyril wore the dress of a novice, and had received in religion the name of his departed friend, whose warning had corrected his wa-

vering between God and his family. Under the cross in his cell this young aspirant to religious perfection wrote these words, which he made a frequent subject of meditation: "Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest."

A VISION.

I.

My heart was heavy in me, as I roamed
The village graveyard thro' one summer night;
The moon above was struggling with the clouds,
And shed upon the graves a sickly light.
I sat me down upon a grassy mound,
And thought of all the friends that lay beneath
Those carvèd blocks of monumental stone,
Chilled by the icy hand of cruel Death;
And thought that soon myself would lie there too,
And that, perchance, the idle passer-by
Would pause before *my* grave, to read the verse
Inscribed upon *my* tombstone, e'en as I
Gazed on the graves of those who died before;
And, as I thought, I scarce a groan suppressed,
Then sadly bowed my head upon my knees,
And faintly murmured as I sank to rest,
"All, all is sad!"

II.

I slept, and as I slept, my heart grew light,
A heavy mist seemed from my mind to rise;
My ears were greeted with the sweetest sounds
Of dulcet music, and, before my eyes,
There rose the loveliest sight I e'er beheld;
Methought I caught a glimpse of Heaven, and
Seated therein, I saw the friends I mourned
Crowned with celestial flowers—a happy band—
Singing the praises of the Lord of Hosts;
And, as they sang, they stretched their arms to me,
And beckoned to me, till I wished I could
One single, blissful moment with them be.
The vision passed away, but still, methought,
I heard them sing, "Rejoice with us, rejoice!"
And then I woke, a happier, wiser man,
Exclaiming in a loud and cheerful voice,
"All, all is joy!"

THE HOME OF THE EXILED STUARTS.

THE papers and letters of the "Chevalier St. George," as he was styled, and of other members of the unfortunate House of Stuart, are in the possession of Her Majesty, and at present occupy the shelves of one large room adjoining the Royal library at Windsor Castle. The Queen intrusted the work of arranging these MSS. to her late librarian, Mr. Woodward, whom she would often visit on a Sunday afternoon; and as often as she saw him, she never failed to ask "how he was getting on with his labors?" One day she added, playfully, "I half envy you your work, Mr. Woodward; the fact is I am really and truly, though you might not fancy it, a devoted admirer of the House of Stuart." "And I, Madame," was the ready reply, well worthy of a courtier, and not out of keeping with the librarian's Protestant convictions—"am a devoted admirer of the House of Brunswick."

And how came our Queen to be so touched with reverence for the Stuarts? The answer is plain. Though a queen, she has the tender sympathies of a woman; and her sympathies were stirred up into activity by a visit which she paid not many years ago to the Palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, for a century the home of the exiled Stuarts —in company with the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French.

The palace, or as it is styled the Château, of St. Germain is one of those relics of the middle ages, which happily the vile "philosophes" and communists of France failed to destroy amid the wreck of that late wicked revolution by which they will ever stand disgraced in the pages of history. And happily we are enabled to describe this château for the benefit of our readers, by the aid of a chapter in one of the pleasantest and most interesting books of the season, Mr. A. E. Challice's *Memories of French Palaces.*

In the château is a little chapel or oratory in which James II is said to have spent a very large part of his declining years, not merely in vain regrets for the loss of his English throne, but in the practice of true and sincere penance for the sins of his youth and early manhood, and in preparing himself for that great change which must one day come to all men, whether they be rich or poor, kings or paupers, old or young. "In that oratory," says Mr. Challice, "the present queen of England . . . . . lingered with an evident sentiment of that sympathy and respect which a liberal mind cannot fail to feel for misfortune and for individuals who have brought misfortune on themselves by self-sacrificing acts of mistaken judgment."

But to pass back to the château at an earlier date. By the aid of Mr. Challice as our *cicerone*, we find that it had a history of its own, even while the Stuarts were seated on the throne of England.

It stands on a high and lofty situation, on the edge of a noble park, on the left bank of the Seine, about fourteen miles west-northwest

of Paris. It is a gloomy five-sided castle, two stories in height, and somewhat Italian in the style of its architecture. The great charm of the place, however, is its magnificent terrace, more than a mile and a half in length, which commands a prospect, perhaps unsurpassed in the neighborhood of. Paris.

The château owed its erection—in its present shape at least—to Francis I, the great rival of the Emperor Charles V. He, it is said, planned the erection of the château on forest land, upon a site where, in the eleventh century, a monastery had been founded by his predecessor, King Robert. Its early history is closely connected with that of his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Médicis, who, in spite of her great faults as a woman, showed her fitness for the crown of a queen consort and regent of France, by encouraging Italian artists, such as Benvenuto Cellini, and architects and engineers—if the term be suited to the makers of roads and bridges in that day—to settle down in the land of her adoption. Much of her life was spent within the walls of this palace; and under her regency, and during the reigns of her sons, and even during that of Louis XIII, the "Court of St. Germain" was the usual style assumed by royalty in France. In middle life Louis XIII resorted hither, in order to indulge the pleasures of the chase; here Richelieu and Cardinal Mazarin in turn held sway in the councils of France; during his reign his consort, Anne of Austria, spent her days here; and here, after twenty years of childless married life, she gave birth to Louis XIV, who was baptized in the chapel of the castle. Hither too Louis XIII retired in his later years to make his peace with heaven, and to seek that happiness which, king though he was, he had never found on earth. It was here that he lived during his last illness; and during the many months while death was slowly approaching, here he would sit or lie in the window of a chamber which looked across the forest to St. Denis, whither he knew that one day he would have to be carried to join his ancestors who had gone thither already. Here too he died, with his last breath forgiving the failings and frailties of his queen. It is said, that on being removed hither for better air, he pointed out the line by which his own funeral cortége would pass, remarking a part where the road was bad and recommending that it should be avoided. It is also stated that during his illness he had composed for himself the music of the *De Profundis* which was sung in the room immediately after his death, as is the custom.

Louis XIV, however, like a man who lived for pleasure and for this world only, and whose thoughts were fixed on earthly glories, not on those of heaven, disliked the château, if for no other reason, because it commanded a view of St. Denis. And so, after the death of his mother, who had lived here while holding the regency in his youth, he resolved to make for himself and for his successors a fresh home at Versailles; and from that day forth we read in French history, not of the Court of St. Germain, but of the Court of Versailles and of the Tuilleries.

It will be remembered by Eng-

lish readers that Henrietta Maria, wife of our own first Charles, was forced to fly for safety to France during her husband's troubles. It may not, however, be known generally, though Mr. Challice reminds us of the fact, that she found a refuge at St. Germain, in company with Anne of Austria and her children, the "Great Condé," the Duke of Orleans, and Cardinal Mazarin. We also learn from Mr. Challice that the English Queen, while staying there, though a daughter of the House of France, was in such distress that "she was obliged to remain in bed by day as well as by night, because she had no fire to warm her." On the same authority we are informed that when Charles II arrived as an exile in France, it was at St. Germain that he found a home along with his widowed mother.

Here the whole after-life of James II was spent from the day when he quitted the shores of England. Here, by the kindness of his brother king, "le Grand Monarque," he kept at least the shadow of a royal court; and here were planned the two risings and invasions of England and Scotland by which he and his son sought to regain his hereditary crown. Here too lived the faithful and attached band of his followers, the Drummonds, Earls and Dukes of Perth and Melfort, the Gordons, the Ogilvies, and other Scottish exiles, to whom its walls gave shelter for just a century. Here too the king himself died; and it may be interesting to know, though Mr. Challice omits to tell us so, that his ashes lie buried in the church hard by, where a monument was erected to his memory by George IV, and repaired and restored by Queen Victoria.

During the late unhappy war, the noble château was unharmed by the Prussian soldiery, and served as a barrack for troops and a hospital for wounded soldiers. We may be pardoned for adding that, although the present Earl of Perth—now the head and representative of the loyal-hearted Drummonds—was not born at St. Germain, yet his sister, Lady Clementina Davies, who is still living, first saw the light of day in one of the state-rooms of the château, just before her parents had been driven out of its hospitable walls by the *philosophes*, who were the real authors of the first French Revolution.

THOU most indulgent, most tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous for Thy wondrous love,
That arms, with awe more awful, Thy commands;
And foul transgression dipped in sevenfold guilt:
How our hearts tremble at Thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!—
Thou, rather than Thy justice should be stain'd,
Did'st stain the cross; and work of wonders far
The greatest, that Thy Dearest far might bleed.

ULTRAMONTANISM.

THE epithet "Ultramontane" has of late become so fashionable among a certain class of writers, who use it indiscriminately to signify almost everything which they themselves dislike and disapprove of, that it requires considerable courage for even a Catholic author, if he wishes to gain a hearing to avow that he does not shrink from calling himself by this name, if it be properly understood. Ultramontanism is to many much what Christianity itself was to the inhabitants of Pagan Rome. We may almost apply to it the old saying about the Nile and the Tiber remaining or refusing to remain within their banks. As everything then was the fault of the Christians, so now everything is the fault of the Ultramontanes. We know not how many public calamities, and how many more imagined dangers, may have been set down to them; but it is certain that Ultramontanism is a word of a very inauspicious sound, a word the casual introduction of which into ordinary conversation throws a gloom and a chill, the presage of some mysterious and ill-defined mischief, over many a company, few of whose members have any clear idea of what is meant by the syllables which make them feel so uncomfortable.

It is, indeed, this very ignorance which gives the word Ultramontanism its most formidable character. There are certain difficult words in all dead languages, the sense of which can only be ascertained by a careful comparison of the various places in which they occur. Etymology does not, as it happens, help us, for their etymology is unknown; and we can only put passage by passage, author by author, and try to elicit a meaning which will square sufficiently well with all to be considered as established. The etymology of the word Ultramontane is said to have puzzled many good folk of intelligence, who have not agreed whether it means something very mountainous, something more than mountainous, or something over the mountains. We fear that if we were to proceed by induction, founded on the use of the word by modern writers, we should only change obscurity for perplexity. It is simply astonishing to count up the number of usages of this unhappy epithet; and as they frequently refer to persons, to organs, to lines of conduct, or to habits of thought, rather than to any definite and particular doctrine, it is not by any means easy to harmonize them into an intelligible commentary. "Ultramontane" is a word flung about at random by some writers and talkers, much as "subjective" and "objective," "transcendental," "æsthetic," "morbid," and the like are flung about by college under-graduates at the particular stage of their development which marks the transition from the schoolboy into the young man. This common usage may seem hardly to raise it above the rank of an expletive, like the "jolly," "awful," "stunning," or other words which young gentlemen

bring home from school for the astonishment of their sisters. It is impossible to tell how long it may be before it gets into the cookery-books and the magazines of fashion, as the qualification of artistic innovations in soups, cutlets, skirts, or chignons.

The wide and various use of the word of which we are speaking must of course be admitted to be the result of a good deal of ignorance, as well as of much exaggeration, and of not a little of that ingenious method of argumentative warfare which consists in the use of invidious epithets. There is no possible connection, for instance, between an opinion as to the literary fairness of a particular writer, or as to the legitimate interpretation of certain formulas of religion, and the vital and definite principles which lie at the foundation of that system of doctrine or of policy which is identified with the name Ultramontane. But it sounds badly, and so is a good stone to throw at an adversary. It is worth while also to remark that "Ultramontane" is at present a nickname; and that although, like many other such epithets, it may have been adopted for the sake of convenience by some of those to whom it has been applied by their opponents, it has also been frequently protested against, and it is in strictness unfair as well as rather unmeaning. The unfairness lies in this—that although in the special controversy against Gallicans there may, no doubt, have been on the Ultramontane side—so to call it—the maintenance of doctrines not absolutely and confessedly defined, the modern use of the word applies it far more widely, so that it is now made to designate the adherents of truths which belong to the class as to which Catholics cannot be divided into parties or schools.

If what are supposed to be the extravagant pretensions and large claims of Ultramontanism are examined dispassionately, we shall easily observe a circumstance which accounts in great measure for the charges made against it, and the same remark may be made of the arrogant and domineering spirit which is said to animate its representatives. The charges on both heads are such as might have been expected in the case of a central authority set up by divine right to rule and teach a community which embraces within its bounds every nation of the world. It is inevitable that, in the present state of the world, such an authority, however great the gentleness and considerate prudence with which it is wielded, should be felt as a yoke, a burden, and a restraint on individual and national independence. An institution like the Christian Priesthood or Episcopate cannot be set up and kept in operation among men without creating, as its inevitable shadow, some feeling, secret or open, of resistance, even among those who derive the greatest benefit from its ministrations, and are, in general, most grateful for them. In the same way, it is utterly inconceivable that there should have been, for eighteen centuries, a central power in the Christian Church, intrusted with the active supervision of the whole body and of every part of it, and charged with special duty of preserving among its members unity, charity, and orthodoxy,

and that such a power, if not allowed to fall into abeyance, should not make itself felt as coercive as well as beneficent, as not only guiding but restraining, as a punisher of wrong as well as a beacon of right. We may say even more, for the maintenance of unity must always be a difficult task, even setting aside the supposition of malice, pride, and wilfulness on the part of the various subjects which have to be kept in harmony. Few things are more essentially characteristic of humanity in its present condition than the spirit of nationalism, and the influence of this spirit is not limited to the sphere of political and social life; it penetrates into the mental constitutions and even the religious feelings of the races whom it divides one from another. The unity of the Catholic Church is a great standing miracle, more and more fully appreciated by men in proportion as they look upon the phenomena of their race with the eyes of true philosophers. The permanent provision by which our Lord has arranged for the preservation of this unity is in constant, however silent and successful, conflict with many instincts of the natural man—instincts which, in other spheres than that of religion, defy all attempts to restrain them, and which have never been tamed by any other power than that of the Church.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that those who habitually consider the unity of the Church of Christ as something analogous to the unity of race which gives an unmistakable family likeness to nations of Teutonic or of Celtic origin; or again, to that of the nations whose language is more or less based on the Latin tongue; or again, to the tie which binds together the independent or loosely-connected commonwealths which have sprung from English colonization, should attach but little importance, and show ill-concealed dislike, to the existence and the claims of a power such as that which all Catholics believe to be vested in the successor of St. Peter. If the Church is nothing more than a confederacy composed of several practically independent provinces, which, if they differ among themselves, can be brought into harmony by nothing but an assembly representing the whole, then indeed the doctrines which are commonly known as Ultramontane may well deserve the indignation which they have excited. But this indignation is simply based upon a fundamental error as to the constitution of the Church and the commission given to St. Peter as recorded in the Gospel narrative; and this error would have been considered as such by those Gallican writers under the shadow of whose names our own assailants of Ultramontanism shelter themselves. When we consider that the point of difference between these men and Catholics relates to the whole practical government of the Church from the beginning, and thus ranges over the history of every century of the Christian ages, and that, moreover, matters of government are ordinarily details which affect the interests and the passions of men very closely and keenly, we can understand the language used about the supposed extravagance and insolence of Ultramontane claims and Ultramontane agents, without find-

ing it necessary to believe that there has actually been much more real foundation for these charges than the simple fact that the authority which Catholics believe to have been divinely instituted in the Church has felt bound to assert its rights, exercise its powers, discharge its functions, and do its duty to God and to the flock of the Good Shepherd.

Looking at these questions broadly, it is surely fair to say that there never was any doubt among Catholics as to the solid foundation of such doctrines in the commission given by our Lord to St. Peter. As soon as the Roman Pontiff is recognized as the shepherd of the flock of Jesus Christ, the universal teacher and guardian of the faith, it becomes unreasonable to impose arbitrary limits on the extent of the commission as expressed in the words of our Lord, and the gift of infallibility and inerrancy must be such as is required by the commission, by the responsibility of the ruler, and by the obligations of the ruled. Nor can anything be more simply natural than that the teacher of the whole Church should be understood to use his power whenever and in whatever way he may signify that he uses it. We are more immediately connected with another point, kindred to this. We are convinced that grand and wonderful as is the history of the Christian Church in all its manifold variety of detail, there is nothing more admirable and divine about it than the manner in which the authority of the Holy See has been wielded through so many centuries. A careful study of this part of the subject could leave no doubt upon any candid mind that in the life of the Church herself nothing has been more absolutely vital and essential than the continued influence of the Head upon the members of the body. The action of the Holy See is the very condition of the existence of Catholicism. Nor again is any part of what we may call the character of the Catholic Church more singularly beautiful than the spirit which has reigned for so many centuries at the centre of Christendom, the spirit which breathes in the air of the Holy City, as if it were a fragrant exhalation from the shrines in which the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul are honored.

There is a beautiful expression found in one of the writings of St. Gertrude, in which it is said that God has from the beginning chosen to deal with the race of man "rather according to this wisdom of His benignity than according to the power of His majesty."* This is the rule of the divine agency in the world, and it would seem as if we might claim for the chain of the successors of St. Peter, in dealing with so many fierce nations, so many proud sovereigns, so many intriguing and ambitious governments, that they have shown in their measures that mixture of gentleness and firmness which comes nearest to the imitation of the heavenly pattern. It is the Christian version, as it were, of that old power of ruling the world which Virgil has celebrated in some of his grandest lines—

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

The imperial power which kept the

* Potius sapientiæ benignitatis quam majestatis potentiæ.

nations in subjection is exchanged, in Christian Rome, for a sway which has no force at its command, except that which the Catholic conscience gives it, and yet it has maintained for centuries a reign of peace over the whole world, by the side of which the ancient *Pax Romana* loses its majesty. The poet has hit on the great secret of the Roman rule in that indulgence to the subject races which he so finely commemorates. It was this wise forbearance from "governing overmuch," and from all interference with national institutions and feelings, except when they were incompatible with the condition of her own supremacy, which enabled Rome to keep the world in peace with forces which would now be considered inadequate for the standing army of a European kingdom, because all felt their connection with her as a privilege and an honor. This moderation in leadership, which Thucydides praises in the most successful statesman of Greece,* is the special condition of stability of power, as it is also that one characteristic of great possessors of lawful authority, which is entirely beyond the comprehension of the more narrow-minded and violent among their adherents. The use to be made of immense strength and resistless power looks very different to men who have never had any responsibility intrusted to them on the one hand, and to those who have a practical knowledge of the dangers of souls on the other. This moderation is the very reverse of the principle of modern centralization, and it explains the great strength and compact harmony of constitutions and empires, which have grown through a series of ages with the expanding life of nations, as contrasted with those which have been struck off by theorists in their studies or diplomatists in their conferences, and suddenly thrust upon nations unprepared for them. The ruling power in the Catholic Church has ever acted on this principle, notwithstanding — we may perhaps rather say, because of—the plenitude of her authority, and the mighty spiritual forces with which she is armed. We see it in the very ample concessions which she makes to national churches, distinct rites, and ancient customs; in the length to which she goes, for the sake of peace and of the quiet of consciences, in the way of condoning spoliations and waiving even large portions of her own rights in the framing of Concordats. We see it in the generous indulgence which the Church is always ready to accord to returning schismatics and repentant heretics; or, again, to those of her own children whom she has had occasion to condemn for some individual error, to the conquered persecutor, or the rebel who, at the hour of death, craves for the mercy of Heaven at her hands. Akin to this principle is that "tranquillity of judgment," that calm and dispassionate weighing of the merits of the cases which come before her, which is another characteristic of the spirit of the Church; and that reverence for the name of Catholic, even when not altogether worthily borne, which so often makes the action of her justice appear slow and weak to con-

* He says of Pericles, μετρίως ἐχρῆτο, ii, p. 65.

troversialists and partisans trained in a different school. Here again we seem to see the reflection of a principle of the divine government on which the wise man has dwelt.*

The foolish charges against Ultramontanism in the abstract fall to the ground when applied to a true and living specimen of the Roman mind. Rome has only to be known in order to be loved. Her relation to the Christian world is one which of all others requires delicacy, tact, forbearance, and the most consummate combination of prudence, firmness, patience, and charity. These are qualities which in their highest grades appear almost instinctive and incommunicable, and they can no more be learnt from books than the fire of the poet or the inspiration of the orator. Rome, therefore, of all powers in the world, requires to be judged, not from a few persons who may put themselves forward in her cause, but from the general character of her authorized representatives, and the general tenor of her method and her conduct. It is inevitable that the outposts of a great army may not be as inoffensive in their behavior as the troops which lie under the eye of the general round his headquarters. As discoverers name whole continents after the first small tribe of natives which they meet with, so those who approach Rome from without are apt to judge of her from organs or advocates who have, at best, a very insignificant place in her system. As long as those who act and write on her side are thoroughly penetrated by her spirit, we shall have no fear that her lawful claims will not in time make their way to the minds and hearts of all people.

* Sap. 8:1, 12:18. It is curious to find the Roman Governor Festus speaking of the equity of the imperial tribunals as if it were a point of distinction habitually remarked upon. Acts 25: 16. "It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he who is accused have his accusers present, and have liberty to make his answer, to clear himself of the things laid to his charge."

GOLD.

Gold glitters most when Virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries,
Unkennelled from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their Idol's praise!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchewed,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorged to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still,
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest.

THE PORTRAIT.

"WELL, my dear mother, this *is* happiness!" cried Walter Morton, drawing his chair still closer to his mother, and taking her hand between his. "Three whole years since I left you, and yet you do not look a day older than when we parted; and I declare you are handsomer than ever!"

The happy mother smiled. She was proud of her sailor son, proud of his handsome face, his gallant bearing, his true and noble heart. He was her only son, and she was a widow. She was but young at her husband's death; and many were the difficulties with which she had struggled in order to educate her child, and prepare him to make his way in the world. Her efforts procured him a situation as mate in a large merchantman, and he had now returned from his third voyage, laden with honorable testimonials of the high estimation in which his employers held him.

"I have often thought," said Walter, "that you must be very lonely when I am away. Why should I leave you again, mother? We have enough now for our two unambitious selves, and it is but trifling with our own happiness to part when we might be together. I will not go to sea again."

"And when you marry, Walter," said his mother, smiling; "we must think of that probability."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I will marry an heiress; so that difficulty is settled. But you have told me no village news yet. How many marriages have taken place in my absence?"

"Three, I believe. Helen Warner is married to her cousin; Emily Burton to John Morris, the brewer; and your old acquaintance and favorite—but what ails you, my dear?"

"Nothing, mother, go on! So Amy Sinclair is married?"

"No, my dear—no such thing. What put that into your head? I have something to tell you of Amy; but I was going just now to tell you that your old favorite, Tom Purnell, had succeeded in winning the village heiress with a fortune of a hundred pounds *paid down*, and wondrous wealth in perspective. We had such bell-ringing, and bonfires, and white favors! And poor Tom, in the midst of his happiness, gained my heart by wishing 'Master Walter was here!'"

"Well done, Tom! But about the Sinclairs, mother?" said Walter, somewhat impatiently.

"Ah, Walter, they have had much trouble since you were here. About a year ago, Mr. Sinclair died, leaving his wife and daughter, to our surprise, in much pecuniary distress. Mrs. Sinclair was overwhelmed at first, but Amy, that noble girl, what strength of mind she showed in her sorrow! 'We must leave this house,' said she to her mother; 'we must part with all the elegancies, and some of the comforts of life, and live in poverty and seclusion; yet let us stay here, dear mamma, here in this village, where no eyes will look unkindly on us in our altered circumstances.' Her mother was passive as a child, and agreed to all that she proposed;

so a small cottage was taken, the simplest articles of furniture were moved into it from the manor-house, and Amy brought her mother to her humble home. Poor girl! I have seen her tears fall silently, but how sadly! as she prepared the cottage for her mother's reception. Not a word of complaint or repining, not an hour wasted in selfish grief, yet one could see her heart was aching. I did all I could to help her; and soon she made the cottage as comfortable as so poor a place could be made. But there was something more to be done. She found the pittance that remained when her father's debts were paid (for she insisted on paying them all) was so small as barely to suffice for the common necessaries of life. Mrs. Sinclair was in bad health, needing many little comforts that she had not means to procure. Again Amy exerted herself. You remember her talent for painting?"

"Yes, yes," replied Walter, hurriedly and with emotion.

His mother was, perhaps, too much interested in the subject on which she was speaking, to observe that his voice trembled, and the dusk of evening had prevented her seeing the agitation his countenance betrayed. She continued:

"Well, one month after Mr. Sinclair's death, I went very early to the cottage, thinking if Amy were up I might see her alone, and do my best to cheer her. I knocked softly and she opened the door, and led me into her own little room. Her drawing materials were on the table, and a half finished miniature was with them.

"'You have been at work early, Amy,' I said; 'I am glad to see you do not mean to forget your charming accomplishment.'

"She turned to me with a calm, steady look, and answered, 'You shall know my secret. I am painting this for sale. I have been told in my happier days that my miniatures were worth a great deal of money, and now, dear Mrs. Morton,' she said, smiling, 'I am going to ascertain whether or no my friends were flatterers. Do not tell my mother; her mind is weakened for the present, and she might be troubled at the thought of my working for my bread. It will be a proud and happy thought to myself if I can succeed.'"

"God bless her!" interrupted Walter; "and did she succeed?"

"Yes. For her first picture she received a hundred dollars. It was a beautiful sight to see her lay the money before her mother, and then throw her arms about her, and sob on her bosom like a child. It was the only time I ever saw her give way to her feelings in her mother's presence."

"And where is she now, mother?" asked Walter; "how does the noble creature live now?"

"She has toiled on with the same patient spirit that supported her from the first. Look, Walter, do you see a light in that cottage window? That is Amy's home, and, probably, at this moment she is sitting at her mother's feet, weary with the labors of the day, yet gentle, happy, and affectionate, as if care was unknown to her. She has been employed as a portrait-painter by all the wealthy families in the neighborhood. My only fear is that she may overtask her strength;

but she looks well, and there is an expression of contentment in her face that makes her very lovely."

Lights were brought in and Mrs. Morton changed the subject of conversation. But when she had retired for the night, Walter stole softly forth, to linger about the cottage where Amy dwelt, and think over all he had heard of her conduct. It has been said that there is something not disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. It may be so, for certain it is that Walter's meditations did not end in sadness, though their subject was Amy Sinclair and all her trials. He returned home at last, with a quick and cheerful step, and as he turned to take one last look in the direction of Amy's home, a smile passed over his face, and he murmured, "Happy!—yes, happy as a prince!"

It was about a month after Walter's return, at the close of a fine summer's day, that he induced Amy to lay aside her brush, and take a walk with him. It was a lovely evening, and the country through which they wandered had much beauty even for a stranger's eye; to them, for whom some pleasant association hung upon every tree, it seemed a paradise. In the course of their walk they passed the old manor-house, and Amy paused to look lovingly on its quiet grounds. Walter watched her anxiously, but she turned to him again with her own kind smile, and said, "Indeed, Walter, it is only for *his* sake—for my poor father's sake!"

Walter's long pent-up feelings found voice at last, and he told Amy how he had loved her, though hopelessly, when she was rich and happy, and how he loved her more a thousandfold in poverty and trouble. Who shall tell how sweetly those fond words fell on Amy's ear—how the happy tears rolled silently down her cheeks, as the secret of her own deep, yet unconscious love, was revealed to her heart?

It was late when they returned from their ramble, and Mrs. Morton was sitting with Amy's mother. The rest of the evening passed quietly, yet happily, and Walter whispered to Amy, while the widows were exchanging their farewells for the night, "We will tell them all to-morrow, Amy—*my* Amy? I will come early to help you with your confessions."

But the morrow came, and Walter did not appear. Amy's cheek flushed at every sound, and her heart sank when hour after hour rolled by, and still he came not. At last an old and faithful servant of Mrs. Morton was seen approaching the cottage, and Amy ran forth to meet her; but as the old woman came near, Amy stopped, afraid to ask what had happened.

"Oh, Miss Amy," cried the weeping woman, "I have a cruel sorrow to tell you of! My poor mistress!—her heart will break! She loved him so dearly, and, God knows, so did I!"

Amy returned in silence to the cottage, and the servant followed her. Mrs. Sinclair was up-stairs, and Amy did not call her, but, after quietly closing the door, bade the woman sit down near her, and tell her what had happened.

"Poor Master Walter!" cried the woman, who had been his nurse; "he was so noble, so good! Poor Master Walter!—he is gone!" and

a passionate burst of tears interrupted her speech. Amy's face was pale as marble, but she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said—

"What do you mean, nurse? Is Walter Morton *dead*?"

"Dead!" repeated the nurse—"dead! Yes, Miss Amy, these eyes have seen him lying pale and dead. Oh, to see his poor mother's agony! He did not come down to breakfast, and she went herself to see what ailed him. To my dying day I shall not forget her shriek. She found him dead and cold—her own, her only child!"

The nurse was too much absorbed by her own grief to observe the effect of her words on her listener, who sat like one stunned, with dry eyes and livid lips. Her mind refused to comprehend the exceeding bitterness of the sorrow that had fallen upon her. Once or twice she passed her hand across her brow, and glanced uneasily round the room, but she did not speak. At last, the nurse said—

"I have brought a message to you, Miss Amy, from my poor mistress. She bade me go on my knees to beg you to fulfil her request. She has no picture of poor Master Walter! will you make one now?"

"I?—now?" said Amy, as if trying to understand what was asked of her. "Is it not too late? Did you not say he was dead?" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"No, dear Miss Amy, it is not too late. There he lies, calm and beautiful as an angel. Dear Miss Amy, as you hope for pity yourself, pity his mother's sorrow and do what she asks!"

"Paint Walter's picture now—now, when he is dead! that is what you ask, is it not, nurse? I *will* do it." Then, with strange, unnatural composure, she collected her drawing materials, and prepared to leave the house, bidding the nurse tell Mrs. Sinclair of all that had happened.

In a darkened chamber of the house to which she had so lately welcomed him in health and joy, Mrs. Morton watched by the body of her dead son. There he lay, pale and still, yet with a smile lingering about his white lips, a smile of more than earthly beauty. By what strange and sudden malady the soul had been freed from its mortal tenement none might tell, but that it passed away calmly and without suffering, the happy expression of the features seemed to testify.

"My son! my son!" whispered the poor widow, as she kissed the closed eyes; "all my other children did the Lord take from me, and then He called my husband to be with Him, but I deemed *thou* shouldst lay me in my grave. Thou, too, art gone! His will be done!"

Again she seated herself beside the bed, weeping, "yet not as one without hope." Her chastened heart grew calmer, and many a blessed thought of that country to which those she loved were gone, and to which she herself was, as she trusted, drawing near, glided across her mind and comforted her. At length she heard a step on the stairs, and, rising to ascertain who was coming, she met Amy Sinclair at the chamber door.

"Dear, dear Amy," she whispered, "are you come to do it?"

"Yes," answered Amy, "I will

do it, but I must be alone;" and she passed on into the chamber of death.

There was a hollow sadness in her voice that had alarmed Mrs. Morton, who waited at the door, listening anxiously, lest any sound should betray that Amy had overrated her courage, or that the first sight of death had alarmed and overpowered her. She little suspected how much had died to Amy with Walter Morton. All was still for a few minutes, and then she thought she heard a low yet bitter groan, but when she opened the door, Amy was already seated at her task, composed and tearless. Again Mrs. Morton left her, and went down-stairs to make the melancholy arrangements which she knew must claim her attention.

None watched the progress of Amy's sorrowful task; and when, long after, she confessed the tie that had bound her to Walter, she told but little of the four days she spent in the chamber of death. Something she said of the gay, mocking sunshine that filled the room when she drew aside the curtain that she might see his face; something of the cruel contrast between the merry voices that filled the summer air with life, and the dreary, unbroken silence of the little room that was then her world. She hinted at moments when the passion of grief conquered her, and she wept in hopeless agony; and again, the calm evening would find her kneeling beside him, his cold hand in hers, praying that her despair might be forgiven, and finding some of the comfort she so sorely needed.

The picture was finished, and two days afterwards Walter was laid in his grave. Mrs. Morton's affection for Amy appeared daily to increase; and, in a few weeks, she persuaded Amy and her mother to take up their abode in her house.

Poor Amy's patient, faithful spirit struggled hard against despondency, and she continued her labors as a miniature-painter with the zeal of her former and happier days. But, alas! success did not, as formerly, attend her efforts. It might be that her hand was less skilful; it might be that the gay and thoughtless who had at first found a pleasant way of obtaining a character for benevolence, by patronizing the pretty young miniature-painter, had found some still more interesting object on whom to bestow their so-called charity. Whichever was the cause, Amy's pictures no longer gave satisfaction; and again and again they were returned to her as requiring alteration, or even rejected altogether. These disappointments added a last drop of bitterness to her cup, little thought of by those who thus heedlessly inflicted pang after pang on a worn and breaking heart.

It was about eight months after Walter's death. The early spring-flowers were showing themselves among the grass, the birds were beginning to sing in the budding trees; to the happy, it was a season of hope and promise. Amy returned home after a long and lonely walk; and when her mother asked the result of her expedition, she shook her head sadly, and, laying a parcel on the table, replied—

"As usual, they are not pleased with the pictures, and I have

brought them back. Dear mother, I cannot even help *you* now!"

She hid her face in her hands, but the tears forced their way between her thin fingers, and it was long before her mother could comfort her. She seemed soothed at length, and went to her room, to lie down to rest after her walk. Before that day, strangely enough, her mother had been unconscious of Amy's declining state of health, but now she could shut her eyes to it no more. Mrs. Morton, anxious to preserve that precious life, procured the best advice that the neighborhood afforded, and assisted Mrs. Sinclair in nursing the invalid with unwearied devotedness; but all care was vain, and in a very few weeks Amy Sinclair lay on her death-bed. It was then that she confessed to her mother and Mrs. Morton the love that she had borne to Walter; the grief that, for their sakes, she had so carefully concealed, even while it was consuming her life.

"I wished—I tried to live!" she said, when they knew all; "but I was weak, and it has pleased God to take me from you. I trust I have not murmured; but it was so sudden—so very sudden!"

That night, while the two widows watched her calm sleep, her spirit fled without a sigh; and till morning dawned, and they saw the angelic expression that Amy's brow wore, they knew not that she was dead!

THE LEGEND OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

A Catholic Poem, in Two Parts.

Part II.—Pandora.

Pandina, the first part of this poem, shows the "terrible side of evil" in its abuse of the gifts of God; Pandora portrays the rich reward which our feeble efforts to follow, or help others to follow, an enlightened conscience insures. The opening imagery of the first illustrations is taken largely from northern scenery; and since Orm is made to speak from beyond the grave, that language is necessarily sometimes mystic which endeavors to embody our notions of a contrast between receiving knowledge of things through the five senses and apprehending them in the liberated soul. Language must be appropriate to its subject, and vary with it. The difficulty referred to is less apparent in the Pandora, in which is embodied a number of stories from real life.

Such wonder as upon us fell,
At sin's profoundest dirge and knell,
  Surpassed all mortal fear;
In pain of soul I turned to God,
As though, for all Creation broad,
  He felt what it must bear.

Seralpha, silent, void of hope,
Fled from that prison's bloodstained scope,
  For one, with arms outspread,
Becked toward him as a rightful prey—
Once vanquished in the world's sad day
  Among its inly-dead:
Its inly-living doomed to know,
Who, like Truth's tender flowerets, grow,
  Where the Sevenfold hath stood—
High Almoner of holy dew,
Which light of earth's last sun shall show
  To be her Monarch's blood.

Last setting and last Orient sun!
Earth's web unwove—her thread unspun,
  Spindle and loom at rest—
Will ye shine on? or what illume,
When o'er one vast terrestrial tomb
  Ye burn—and Ocean's breast?

But Uriel onward led our way
To waves that Phœbus' parting ray
Had touched with liquid gold;
Whereon we journeyed up their stream,
Till softly changed its burnished beam
To glancing crescents cold.

And ever on we sailed, till shoal
The river grew, and at our goal
The hill-spring, dancing in,
Was decked with gems of falling light;
While measured music charmed the night
Devoid of jarring sin.

Even as the birds of evening whirred,
From where the water-beetle stirred
His little sand-cloud shone
With spangle-gold; in air he rose
(While loud the trumpet-bittern blows)
And sped away alone.

So, Uriel said, a rain-drop digs
Rich ore from rock and sops the twigs;
Then buries deep from view
The precious gold, till some poor fly,
That nobly longs to soar on high,
Unearths such riches true.

So when earth's torrents, Orm, subside,
And saintly breasts their eventide
Bare to the virgin moon;
Forth from this trivial dust of earth
Some human worm asserts his birth
To land 'neath heaven's high noon.

For deepest are the costliest won,
And soonest sink; while hurry on
The wreck and scum of life:
Fast by the foot of native hills
Where murmur past their guiding rills
Such jewels outlive the strife.

Come, see the haunts and souls of men,
(Their various motives ponder), then
Ask if thy spirit know
The untold sands of true desire—
The heavenly impulse, and the fire
Of love divine below!

Of Holland's earthen walls (that breast
Old Ocean's shoulder, and his crest
Hurl from her bounteous field),
Tis said there watched till dawn's red streak
A child, whose finger checked the leak
That gnawed his country's shield.

And may not *so* the smothered prayer—
The bursting thought that writhes for air
In this too sin-pent world—
Stay, for God's love, some billowy tide
Of judgment from His fountains wide
That else had been unfurled?

What hear'st? that firm, but gentle tread?
It circles every nation's bed,
And curst or blest must come
Down—from the hills of God and love
Up—from the haunts of death to move,
Led by no martial drum—

The Church's great embattled host;—
Too world-diffused that aught of boast
Or threat should help its way:
From every squadron Prayer and Faith
(Bright blades that court the victor's wreath)
Flash in a higher day.

Behold her on the distant hills,
A future church whom the same rills
Shall freshen for the fight;
But see, along to-day's vast plain
They pour whom seas nor coasts restrain,
Nor gates of hellish might!

Nor wayward son—nor heart untamed,
That grieves our Jesus, daily shamed,
Can make His promise void;
Pure shall his long-prized gold be found,
(Clear his confessors' clarion sound),
Though here erewhile alloyed.

So walk they well 'neath God's own hands,
In silent prayer and penance-bands,
(Marching to heavenly song)
Of priest and nun, monk, eremite,
Cistercian, Jesuit, Carmelite,
And great Augustine's throng;

Of Benedict and San Sulpice;
And Bernard o'er the Alpine fleece
Of Italy's soft clime;—
Trappist and Paulist, Ursuline,
Dominican and Capuchin,
Awaiting Heaven's blest chime.

But who shall count those ranks, unknown
To fellow-men, that wait the crown
In secret armed amain?
Who, daily, uncomplaining go—
Strong novices of heaping woe,
And thrice professed in pain?

These be the guards of Sodom's gate,
Averting her impending fate,
Until the host elect,
Fulfilling each Divine behest,
Shall sit, God's robed and crowned guest—
With heavenly palm bedecked.

These shall, no less than martyred blood,
Cry loudly from the insensate flood
Of passion and of pride:
And they, the trivial cross who bore,
As welcome and as high shall soar,
Though fiercer flames denied.

So Uriel spake, and changed our scene
To winter's snow in silver sheen
And shade, with bitter wind,
Alternate; on a far hillside,
Where scarce the ice-bound spring can glide,
A cottage you shall find

'Mid twenty more, where famine gaunt
Woke to the gale's affrighting chaunt,
And sickness gnawed her way;
Yet even here the blessed light
Of charity had come, and night
Held more than starry ray.

Behold a dying mother's form,
Scarce sheltered from the piercing storm!
No neighbor made her bed,
But from far hamlets gladly came
A maid to tend her wasted frame
And lift her drooping head:

Five starving babes crouched round the fire
Through the sad day; in watches dire
Of night most stern they clung
Each to the other's bony breast;
Like little flickering lamps whose crest
On random breaths is hung.

Foulness and sadness, sickness, want
Met her sweet gaze; the sun, aslant,
Through many a crevice wide
Peeped in as with approving smile;
And hungry children held the while
Her warm and willing hand.

Cleanness and gladness, health and bread,
How should she give them? He who fed
The Bard for Horeb's way
Made food to follow in her wake,
But easy who her task should make
To cleanse and clothe next day?

She, folding all those lambs away,
Now watching, and now slumbering, lay
Throughout the gusty night:
In vales below them cold rays crept
Along the whistling roofs, where slept
The fed, in comfort's might.

At her meridian walks the moon
From hill to hill in silver shoon;
But see, full ten miles off
A driver leaves the open street,
While spurn the snow his steed's swift feet,
And both sweet slumbers doff.

One hour before a poor man woke
From his scant couch;—to none he spoke,
But, taking up his bed
And various raiment, gently stole
Down the deserted stair, whose roll
Of ghostly footsteps said,

Why late and softly creepest thou?
At what strange altar wilt thou bow?
But on and undisturbed
He went: two hours thereafter stood,
Within the forest road and wood,
Yon driver's good steed curbed.

There are fresh footmarks up the hill,
And down across the frozen rill;
But when the morn is near,
That mother on a softer bed
Is lying, and her infant's head
Followed without a tear.

So the good spirit, that was drawn
From hamlets far to watch for dawn
Through freezing nights of woe,
By her bright feet, drew too from far
Like self-denial; this but the star
Of Faith can shed below.

Still changed the blessed phantasy
For our successive ecstasy,
And, on a summer eve,
Among the holy dead we knelt
Where most that present God is felt,
To whom our loved we leave.

By a green mound's white sculptured Rood
A father and a daughter stood;
One to the other spake:
"My child, forget not thou the dust
Most precious, buried here in trust
Until its tomb shall break.

"And mindful be of this white Rose
That for our mutual weeping blows—
Whose dew is our fond tears—
Which we have planted; soon to tell
A father's resting-place as well:
Oh, watch it through the years!

"Who knoweth but that in the flow
Of time and youth thy soul may show
Some wayward, wistful thought?
Virgin thrice blessed!—may she be led
By this same token of the dead,
And to thy bosom brought!"

A shudder crossed her lovely frame;
And, calling on the Virgin's name,
She low and sweetly said:
"Father, this rose and her sad death
Bound, like our in and outgoing breath,
Haunt e'er my nightly bed.

"If memory e'er could coldly lie
Upon the lake of thought, and try
To drown her lily-cup;
One pallid rose would cause to start
Her spirit in this leaping heart,
And bring thy pleading up."

Again, we passed to where there walked
In counsel two fair maids, who talked
Plans for a coming day;
But one was anxious, troubled, sad,
Whom her companion gaily bade
To laugh such care away.

"Beware, Adelia," said the first,
"Hearts that are in such concourse nursed
Are careless to discern
The good and ill; nor bound to hem
Sweet Purity's pearl diadem
From fires of earth that burn."

"You do him wrong," the second said,
"For Ernest, if he longed to wed,
Were surely worthy me;
Yet spoke he not of that, but prayed
The wished assembly might be made,
And I its queen might be."

"I deem thee kind, yet it is vain
To borrow for an orphan pain
If danger lurk not nigh;
Keep his red roses for the morn,
And, when the golden light is born,
Wake me with pleasantry!"

'Twas morn; she by her mirror stood,
Touched by the Orient's glorious flood,
With pearls woven in her hair;
Vision of Beauty's very crown;
From brow and eye her form adown
Ne'er stood a maid more fair.

His courtly gift, last but not least,
Must serve to deck her for the feast
(Waiting all night in bloom);
Which stooping to unfold to-day,
Pallid and faint she sank away—
As-struck with sudden doom.

The rose that she had sought to grasp
Was not what she had found to clasp
A thorn-crown round her heart:
The grave-grown rose it was that met
Her queenly mien; and this that set
Her coronal apart.

There, in the golden flood of day,
All swooning in rich robes she lay
Till by Jacinta found:
No word she uttered when revived,
But, long as her fair Mentor lived,
She felt 'twas love's true wound.

In silent watches of the night,
And while her summer moon was bright,
Jacinta sought the grave;
And, to avert a dreaded ill,
Thus changed the maiden's wayward will—
A comrade truly brave.

When next before the Virgin's shrine
They bowed, and blest the Godhead Trine,
On each fair maiden's breast
A white rose lay; these, as they laved
Its sister flowers, saw written "*saved*"
On every snowy crest.

Next Uriel brought us to a gate
Wherein an aging yeoman sat
'Mid all his smiling land;
To whom there came along the green
A woman of afflicted mien,
Who stretched a suppliant hand.

"The wounded rest with me," she said,
"And I am destitute of bread,
Nathless a mother's heart
Remembers when her noble son
Went out to face the war-mists dun—
But years and death do part."

"Nay, woman, I have naught to give,
'Tis little else I do than live;"
"So be it," she said, and left;
"How hoped I 'twould be else? but strange
Will thy young daughter, Isaac, range
'Mid hearts which thou hast cleft."

'Twas night—the woman's cot within—
We stood unseen 'mid all the din
Of hungry men: there lay
Beneath the lattice a pale face,
(Too noble for so mean a place),
Whose form was war's sad prey.

When softly moved the lattice wide;
The little curtain, drawn aside,
Displayed a hand and arm
Whose sleeve with the dull candle's flame
Colliding, briefly burnt: no name
Was given; and felt no harm,

But good; for there was left a store
Of bread and gold, enough and more
For her full household need:
Who breathed a eucharistic prayer,
And thanks flew on the murky air
To him of wizard-speed.

Again our scene was near the gate
Where once that agèd yeoman sat;
Within his house we stand;
Two wedded ones to search are led
'Mid stores that once were his; now dead,
Whose children till the land.

On lines in niches of the wall,
Where rays of sunlight never fall,
His robes were thickly strung:
These seeing, they touched them; Carl recoiled
At sight of an old tunic soiled,
'Mid many better hung.

"Come once again," said Uriel, "see
How life and death may ill agree!"
He spoke and in a room,
Half lighted, two old men appear—
One on a bed—his vision blear
With some fast-gathering gloom.

It is the aging yeoman's face
That lingers in the ill-lighted place;
And he who kneels beside,
A faithful, lifelong servant, friend;
truly tearful, sees the end
longs to cross the tide.

Hark! 'tis the solemn midnight hour;
Its twelve strokes wake the house with power,
Bid Isaac slowly rise;
He doffs his cap and signs the cross,
Foldeth his hands from gain and loss,
But lifts his brightening eyes.

"Father," he said, "the hour is come:
O bliss, that I am going home
To where the heart is known!
Isaac, the miser, yieldeth up
Himself, as e'er he did life's cup
And talents at thy throne.

"It hath been aye his glorious lot
To be what this world knoweth not—
To tread what it denies
To be the reasonable way of men;
And now he leaveth this poor den,
Perchance to souls less wise,

"But far less sinful; Philip, friend,
Thou seest that this is now the end.
Grieve not—soon follow me
Servus serorum—legend grand,
Which Jesus' vicars cause to stand
As theirs;—thine let it be!"

So he fell back and passed away:
"This," Uriel said, "were worth the ray
Of heaven to light such scene:
Whose the burnt robe thou findest now;
But, ne'er till judgment, shall men know
What lives like his have been.

"Come let us seek the western isle
Of fair Europa's kingly style,
Flecked o'er with banks of green!
Behold!" he breathed; mother and child
Spake to their olden Priest, who smiled,
Greeting with kindly mien.

"For, father, she will go the morn
To yon great Ocean's western bourne,
And I would have thee now
The scapular of Carmel give;
So shall she mind while she doth live
How I in prayer do bow.

"Pray it may help her ward some stain
Of sin till she come back again;
And, to my longing breast
I clasp her, whom in tears to-day
I leave to God and the blue way
Of seas that never rest."

So, kneeling there, the prayers were said,
And thus invested was the maid
To brave the perilled deep:
But deadlier than salt waves should rise
And, hiding from maternal eyes,
O'er the poor damsel sweep.

Drear days and drearier come and go;
Another scene we, journeying, know;
She, disembarking, fell
Into foul hands, where harlots haunt,
Imprisoned, watched, while terrors vaunt;
She falls beneath their spell;

But sickness comes, and one lone day,
When dark and bitter was the way,
Her fevered, wandering hands
Close on the scapular: at length
She rises, gifted with new strength,
Runs forth, and breaks her bands.

Nor rests till in a distant vale
(Not knowing her way) she finds the pale
Of consecrated grove
First, since by Erin's priest she knelt,
And, with parental, sweetly felt
Her Mother-Church's love.

Bards of the faith, awake and sing
The many glories of our King,
Displayed from sea to sea!
But chiefly help ye all to swell
The silent wealth of prayers that tell
More than ye yet can see:

Till, to the western flying sun
Responsive, while its glories run,
Mount and Sierra peal
The Angelus; and eventide
Forth wafts it o'er the prairies wide
For all the people's weal.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

IV. The Drama.

The concluding paper of this series will briefly consider the influence of the Catholic spirit on the drama, which has not inaptly been described as the complement and handmaid of literature. Though most dramatic literature is in the poetical form, it is sufficiently distinguished from poetry proper by its accessories of representation, scenic and rhetorical.

"The invention of the drama," says an able writer, from whose treatises on the subject several illustrations in this essay have been taken, "is one of those which seems to proceed most naturally from the ordinary customs and feelings of men." In fact, the literature of the drama may be classified with strict propriety under the head of universal literature; for, written as it is for action, and designed by the author to be illustrated in tone and gesture, it makes use of ideas and language akin to the act ("suiting the word to the action"), and hence addressing directly the majority of men. All drama is thus largely pantomimic.

In the literature of most nations, we find something approaching to the dramatic art, intermingled with solemn or common customs, and generally connected with religious observance. This was especially the case in Greece, whence the name and the substance of the drama have been taken by the modern European nations, subject to the controlling influence exercised upon it by the Church, especially in the middle ages. The elements of the dramatic art in Greece were found in the religious observ-

ances celebrated in that country from the earliest ages. The feasts of Bacchus, in particular, had sacred odes or choruses. These were afterward intermixed with episodic narratives of events in mythological story, related by an actor in the festival, with gesticulations. The next step was to introduce two actors, with alternate recitations; and thus originated tragedy (*tragodia, the song of the goat*, so called from the animal which was sacrificed on such occasions), and comedy (*komodia, the village song*), which differed from the former in the dialogue, which was satirical and not mythological.

The Hindoo plays likewise originated in religious ceremony. Those that exist are written in Sanscrit, and are pronounced by critics admirable expositions of the religious mystery which they are intended to represent. This connection of the drama with religion is a remarkable illustration of the Catholic view of public liturgical worship, showing her idea to be in full accord with the conception of reason on the subject. It is true that the charge of heathenism has been advanced by Protestant controvertists against the character of the religious worship of Catholicity, but such critics do not appear to be familiar with a philosophy which the human family has believed in from the earliest ages. The spectacular effects at times produced by the Catholic ceremonial are from their nature productive of the most exalted sentiments of devotion, and their use, aside from the warrant that reason gives them, is approved by the Almighty Himself, as a reference to Deuteronomy or Leviticus amply proves. Gibbon's sneer that Paganism transplanted into Christianity has found genial soil, has been refuted by Paley. If the Church substituted the Christmas holidays for the Saturnalia, was it not a change for the better? If the Pantheon became the Church of All Saints, or the lustral water holy water, or the incense which burned before Jupiter ascended before the Christian altar, it only shows that the Church consecrated to holy purposes things pure and good in themselves, which before had been polluted and perverted by a false creed.

So also the consecration of dramatic effect to religious purposes is shown in the symbolism of Catholic architecture and painting. Even the material structure of a Catholic church is not designed solely for the accommodation of the congregation, but also aims at elevating their devotions and informing their minds, by an indirect display of the great truths of Christianity. Coleridge, referring to the symbolical meaning in the peculiar structure and arrangement of a Catholic church, calls it the "petrifaction of religion." It is not merely an immense structure capable of holding so many thousands, nor, on the other hand, a meeting-house with a reading-desk and a Bible. It is the embodiment of religion, each object in it speaking more intelligibly and impressively to the eye and the mind of the beholder than would whole volumes of written precepts. Thus the plan is generally the expressive and appropriate one of a cross, the threefold division into nave and aisles symbolizing the Trinity, the eastward

position of the altar alluding to Christ, the Sun of Justice, and the other peculiarities of structure and arrangement tending to render the cathedral or the simple church literally "a sermon in stone," which all the faithful can understand.

Appreciating the value of the drama as a means of religious culture, the Church in the Middle Ages revived it from the decay into which the fall of the Roman Empire and the barbarian supremacy had plunged it, together with all other sources of intellectual improvement. Its revival was owing to the solemnities of the Church, into which dramatic interludes were introduced in various nations of Western Europe, representing at first events in Biblical history or the lives of the Saints. The framers of these early pieces were monks, and as this was the only class possessed of classical learning, it is possible that the form of the religious representations was suggested by the dramas of antiquity. It appears, however, that the Church drama is a separate type, which, indeed, is not yet extinct, for the famous Passion Play enacted in certain parts of Germany is, in substance, the same that delighted and edified the faithful of a thousand years ago.

The modern European drama, then, was originated by the Church, and though like other of her formations, such as public schools, designed to improve and edify, it has degenerated into an instrument of evil, still the institution itself is good, and may yet prove an important auxiliary in her cause.

In many respects the original English drama is unequalled in the theatrical literature of the world. It grew out of the semi-religious representations called Mystery and Morality. The dramatic poets before Shakspeare were tinctured with a prejudice for the ancient drama, and retained its formal divisions with absurd punctiliousness. Shakspeare, however, instead of imitating classical simplicity, and confining himself to a peculiar cast of diction and sentiment removed from the ordinary course of life, invented a species of composition which intermingled poetical with ordinary life and language. There is one peculiarity of his sublime dramas which his Protestant commentators have sedulously omitted to mention, but which, to our minds, is presumptive evidence of his being either a Catholic or deeply conscious of the power of the Catholic religion above all others to develop and shape the noblest character. It is the fact that he has made his greatest characters Catholic, and that he has never descended to the vulgar ridicule and burlesquing of the Catholic institutions, that were peculiarly offensive to his Protestant patrons and contemporaries. *Hamlet* is replete with Catholic allusion and sentiment. Take, for instance, the following charming reference to Christmas—the day which Protestantism (particularly in its Puritanic form) has ever sought to set aside, as a relic of Catholic superstition:

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
> And then they say no spirit can walk abroad.
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

The narrative of the *Ghost* also contains references to Catholic devotions, and particularly to the doctrine of purgatory, without, however, the least touch of ridicule, which, as we have said, would in that time have "brought down the house." So in *Romeo and Juliet* we have the character of a monk exquisitely drawn, and even tenderly and reverently depicted, although at a time when the monasteries of England were confiscated and sacked, and monks and nuns banished the country, under penalty of death for refusal or return. Again, the deepest feeling on the question of Papal supremacy was then agitating the English people, and the Pope was the butt of every poetaster whose modicum of brains enabled him to rhyme *pope* with *rope;* yet Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Pandolph, the legate of the Holy See to John Lackland, a noble and dignified address of rebuke and expostulation. Space does not, however, permit an extended study of the Catholicity of the great bard; but whoever will take the trouble of studying his religious aspects will bear us out in our conclusions.

Before closing, we would say a few words on the criticism which this series of articles has elicited from the secular and the Protestant press throughout the country. We do not complain of criticism considered in itself, for that we expect to receive; but we *do* object to misrepresentation, which, whether intentional or otherwise, is always inexcusable. A leading Protestant periodical, for instance, has made us say that every eminent writer is a Catholic. Another proceeds to refute our positions by telling us that such a poet and such an historian, claimed as illustrating the Catholic idea, is a devout member of such a Protestant church. An able and scholarly critic connected with a Philadelphia journal has persistently used the phrase, "Church dogma," as an equivalent for Catholic idea, which includes the whole system of Catholic thought, tradition, and observances. How unfair such criticism is becomes apparent to one who has properly appreciated our scope and design.

In reply to a magazine which has called upon us to furnish "any line" in Wordsworth or Tennyson which can be claimed as "Romish," we subjoin the sonnet of the former on the Virgin Mary, and the latter's *St. Agnes's Eve:*

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncross'd
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
Before her vane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

"Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
On this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

"As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee;
So in my earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.

* * * *

"He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her light below,
And deepens on and up; the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his Bride!"

ASK FOR REFERENCES.

In the interest of young traders and manufacturers, and especially of the latter, as well as for the information of the general reader, we wish to say a few words in regard to a system of secret swindling, of which but little is heard, and to which a number of unsuspecting persons have been made the victims —while it is known to be spreading in various directions. In all large cities, there exists a class of scoundrels who manage the perpetration of large frauds by a method, the very simplicity of which is likely to shield the perpetrators from suspicion. The mode of operation is as follows:

The swindlers, who generally work in couples or companionships, assume some well-sounding title, and engage offices and warehouses in some central place of business. They date their communications from hence, and commence business by issuing orders for goods to such traders and manufacturers as they judge available for their purpose. No doubt their experiments often fail, but a single success will amply repay them. In the choice of subjects to experiment upon they display remarkable adroitness, generally choosing young men, or men but lately embarked in a calling which is new to them. Further, they mostly pitch upon persons residing at some considerable distance, for the obvious reason that in such cases inquiry is more expensive, more troublesome, and therefore less likely to be rigorously instituted. We will suppose that Mr. Newcombe, a young man lately started in the north, after expending the bulk of his capital in preparing his premises and setting up his machinery, is anxious to see the first returns for his investments. He publishes his trade circulars, advertises in the local and the London newspapers, and takes all the means at his command for introducing his manufactures to the market. Such a beginner is the very pigeon the wholesale swindlers are anxious to pluck, and they make up their minds to pluck him accordingly. One fine morning the young manufacturer is gladdened by the receipt of a curt letter of business, wrapped in a broad envelope bear-

ing the embossed trade insignia of Messrs. W—— and M——, say, of Watling Street, and containing an order for goods to a considerable amount, if he can supply them, that is, at such and such rates. The terms proposed are not very liberal, but still they are such as will leave a margin of profit, while the very fact of such terms being proposed is itself an indication that the proposers are in the habit of doing an extensive business; and the young man is too glad of an opportunity for setting his machinery to work, to refuse the offer. Perhaps he writes to Messrs. W—— and M—— for further particulars, and very likely inquires what credit is expected by the gentlemen who have favored him with their commands. In that case he gets a reply per return, stating that the custom of Messrs. W—— and M—— is to pay with short bills, say two or three months, on the receipt of the goods and invoices. Mr. Newcombe probably does not think of asking for a reference in such a case; he imagines that Messrs. W—— and M—— are a wealthy firm, and the rather hard bargain they have driven with him has prevented even the rise of suspicion in his mind. The order is, therefore, executed as soon as possible, the goods are duly dispatched to London, and the payment for the same in the shape of a bill due in two or three months is punctually transmitted as agreed on. On the whole, it is not a bad stroke of business, thinks young Newcombe, and he would have no objection to such another. While in this mood he probably receives another letter, with a repetition of the same order, or one to twice the amount, with a polite request for its speedy execution and prompt transmission of the goods, on the ground that the demand for them is pressing and urgent at the present moment. Men and machines have now to work double tides, and all hands are busy night and day. Mr. Newcombe's neighbors think he is doing a roaring trade, and some of his rivals are a little jealous. When this second order is executed, and the goods are dispatched, comes a little breathing-time, and perhaps Mr. N. indulges in a brief holiday to recreate himself after weeks of working by day and night.

In course of time the first bill becomes due, and now, the reader is thinking, the bubble bursts, and poor Newcombe goes at once to the bad. But in fact it is not always so. If the first bill be for a moderate amount, and there be a tolerable certainty of getting a swingeing order executed before the second bill is payable, it will suit the experimenters to take up the first and defer the explosion until more goods are obtained, and a second bill has to be met. In that case the loss to Mr. Newcombe will be much greater. When the bills are dishonored—returned to the indorser with the fatal inscription, "No effects" —he cannot tell what to make of it —comforts himself, perhaps, at first, with the idea of some unaccountable mistake which will soon clear itself. Of course he writes immediately to Messrs. W—— and M——, and of course he gets no reply; and now, his suspicions being at length fully aroused, he runs express up to London to make investigations into the matter. Here his worst fears are realized. True,

he has no difficulty in finding the place of business—the office of the so-called firm with which he has been in correspondence. But the office is some small up-stairs room in a house crowded with offices, and said room has been for days past shut up, having a letter-box outside the door into which communications can be dropped. But not a soul belonging to the office is to be met with, and all inquiries among the tenants of the chambers around, above and below elicit only the unwelcome facts that Messrs. W—— and M—— are unknown to them—that the firm has been generally represented there by a rather seedy-looking lad of some seventeen, who seemed to have little to do beyond searching the letter-box, of which he kept the key, fetching his daily dinner from the cook-shop, and occasionally cooling himself on the stairs, where he was given to leaning contemplatively over the banisters, and sucking at a short pipe. When the landlord is appealed to, it is found that in connection with the office there is an underground cellar or warehouse for the reception of goods, also let to Messrs. W—— and M——; but that receptacle is known to be at present empty, the contents having but lately been removed in a couple of huge vans, but whither no one, unfortunately, is able to say. The landlord can give no information as to the private residence of his vanished tenants, and would himself be glad to be enlightened on that subject, seeing that there are two quarters' rent due, and a third quarter running on, while all that he has received is a trifling deposit made when the premises were hired.

The miserable truth soon comes to light, and it may be summed up in the simple statement that the swindlers have successfully plucked their pigeon. Poor Newcombe finds himself done on the wholesale principle. In vain he looks around for redress. He can hardly put the police upon the track of the villains, especially, as not unfrequently happens, if he has never seen their faces; he feels that people are right who tell him it is no use to "throw good money after bad," and he is fain to go back to the north a sadder but a wiser man. Let no one suppose that this is but an imaginary case; it is but a plain recital of a single experience, to which we might append several others, with the names of the suffering parties, were it incumbent on us so to do.

Of course, cases of this kind vary much in detail. The parties often come face to face, and business is carried on with a show of conviviality and openness that is quite refreshing to witness and participate; and the explosion, and the incidents which lead to it, may be so managed that the swindlers shall be in a condition to defy the law, even after the fullest exposure. In adroit hands the game is sometimes so cleverly played as to make the players responsible only for certain debts, and even to saddle the debts upon some uncomeatable individual, who is, perhaps, nothing more than a myth.

It may be supposed that a fraud such as is above described might be easily avoided were the intended victim to require references before doing business. But there are not wanting, in all large cities and elsewhere, persons who serve as refer-

ences *for a consideration*, and who will answer any inquiries favorably, if it is made worth their while to do so. These purchasable referees know what they are about, and while zealously furthering the purposes of their scoundrel clients, never commit themselves to any legal responsibility.

Now and then the wholesale swindlers overstep the line of safety, and, falling into the hands of the police, get locked up for a time; but they will start again under new names as soon as released, better qualified than ever for the successful prosecution of their plans. We are not aware of a single instance in which these birds of prey have been compelled to make restitution.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

You may gaze upon an object
  Till its likeness you retain,
And through distance, and through darkness,
  You behold that form again:
So I pondered on thy goodness
  Till there grew about my heart
Many never-dying feelings
  Which make up its better part.

You may listen to a measure,
  Till its sentiment and tone
Find a biding-place within you,
  And the song becomes your own:
So I treasured up thy sayings,
  And now, in my own, I find
The echoes of thy accents,
  The reflections of thy mind!

There are perfumes we remember
  When their sources are no more;
There are flavors that will linger
  When the banqueting is o'er:
So, the charms thy presence yielded
  Have outlived thy honeyed breath,
And my soul, that feasted freely,
  Will partake of them till death!

G. M.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

RENE FRANCIS VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born at St. Malo, in the northwest of France, on the 4th September, 1768, and was descended from an ancient and distinguished family of Brittany. He was at first intended for the naval profession, and was, when young, sent to Brest for the purpose of preparing himself for the sea, but he soon felt an inclination for the ecclesiastical state. His mind, however, was diverted from religious thoughts by the misfortune of falling in with bad books, by which he became tainted with infidelity. He sank at this period of life into sadness and despondency, and was near yielding to a temptation to commit suicide. His brother, the Count of Combourg, roused him from sombre thoughts to an active life, and he entered the army.

The death of Chateaubriand's father, in 1786, caused the family to remove to Paris, where Chateaubriand was presented to Louis XVI, and appointed a captain in the cavalry. He began at this time to evince a taste for literature, and cultivated the acquaintance of the leading writers of the time. His first published composition appeared in the "Almanac des Muses," and was a poetical contribution. When the French Revolution broke out, Chateaubriand took the side of the king, but his regiment having revolted, he left France for America in 1791. He had at this time an intention of endeavoring to discover the northwest passage. He was received by the President, the illustrious George Washington, with much attention. Having travelled through the United States, Chateaubriand turned to the haunts of the Indian tribes, whose mode of life he examined with much care. As, however, he had not left France through personal fear, he no sooner heard of the flight and capture of the king, than he resolved to return to his native country, and (having on the voyage narrowly escaped shipwreck) he arrived at Havre in the spring of 1792. He soon, with his brother, proceeded to Germany to join the army of French nobles, who were banded together for the purpose of endeavoring to check the French Revolution. He was wounded in one of the engagements on the frontiers, and after much suffering he reached Brussels, and subsequently Ostend, where he embarked for Jersey, and met a portion of his family. He did not remain there long, but repaired to London, and set himself to the laborious task of translating for bread. As he toiled almost without rest his health gave way, and at one time he suffered much from actual hunger, for he was too proud to apply for aid to the British Government. At this critical period of his life, it happened that some gentleman in Suffolk engaged him to translate some ancient French manuscripts. In 1797 he published his "Essai sur les Révolutions," a work which he had written during the nighttime of a lengthened period, and this work was most favor-

ably received. He learned, however, at this period, the melancholy tidings that several of his relations had been guillotined, and that his mother, after a long imprisonment, had died. Her dying words were a prayer for his conversion to grace from infidelity, and it pleased God that her message should procure that happy result. When he heard it he returned to Christianity, deeply affected at his mother's dying prayer. "I wept," said he, "and I believed." He then resolved to dedicate all his talents to the illustration of the greatness of the Christian religion. Hence his sublime work, "Le Génie du Christianisme."

In 1801, Chateaubriand returned to France, and produced his "Atala," a work which, though highly poetical, has some serious faults. In 1802, his "Génie du Christianisme," appeared, and at once stamped the author as a man of first-rate intellectual power, and procured for him the friendship of Napoleon, who was at this time engaged in arranging with Pope Pius VII respecting the restoration of the national religion to France. Chateaubriand was sent to Rome as secretary to Cardinal Fesch, the ambassador from France to the Court of the Holy Father. He soon returned to France, and was appointed to some other office; but this he resigned in disgust, the day after the judicial murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and he refused to accept any other situation from Napoleon.

In 1806, Chateaubriand visited the Holy Land, and returned to France, through Egypt and Spain. It was amid the ruins of the Alhambra, he wrote "The Last of the Abencerrages." In 1807, he wrote an attack on Napoleon's government, which incensed the emperor, who, however, abandoned the intention of arresting him. He even still thought of gaining him over, and Chateaubriand was named for a vacancy in the French Academy. He would not, however, accept even this honor by the compromise of his principles. Every new member must read an address, and this must first be approved of by a committee. In his address, Chateaubriand expressed himself strongly against some of the principles which were identified with Napoleon's views, and Chateaubriand was not admitted to the intended honor.

It was, therefore, in perfect consistency that Chateaubriand supported the restoration of the Bourbons. He held office under Louis XVIII in 1814; but at the second restoration, in 1815, he declined to act with Talleyrand. He became a peer in 1816, and published a famous pamphlet, entitled "La Monarchie selon la Charte." This production was an able defence of constitutional government, and was opposed to the views of those in power. The book was suppressed; the author was tried. Though acquitted, he was deprived of his income, and had to sell his library as a means of subsistence. He then started a newspaper, and broke down the ministry, and was again in office in 1820, as ambassador to Berlin. In 1822 he became ambassador to England, and shortly afterwards Foreign Secretary in France. In 1824 he was again driven into opposition, and again he returned to newspapers; and by an incessant fire against ministers in the columns

of the "Journal des Débats," he brought down his enemies, and returned to power on the accession of Charles X. Strictly consistent, however, in his adherence to constitutional government, he resigned when Polignac entered office. On the downfall of Charles X he proposed the recognition of the son of the Duke de Berri, but his efforts were overruled by the friends of Louis Philippe.

Chateaubriand then resigned all his public dignities and pensions, and retired into private life. In 1833, a pamphlet he wrote was the cause of his being tried, but he was acquitted. He passed the remaining fifteen years of his life in literature, mostly of a non-political character, and died in Paris in July, 1848. His latest speech was an eloquent tribute to the Archbishop of Paris, who was killed at one of the barricades.

Chateaubriand was a fearless politician, one of the first of orators, and one of the most eloquent of writers. His "Génie du Christianisme" is a work whose highest praise is, that it has been universally pronounced worthy of its theme.

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter VIII.

There is certainly nothing to be found in these letters which could lead any one to guess that a fatal change had come about in Adelaide's health; and yet some months before the date of the last, pain and other too well-known symptoms had come to warn her that the enemy was not overcome, and then to convince her that it had conquered. In short, the pitiless disease was reasserting its fatal course; and Adelaide knew it, and was resigned to the knowledge. If we admire her courage three years before, when the first indication of evil had shown itself, we must now wonder at it much more, when the trial had reappeared, aggravated by the many attempts at cure, by so much suffering, and by so many vain hopes. Now there was no longer any room for doubt. She had accepted suffering with patience; had gone through the painful cure with energy; had welcomed hope with joy, and had beheld her life renewed with thanksgiving. But now death clearly showed itself to be the ever-blessed will of God; and as she had accepted the suffering and the cure, the hopes and their failure, so she accepted death also, without weakness, without hesitation, and without complaint.

From this moment that already grand soul began to develop more and more, and each successive day to make known from what Divine source she drew her courage, what support hindered her from failing, and, above all, what was that strength which had caused her, with such firm faith, to believe that her weakness could endure *all things*. At the beginning of this

relapse, as at the outset of her illness, she changed nothing of her outward life; nothing betrayed anxiety or trouble. The only resolution she took was not to undergo another operation; but she consented to follow a course of treatment, which she undertook as if she had hopes of its success, and so spoke of it as to induce others to hope also.

That year—1867—Christmas-eve was celebrated at Bellavista with great solemnity. The tribune in which Adelaide heard Mass every day led out of a gallery to her room; she could thus assist at all the ceremonies, which gave her inexpressible joy. She said to me: "I thought I should not have strength for it; and I so reckoned on it; for I do think it will be my last Christmas on earth." But scarcely had this inner thought escaped her when she quickly added: "I beg of you not to say a word to Pauline," her eldest sister.

Towards the spring the disease somewhat abated; and when I went away she said: "If you come back before the autumn, you will find me here still." But when she saw what pain these words gave me, she smiled and said: "You will see that I shall not suffer too much; the disease will spread too rapidly, perhaps even suddenly. If not, God will help me. His will be done!"

This was the end of everything to her. But to enter into the strength of the words from her lips, and at the time they were uttered, we must call to mind the terms in which she spoke to Adelina of her submission to God's will, and remember that now the cruel disease of which she was dying threatened to become a wound, and to cover her whole face. Certainly many of the best, and bravest, and most resigned to death might have trembled in such a case at the thoughts of all that might come to aggravate death; but Adelaide did not blench; she went straightforward along the path of acceptance without looking back; and God allowed the peace of perfect detachment to become more and more shining in her bright soul. The only special request she made at this time of her sisters, her friends, and all whom she knew, was, never to ask that she might be cured.

This thorough submission would appear more surprising if I could have better described her state of activity, and moral and intellectual enjoyment, when this terrible disease seized her in keen health. Her years had neither injured her, nor robbed her of her bloom, nor chilled in the very least her heart; and she would have rejoiced to live with a thankfulness equal to the submission with which she accepted death. But that we may acknowledge in all things the goodness of God, it must be added that if He laid upon her one hard trial, He spared her those which she would have found a thousand times more terrible. She was conscious of bodily disease in its severest shape, but she never knew the grief of outliving those she loved; and if she had been called upon to choose her cross, we feel sure she would have chosen that which she carried rather than the other.

While death drew near with slow but relentless steps, Adelaide calmly pursued her ordinary course of life. As long as she could raise her arm

without suffering too much, she painted and carved. When this labor was beyond her strength, she read and studied; and when she grew too weak to read herself, she listened to others reading, and seemed to take the same interest as ever in these pursuits. In that submission to God's will, which is the most perfect preparation for death as well as the perfection of life, if she had been told that she should die before the end of the day, she would certainly have said, like St. Aloysius Gonzaga, that she could do no other than she was doing.

Nothing apparently changed in her state of health for some months; but at the end of the year her sadly stationary condition suddenly took a new and worse aspect; but although the danger became more imminent, the disease was less painful, having changed its nature; and while the sufferer's courage never gave way, even when long agonies seemed in store for her, it became less trying to her friends to see the malady—probably from the effect of treatment—changed into rapid consumption.

Remembering, then, that her people might rather wish her to die among them, she resolved to leave that beautiful bay, upon which she had fondly hoped her eyes might rest to the last, and her beloved home, where, a few months before, she had blessed God for allowing her to end her days, and to take a small lodging in Naples, where she might breathe her last. It may be, too, that she wished to avoid the too sad recollections for the survivors, which would cling to Bellavista; but, be that as it may, she carried out this sacrifice with her usual courage, concealing, even from the faithful companion of her life, what it cost her. But when the time came for their departure, thinking that she was alone in the drawing-room—so crowded with memorials of friendship, study, and devotion, and where so many happy hours had been spent—she was seen to go up to the walls and kiss them.

After this farewell, she and her sister took their way to Naples, looking back once only at the sea, the mountains, Vesuvius, and all that enchanting scene which had been the magnificent framework of her simple and noble life. On the 24th December, 1868, Adelaide came to Naples to finish her generous and courageous, and I might almost say her *joyful* sacrifice; for in the worst of the cruellest agonies she sometimes cried out: "O, what joys, what joys are these! not human, but Divine!" "Do you know," she said again, one of the last days of her life, "do you know the real inscription to carve upon a tomb? It is *Janua Cœli*,"—Gate of Heaven.

Even then she scarcely ever spoke of her approaching end, that she might spare others; but having wished to see a young English girl, a servant to one of her friends, who had nursed her well and faithfully three years before at Paris, and who was going away, she said to her, "Eliza, I wanted to see you again, to thank you once more, and to say good-bye to you. In less than a month's time I shall be no longer here; *but do not say this to any one.*" Seeing the girl's eyes fill with tears, Adelaide said, "Ah, do not be grieved; I am so glad!

It will be so beautiful up there! so beautiful; and we shall be so happy!" Then she changed the subject, and obliged the girl to answer her, listening to her with a smile; and after hearing one of her stories, said, "Ah, I should laugh heartily if it were not for this;" pointing patiently to her poor scarred and ever-aching cheek.

She kept up in the same way until the day on which she asked for the Last Sacraments. After that time, without losing her calm, she put away her constraint, and spoke of her death openly and simply to us all.

She received Extreme Unction and the Viaticum, and a great number of the poor of Posilippo and Bellavista having come in tears to see her and bid her farewell, the venerable priest who attended her begged her to receive them. They came in, and to each one she spoke a kind word and gave some last advice. "Remember," she said to a prisoner whose discharge she had obtained, "remember to conduct yourself always well." They begged her to give them her blessing; "she shrugged up her shoulders, smiling with a gesture of humility, as if they were not in earnest; but then she obeyed their wish, and lifting up her hand, still most beautiful in spite of the emaciation of sickness, she made the sign of the Cross over them all." These words I quote from her beloved niece, who above all others had been moulded by the impress of the soul now leaving this world.

The struggle with death was long-continued, and Adelaide seemed to beseech the forgiveness of all who suffered at seeing her suffer, and could not understand why her God so delayed His coming. "I am grieving you all," she said, "and here am I, happy among you!" She was pained when with her eldest sister, seeing her suffer so much; while to Clotilde, her inseparable companion, she spoke sweet words, still avoiding too much emotion. Once with great earnestness she said to her niece and nephew, who were always with her, "I commend my Lolé to you"—her pet name for Clotilde—"do not let her be too much alone." And when they bade her be quite happy on that score, she replied, "O, I am happy; for you know very well that I have never spoken about this till now." To Adelina and Ernest she repeated, "I recommend the straight course to you both, everywhere and always." By this she always meant, to them, the practice of religion. Even in these solemn moments she preserved that graceful charm which had always characterized her. Her maid once came in, saying that she was dying of cold; when Adelaide smiled, and observed, "One comes in saying she is dying of cold, and another that she is dying of fatigue; I really think I am the only one among you who is alive."

Her sufferings, nevertheless—the terrible effect of the disease, which, while checked outwardly, was undermining her vital powers—were sometimes excessive; but when, in spite of her efforts, she could not help crying out, she said, "My good God, it is only my nerves that scream! I am glad to suffer, and to suffer for Thee." Another time, when in an agony of sharp pain, she exclaimed, "O

my God! I do not ask for any respite, but I do beg of Thee to give me courage."

The day but one before her death, the sharp suffering ceased, and she looked upon this relief as the forerunner of her end. "The word agony," she said, "seems terrible at a distance; but if I am in my agony, it is very sweet."

Crowds of friends came one after another, anxious to show their love, and to obtain from her at least a single word of farewell. She spoke to them all in turn, and to each with some distinguishing mark of affection. On her lips the sweet diminutives of the South sounded sweeter than ever; and very many times were the names of Nina, Dora, Maria, Giuditalla, . *Carmensita dulce*,* with suchlike others, pronounced by her during her last days on earth. No one who knew her could doubt that every one of these friends had each some word, some thought, some special prayer, or that she bore with her the remembrance of each to love them in Heaven as she had loved them on earth; for she was thoroughly convinced that death cuts off nothing, but merely changes the holy affections of earth by giving them full power as well as unending life.

So, at last, the hour of Adelaide's blessed rest had come; the hour which she had distinctly named a whole day before; the hour of passage from this perishable life to that glorious and immortal state for which she had lived.

It was on the 9th of January, at half-past three o'clock, while surrounded by every one dear to her on earth; her two sisters, those whom she called her children, one kneeling beside her, holding her hand, and the other supporting her drooping head. Thus she yielded her soul, without pain, after once more uttering the words so often heard during her illness: *In Te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.* "In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped; I shall not be confounded forever."

* * * * *

O thou dear and noble soul! gentle and strong, now joined to so many other among the blessed, pray, oh pray with them for all those whom thou didst so love on earth!

The Southern custom—so unlike the usages of the North—banishes the nearest relations immediately from the bedside of their dead, and forbids them even to follow them to the grave; for the very vehemence of their grief renders them habitually incapable of acting like those who are accustomed to master and overcome their feelings. This custom, however, gives its special day of pious devotedness to friendship, as what is forbidden to the relations is imposed as a kind of obligation upon the friends; and some are chosen from among them to perform those painful duties which are usually left in others' hands. All Adelaide's friends were inclined to claim this mournful privilege; and there were several who, in the end, agreed to share the sad offices which follow death. The post of remaining beside the remains fell upon two friends, whose long intimacy and devoted affection

* Princess Torella, the young Duchess di Balzo, the Marchioness Bugnano, the Marchioness di Montesilvano, the Duchess di Bivona, whose name was Carmen, and to whom she always spoke in Spanish, "My sweet little Carmen."

The dominion of nature is despotic: an inviolable obedience to her appointments is indispensable to the success of every action; nor is there any means whereby a man can fulfil his authentic destiny otherwise than by reconciling his aims and aspirations with the necessary tendencies of the natural economy. Human freedom is hence contingent upon a due perception of the specialties of the Divine arrangements; and a practical conformity with these, which constitutes a virtuous activity, demands great and faithfully-sustained efforts, and a vigorous and determined discipline of spirit. That moral liberty which is the highest and most desirable attainment in a man's experience, is achievable only by victory over obstacles, by a resolute and successful subjugation of those circumstantial impediments which obstruct the growth and manifestation of the soul's powers and capabilities.

Thus the position of man in the world is one of imminent and inevitable difficulty. Having to work out his life into harmony with the general design of things, and being by nature liable to endless misapprehensions, and not the less to manifold practical shortcomings, he is continually opposed by bitter and harassing contradictions, which dissipate and baffle his best strength, and frequently overwhelm him with discouragement and failure. It is not, however, on that account to be inferred that the oppositions and perplexities which we encounter are so many instances of unmodified disaster, exerting over us nothing but evil influences, and calculated only to damage that unity and entirety of being which persons desirous of faithfully fulfilling their destination are understood to be earnestly striving to attain. On the contrary, it is true, and by a little reflection may be rendered clear to the understanding, that all *evil* which does not take the shape of a practical and personal wickedness is invested with certain tendencies of benefit, and contributes indirectly to the production or manifestation of some particular *good*, which, without collision with its opposite, might not have been brought into visible action or appearance. Of this kind are obviously all those external hindrances which obstruct the free and spontaneous expansion of human character. Repression of any force has a disposition to strengthen and augment the force itself. So long as the vital power is not utterly extinguished, or to any considerable extent impaired in its essential properties, the antagonism will tend mainly to consolidate and intensify the repressed energy, so that, on the ultimate removal or vanquishment of the obstruction, it will probably shoot forth into a more perfect development than would have been otherwise attained. Instances of the sort are by no means singular in the history of the human mind, nor even in the wider history of nations. And certainly it is a fact clear to the loosest observation, that the men who have been least obstructed in their culture, or have had fewest obstacles to contend with in their general life-progress, have nowise been remarkable for the greatness of their success, or for any visible superiority over those who were

less fortunately situated; while, on the other hand, it is sufficiently well known that the most eminent and noteworthy of mankind have for the most part been those whose early career was almost inextricably beset with difficulties, which needed to be reconciled or overcome before any satisfactory progress could be made towards realizing their peculiar aims and aspirations.

Indeed nothing great or worthy has ever been done in the world without a struggle. Man is evidently born to contend with opposition, to wrestle with whatsoever difficulty may anywhere withstand him, and, by that lusty and invigorating exercise, to win additions to his native strength. He is the more a man through every successful conflict with hardship or temptation. Once inspired with a noble purpose, all adversity cannot quench the enkindled puissance within him, nor subdue the earnest strivings by which he seeks to give form and being to the living thought which he personifies. Like a suppressed or hidden flame, which for a long time burns in secret, making no visible breach in the mass of material which surrounds and covers it, but at last, through some slight crevice, ascends gradually towards the air, and envelops all about it in one common conflagration, so, by dim degrees, does the fire of manly power work silently among the vaults and invisible passages of circumstance, till the floors and beams which conceal and keep it down are all ablaze with its irresistible heat, and it darts up finally in volumes of awe and splendor. And as the vastness of the havoc in the material catastrophe is invariably proportioned to the extent and bulk of impediment which, by hiding the presence of fire, fostered its undermining ravages, so it is matter of experience that the greater the accumulation of circumstantial obstacles, so long as they extinguish not, but only hinder or repress the natural energies of a man, the more certainly do they tend, by trial and provocation, to strengthen and temper his capacity for ultimate and sure victory over all surmountable obstructions. Whatsoever exertion is accordant with the principles of nature, that will nature eventually sanction and substantiate. All the external oppositions and necessities of life are therefore to be regarded as a complication of inverse aids and assistances, by a right use of which a man's personal and inward force may be the more successfully displayed. Trial, hardship, exasperation, pains, and disappointments, though in themselves unquestionable evils, may be nevertheless transformed into ulterior and effective benefits, by being severally the occasions of stimulating the mind to renewed or worthier activity, or by undeceiving the too credulous and romantic heart with respect to some of those manifold delusions which, from defect of experience, it is so extremely apt to cherish. Everything that acquaints us with reality, or enables us to comprehend the measure of ourselves, contributes more or less in its degree to put us into right relations with the world and our own consciousness, and to bring us into a reasonable conformity with the dispensations of existence.

Every obstruction is, accord-

ingly, a means of culture. The world being in a manner organized with special reference to the education of humanity, there is nothing preposterous in believing that difficulties and obstacles have been designedly introduced into its constitution for the sake of a more adequate cultivation of our faculties than would, apparently, have been possible by any less severe process. To question the perfection of this arrangement would be a manifest impiety against the Maker of the universe. Besides, it is evident to human reason that the system whereof man is part is altogether fair and perfect; that it is based upon an infinite and unchangeable goodness, which pervades and vivifies every minute and most inconsiderable portion; and is, indeed, the substance wherein man's life and his relations are all fundamentally established. And though we have experimentally no acquaintance with anything but a mixture of good and ill—which we everywhere perceive to be more or less constantly allied—yet we have, or at least are capable of having, a well-grounded assurance within ourselves that there is an absolute goodness which transcends experience; and that whatsoever destiny awaits us, it will be one in just accordance with the infinite perfections. This conviction is sufficient to justify the soul in that reliance which it instinctively places on the eternal integrity of the universe, and through which it unquestionably derives an ample and genuine contentment. Nor is it to be doubted that through experience with disaster, with hindrances, perplexity, or defeat, the mind acquires something of additional energy, some superadded tone of vigor or of thoughtfulness, a finer and loftier discernment, a wider compass of power or sensibility. And thus all the inequalities of condition may be finally rounded in, even as the curve of the globe, by reason of its immensely-accommodating comprehensiveness, reduces and includes mountain, and plain, and valley within one level and uniform sphericity.

The testimony of persons who have wrestled strenuously with fortune goes invariably to support the opinion, that a measure of opposition to a man's natural wishes and ambition exerts over him a wholesome and beneficial influence. The unpracticed human will is insatiate in its demands, boundless in its expectations. For its exorbitant desires the universe were scarcely too immense for a possession, nor its store of endless gratifications too abundant for its satisfaction. But inasmuch as man is constituted to find his earthly welfare in specific and limited enjoyments, it is obviously needful that he should learn to moderate his inclinations, and not unreasonably spend his strength in pursuit of an inordinate and impracticable happiness. Therefore his life has been wisely hedged about with limitations, to the end that he might the better conform himself to the manner of existence for which he was intentionally created. The strife and conflict with necessity, whereto he is constitutionally appointed, is accessory to the evolution of that personal and spiritual freedom which is open to his attainment in the world of human effort. Through hardship

and manifold shapes of trial he advances towards an ultimate contentedness; and on looking back upon his thorny and obstructed path, can even thankfully discern that the things which had once so formidably impeded him, contributed, nevertheless, by their severe and rigorous stimulations, to brace and invigorate his strength, and operated in the end as furtherances of his progress. In this light at least many a brave spirit has estimated the effects of difficulty upon its individual cultivation. Bitter, doubtless, in the passing were the harsh straitenings and humiliations which the proud sufferer had to bear, in his long and disconsolate journey on the bleak highways of expectation perpetually deferred, with the rough tempests howling round him, and over his unsheltered head only the wide starless gloom and unmitigable cheerlessness of night; yet when the dawn of a more prosperous day arrived, he could the more wisely bless and welcome the joyful sunlight, and while remembering the bygone travail of his soul, take comfort in the sight and neighborhood of cheerful things which, but for that remembrance, he might have overlooked, or gazed on with irrational indifference. Whosoever is called to buffet with misfortunes, to toil unrecompensed under the weight of irksome tasks, to sacrifice upon the altar of his necessity his best gifts and aspirations, or in any way to bear in his own person the painful burden of poverty or wrong, he surely has cause to deem his destiny insupportable were it utterly without remedy or hope; but in the faith that there is, nevertheless, in all severities a covert and inextinguishable beneficence which can exalt and purify the soul of him who bears them bravely, there is an abiding consolation which may sustain it in patient and unwavering endurance. A profound wisdom and an admirable encouragement are conveyed in that memorable saying of our illustrious and universal poet—

> "There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
> would men observingly distil it out."

The interest and admiration of the world are centred forever around them that brave with magnanimity the oppositions and hostility of circumstances. What is it that so endears and glorifies the hero but the lofty and unquenchable courage which, even in humiliation and defeat, renders him invincible? It is the godlike and undaunted energy which flinches not at danger, which stands erect and splendid amid ruin and desolation, and carries its noble head, under all reverses and disasters, with an undiminished consciousness of dignity. How tame, in comparison, is the pampered stateliness of "cushioned ease," the soft prosperity that winceth at the irritation of a nerve! This is neither beautiful nor honorable in the sight of any man. None but the mean and frivolous will condescend to pay it homage. But the constant sympathy and compassion of mankind cling naturally about the brave, about the valiant men and devoted women who sustained their souls in cheerfulness amid calamity, wreathing for them graceful garlands of imperishable love, and commemorating their steadfast patience with songs of admiration.

The very gods, as was said of old, look with a gracious approbation on a good man struggling with adversity. Nor is it reasonably to be doubted, notwithstanding the endless wreck of noble natures fallen in weary conflict with tribulation, that the adversity has even been permitted, to the end that they who have to contend with it might thereby the more excellently illustrate their manliness. The ennobling virtues that have flourished in all ages, and shed a magnificent adornment around the history of man, have been nurtured into grandeur and stability by the rude assaults of injury and opposition, by the ungenerous but inspiring buffetings of difficulty and mortal hardship; which, in aiming at their repression, furthered and fostered them, nevertheless, into a more manifest perfection. Be of courage, thou desponding heavily-laden heart! nor falter in the prosecution of any enterprise which thou canst conscientiously and calmly justify; for in this thou art doing bravely, and art in the way of true endeavor, even shouldst thou never compass any visible success. Nay, there is or shall be inevitable victory for all the worthy; if not now, yet assuredly hereafter, in some higher, more congenial sphere of being, and where the compensations of fidelity are more perfectly dispensed. He who has looked upon the sun when, after a stormy day, he went down in glory, may have seen therein an emblem of human faithfulness—how that which is beautiful is never lost, but becomes finally vindicated and revealed—may have seen that the lordly orb, whose presence was obscured throughout the day, had nevertheless pursued his path across the heavens; and that the clouds which intercepted his shining did in the end become illumined with his rays, and in streaks of manifold-colored radiance made the western sky ablaze with splendor: and in this gorgeous apotheosis of light he may have discerned an apt similitude of the brilliant transfiguration which succeeds to every career of faithful effort sustained amid the storms and obscurations of calamity.

Let us learn to endure hardness; for difficulty, though it darkens and disturbs, does also elevate and beautify the life of man; even as abrupt prominences and the rough irregularities of nature make the boldest and most admirable scenery. An easy life is not the noblest. In a smooth current of undeviating tranquillity there is little to exalt the thoughts or sensibility of mind and heart. What, in nature, is more uninteresting or destitute of grandeur than a flat, unvarying stream, flowing languidly through a level country? But would you see the beauty and sublimity of a river, follow it up into the hills, mark its progress among the rugged rocks, see how it dashes boldly from ledge to ledge, writing the story of its struggling restlessness in furrows on the brow of hardest stone, casting around it a splendid tumult with its very foam and spray; and where it attains to the majesty of a waterfall, "taking the rainbow from the skies to fold around its breast." Even such is human life: bounding mightily through the pass of danger, and over the rough besetments of earth-

ly difficulty. By earnest deeds and sublime endurances, by the lusty wrestlings which try his strength, by vigorous action in the face of obstacles and temptation, a man is spiritually and everlastingly ennobled. He puts the world under his feet, and through his mastery over fortune, repairs incessantly the dilapidations of his life; turning all harshness and perplexity into blessed uses, and drawing consolation from the bitter wells of sorrow; deriving nourishment from that which seemed to threaten his destruction; and, by his natural robustness, wrenching delight out of anxiety: even as a painful thought in a poet's brain will shape itself in words of beauty. Let no man shirk his share of terrestrial hardships, never pamper himself into undue sensitiveness or anxiety for ease, but boldly bear the brunt of human strife: manfully endure whatever ought to be endured, manfully contend against whatever ought to be encountered, for this is the wholesome exercise whereby he gathers power and access of life to his own soul.

J. L.

THE BIBLE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

In England, in the year 706, Adhelm, Bishop of Sherburn, translated the Psalter into Saxon. Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfern, translated the four Gospels into the same, Saxon, and after these the Venerable Bede, who died in 735, translated the whole Bible from the Vulgate into the same language. In the reign of Alfred, who died in the year 900, a new translation of the Psalms was commenced, and Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 995, translated the five books of Moses, Joshua, Job, Judges, Ruth, part of Kings, Esther, and Maccabees. In England, the whole Bible appeared, according to Usher, in 1270. In the fourteenth century, Wycliffe issued a second Bible. Wharton, Usher, and Wood, in their Antiquities of Oxford, speak of Trevisa's translation as the oldest. In 1582 the New Testament was published at Rheims, reprinted at Antwerp in 1633; both Old and New, at Douay, in 1609, revised in 1750; and is now the Catholic English version throughout the world. After the art of printing, which was little used until 1462, and before 1534, the date of Luther's German Bible, there were in the vernacular languages of Europe more than seventy editions of the Bible. In Italy, 14 editions; in France, 19; in Germany, 15; in Holland, 9; in Spain, 2; in Bohemia, 4. Thus it appears that the existence of the Bible in the vernacular languages of Europe is a great fact that was true before Luther was born or the Reformation started in Germany.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STATE OF THE DEAD. By Rev. Anson West. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

This book, notwithstanding its pretentious title, is a very unsuccessful attempt to throw some light on the "undiscovered bourne whence no traveller returns." It is a mere rehash of Hammond's, Wesley's, Bloomfield's, and Clarke's Commentaries on the texts of Scripture that describe the future state of the disembodied spirit. The original matter of the author is puerile, illogical, and fanatical.

With his crude speculations on the state of the dead we have nothing to do, feeling conscious that their perusal alone is sufficient to refute them—those at least plainly at variance with Scripture and reason. He holds, however, orthodox views on the eternity of hell's torments, and rejects the doctrine defended at present by most Protestants, that departed souls are not admitted either to heaven or hell until after the resurrection day.

It is with these parts of his book, in which he pretends to "overthrow" Catholic teaching on the subject of purgatory, that we are mainly concerned. To this "overthrow" he devotes four long chapters, and is evidently much exercised over a doctrine which so forcibly commends itself to Christian sensibility and reason, and which is in so full sympathy with the gospel dispensation. As the Catholic doctrine on this subject is based upon and flows as a sequence from the doctrine of satisfaction, the latter is assailed with all the fury of a Calvin and all the illogical frenzy of a conceited theologaster. He first proceeds to show that "there is in sin an infinite and eternal demerit, and consequently we deny that some sins are not sufficient to consign to the punishment of hell. The least sin deserves the greatest wrath and severest punishment known to the law of God." Here Mr. West differs with the Scriptures, that tells us "there is a sin unto death and a sin not unto death;" and again, that "the just man fell seven times a day," still remaining a just man, and consequently not deserving "the greatest wrath and severest punishment known to the law of God." Not possessed, apparently, of an overstock of reason, he cannot be blamed for not seeing the absurdity of classing murder and an idle word in the same category of offences.

Finding purgatory an unfruitful theme he leaves it for a moment to attack the Roman doctrine of penance. We cannot at first clearly see the reason for this divergence, but discover on reading further that the Church claims power, by virtue of the keys, to release from purgatory the souls therein detained. After carefully examining this "man of straw," he assails it furiously, and through one chapter hurls text after text, until the chaff is scattered to the four winds. Had Mr. West condescended to examine a Catholic catechism, he might have saved himself the exhausting efforts which are apparent in this chapter.

Notwithstanding the fact that Catholics do not admit the correctness of that argumentative method, which demands that we should prove every one of our doctrines individually from the Scriptures, Mr. West complacently discourses on the "few ambiguous texts which form the sole grounds of the Papist's belief in purgatory." It is a principle of our faith, that the Church is the depository of Christ's truths, and that although *many* are found in the Scriptures, still many were committed to traditional keeping. It is on the authority of the Church—not like Mr. West, on the Commentary of Dr. Clarke—that we rest our belief in the doctrines of Christ. Still, indirectly at least, purgatory is revealed in the word of God, especially in its connection with prayers for the dead, a doctrine especially and directly unfolded in the Bible.

The Book of Maccabees, in which the latter doctrine is revealed, so conclusively settles the point, that the only loophole

of escape left Protestantism is to pronounce the Book uninspired. This, however, does not mend the matter, for as a trustworthy and authentic history of the Jewish Church—at that time the true Church of God—the statements of the book on the subject of praying for the dead are unimpeachable and conclusive. It is amusing to notice Mr. West wriggling through the text: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," &c. After oracularly pronouncing the book apocryphal, by arguments that would prove every book of Scripture uninspired—such as the "obscenity of certain passages, lack of dignity, commendation of crime," &c. (the latter is a blasphemous falsehood), he examines it in its historical light, and thinks that "if the Jews held the doctrine of purgatory, it does not follow that such doctrine is correct." Here Mr. West regrets to differ from our Lord, who commanded His Apostles to do what those in the chair of Moses commanded to be done. The silence of our Lord on what would be the gross superstition of praying for the dead, did no purgatory exist, must be taken as a commendation of this Jewish practice.

We have given too much space, however, to the review of a book which presents nothing original or new, and differs from other books of its kind only in greater vulgarity of sentiment and language, and more striking evidences of ignorance and incompetency.

THE NEW AMERICAN SERIES OF READERS. By Epes Sargent and A. May. Five vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

The name of the publishing house which has issued this series of readers is a sufficient warrant for their excellence. We have, however, given them a careful examination, and have no hesitancy in pronouncing them worthy of the recommendation which has very generally been awarded them. The series is well divided, and betokens skill and tact on the part of the compilers, who are well known as successful educators. The highest praise that we can give Butler & Co. is that not one of their school books is tinctured with the slightest prejudice against the Church, and no Catholic teacher need fear to place in the hands of his pupil any geography, history, rhetoric, or reader which bears the imprint of these honorable and conscientious publishers. Even the notorious Peter Parley (Goodrich), whose histories were replete with bigotry and misrepresentation, has been obliged by these publishers to weed from his books the falsehoods in which their earlier editions abounded.

THE RIFLE AND HOUND IN CEYLON. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. With illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

The fame of the noble Nimrod who has written this book awakened our anticipations of pleasant and profitable reading, and we were not disappointed. Sir Samuel handles the pen with as much skill as he handles the rifle, and his graphic descriptions of hunting in Ceylon are unequalled in their way. We expected, however, to find nothing but such descriptions; but we discovered that he knows as much about the political and the social, as he does about the geographical, topography of Ceylon. The book abounds in beautiful glimpses of Ceylon scenery, keen characterization of the inhabitants, and lifelike pictures of the chase. The work is handsomely printed and bound, and the illustrations are generally good.

THE EARTH'S HISTORY; OR, FIRST LESSONS IN GEOLOGY. By D. T. Ansted. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

Ansted is known in this country as the author of a popular, but not very sound, treatise entitled "The World We Live In." The present book is its inferior. It is certainly simple, clear, and concise, but unsafe, as it quietly but positively affirms the irreconcilableness of Genesis with geology. As far as we can judge from the purposely indefinite character of the language on certain delicate points, the author is a pupil of Huxley's, and believes in a pre-adamitic race of men.

LABBERTON'S OUTLINES OF HISTORY. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1871.

The publishers have sent us the text of this history, which was noticed in our last number. The excellence of the chronological tables and of the maps caused us to look with impatience for the text itself, to see if the excellence was uniform. We cannot say that we have been disappointed, for the author has shown surprising tact and judgment in steering clear of the historical problems on which most of his brethren are wrecked. We most cordially recommend the book to priests and other Catholic students and scholars desirous of revising and reviving their historical studies, for the book is eminently suggestive; but we would not counsel its introduction into Catholic schools, or its perusal by those unfamiliar with the true details of certain historical events which the author has touched upon, such, for instance, as the character and doings of Arnold of Brescia, who, according to the author (p. 80), "attracted the confidence of the people by preaching against the temporal possessions of the clergy." He fails to say that Arnold was a mediæval communist (vide Hallam, *in loco*). The analysis of the Crusades is admirable; but the statement is erroneous, that their object was the exaltation of the Papal power. (See James or Michaud.) But, as we have said, one whose historical course is finished may read this book with profit and even delight, for in point of language, style, method, and comprehensiveness, it is certainly unsurpassed by any text-book we have ever seen.

NORTHEN'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. With Questions Adapted to the Use of Schools.

We noticed this excellent work at length in our MAY number. Since then it has gone through several editions; this, the last one, being intended and specially prepared for use in schools. A table of questions for examination is added, and several revisions in the arrangement and collocation of subjects have been made. It is unnecessary to say that Murphy has issued this book in fine style.

THE BIBLE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M. Troy, N. Y.: P. J. Dooley. 1871.

A popular and able vindication of the Church's reverence for the Holy Scriptures.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have been requested to announce that the great work of the Count de Montalembert, entitled "The Monks of the West," will be issued in magnificent style on the 1st of October, by Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Mass.

MR. MARK F. VALLETTE, Editor of the "Catholic Standard," Philadelphia, is preparing a "History of the Catholic Churches in Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware," which will be ready in a few months. This work will be a valuable record of church history, and we are glad that its compilation is in the hands of so competent a gentleman.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

FROM NOVEMBER TO APRIL, 1872.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, No. 7.—NOVEMBER, 1871.

CATHOLIC AMERICA.

FIRST PAPER.

THE apparently extravagant claim which our title implies calls at the outset for the explanation which our Protestant readers in particular may feel a right to demand. To claim America for the Catholic Church, to declare our ability to prove that the destiny of the American people is leading them to the Catholic faith, are certainly statements that should not be heedlessly or unwarrantably made. We know that we are required to meet the objection with which any question whose solution must await the future is assailed, that it is useless, not to say absurd, to draw inferences from purely speculative premises.

This objection may be urged against the historian who speculates upon the future of the nation whose career he has traced, and who draws from the lessons and the experience of the past certain conjectures and theories, the realization of which is left for coming time; or against the statesman who fondly imagines the good to accrue to his country from some measure of present policy; or the political economist who descants upon the beneficial effect which his new system of taxation or tariff is calculated to exercise upon the future finances; or against the author and the inventor who look forward to the day when a grateful posterity will recognize the value of a work which contemporaries regard with indifference or disfavor; for, as Rabelais remarks, the future is the bank at which none of us thinks his bills will be dishonored.

But as the relation of the Church to the future differs so completely from that of men or human institutions, it is unfair and illogical to class her expectations of the future with theirs; for there is one thing which the future is pre-ordained to realize, and that is the triumph of Christ and of the Church. Here we pass from the region of conjecture and possibility into that of certainty. The future is no longer veiled. Faith, the evidence of things unseen, draws aside the folds, and shows us the fulfilment

of the prophecy that all the nations and the kingdoms of the earth shall adore the Lord and His Christ. It was reserved for after ages to reveal the deep significance of the words of Christ foretelling the future of the Church. The few ignorant and helpless men that listened to Him did not understand His sayings; but to His prophetic eye was unrolled the vast scheme of universal conquest which should crown their preaching. Down through the vista of ages He beheld the nations gathered into His fold; His Church centred at Rome, outrivalling the imperial city in the extent of her domain and the loyalty of her subjects. He beheld His Gospel preached throughout the world; His name among men the synonym of all that is divine; the power of His words and works entering into every great institution; His Mother the type and ideal of all womanly loveliness and purity; His cross, once the emblem of shame, gleaming on the coronets of monarchs; Himself the King of men enthroned in the universal heart of humanity. His eyes rested on the seemingly endless line of venerable confessors, anointed missionaries, and steadfast martyrs, who, in after time, were to go forth, bearing the seed of faith—going forth weeping, perhaps, over rough roads and toilsome paths, facing death in countless shapes, going forth weeping and sowing, but returning to him with great joy, bearing on their shoulders the full sheaves to lay at the feet of the Heavenly Husbandman.

Hence, when we begin to speculate on the future of the Church, we proceed not on mere conjecture or hypothesis, but on the firm basis of absolute certainty. When we say that America is destined to be Catholic, the declaration as it stands is incontrovertible. The reader may pass away before the prediction is verified, but verified it shall be. Were Nero told that the children of the trembling Christians whom he butchered, would in time outnumber the sands of the sea, he would have sent the utterer of the prediction to keep company with the martyrs. Nay, were the fearful Christians, hiding in the caverns of the earth, and breathing forth their prayers in stealthy whispers, told that in time uncounted grand basilicas and noble temples should ring with the jubilant chants of Christian worship, they would have hesitated to believe the prophecy.

We are not justified, however, by the general truth that Catholicity shall be the dominant religion of the world ere it ends, in fixing the time, manner, or instrumentality in or by which the conversion is to be effected. These are all concomitants of the grace which God has promised to bestow. True, in a matter so eminently supernatural as conversion to the faith, we cannot be wholly guided in our conclusions by human wisdom or natural foresight. But as the grace of faith is, as a rule, the culmination of a series of divine favors, each of which is felt and known, we can justly conclude from our observation of these, that the final grace is at hand. So when we trace the supernatural blessings that have been showered upon this land, we may safely hope and believe that the Almighty is about to crown His favors in its regard, by the greatest

of His mercies, the bestowal of the faith on an entire people.

We have undertaken to describe these successive workings of Providence in behalf of the American Church, and to establish not only the probability, but also the certainty of the future Catholicity of America. In this paper, which is mainly introductory, we shall consider a few of the earlier indications of God's special design regarding the religious destiny of this continent. In succeeding papers we shall develop the arguments drawn from the extraordinary progress of Catholicity in the United States, and from the strong tendency in the American mind to repudiate Protestantism, yet still to retain Christianity—a frame of mind which logically ends in Catholicity.

America's Catholic destiny appears to be foreshadowed by the circumstances attendant upon its discovery. The more critical and thorough investigation which modern historians have given to the character and mission of Christopher Columbus, establishes the remarkable fact, that his earnestness and tireless energy in the pursuit of means to enable him to undertake his voyage of exploration were not due so much to a spirit of scientific research, much less to love of fame or wealth, as to a supernatural impulse. It is settled beyond doubt, that Columbus was a man of the profoundest spiritual insight, spotless character, and holiest aspiration. From infancy he was impressed with the conviction that the Almighty destined him to open to the Church new and unbounded fields of spiritual conquest, a conviction strengthened by the singularly auspicious character of his name—the Christbearing Dove. All his scientific speculations took the same direction, although his scheme seemed so visionary and impracticable that he more than once was on the point of abandoning it, when betaking himself to prayer, he received strength and courage to continue his efforts to have its feasibility practically tested. It is absurd to imagine that these devotional feelings on such a theme were the offspring of an overheated or halfcrazed mind, for all our accounts of his character and life, concur in proving him to have been a man remarkably cool, sensible, and judicious. He refrained, probably through humility, from expressing his faith in the supernatural nature of his mission, to the various persons whose patronage he solicited, but later research has given us part of his spiritual conferences with his director, in which he unequivocally confesses his belief that God had destined him to be the pioneer of an apostolic band whose conquests should rival even those of the primitive confessors and missionaries.

The school-boy is familiar with the scenes and incidents that daily and nightly took place on the decks of the little vessels, in which the heroic Genoese and his men sailed the trackless sea. Matin and vesper song alternated with the murmur of the wind and the sea, and when the Atlantic tempests threatened to sink the frail crafts, the Admiral and his terror stricken crew would beseech the Star of the seas to shine out upon the storm-riven ocean and guide them home, for compass failed, and no sun or moon, or stars, illumined their

darkened path. And when the travel-wearied Admiral set foot upon his new world, his first act was to bless it and consecrate it to God and our Lady, and then before claiming it for his king, he erected the cross as a token of its prior subjection to Christ. His mission was fulfilled, and though to her eternal shame be it said, Spain defrauded him of his right and title to the honors he claimed, not for himself so much as for his children, he appears to have rested satisfied with the consciousness of having performed the work to which God assigned him, and in the happiness of this knowledge he died, not of disappointed ambition as his vilifiers said, but like a saint who answers when the Master calls.

Those that are accustomed to regard Columbus only as a man who succeeded in proving the truth of a theory, will think our view forced and unreasonable. But it has been scientifically demonstrated that not one of the fishing-smacks which accompanied his expedition could have outridden the storms they successfully encountered. It has likewise been proved that the compass by which Columbus guided his course was not only subject to the ordinary deflections and changes, but that it was also wholly untrustworthy, owing both to its defective material and its faulty mechanism. That, under such disadvantages, he held his course so nearly due west, that he kept in check the most irrepressible of rebels, a mutinous crew, and that he succeeded in bearing the intelligence of his discovery to Europe, are circumstances connected with the expedition, that clearly indicate the special care and providence which attended the saintly Discoverer.

Undeterred by distance or danger, faithful missionaries at once set out to bear to the inhabitants of America, the evangel of Christ. Their labors were surprisingly successful, considering the inhumanity practiced upon the natives by the fellow countrymen of the apostolic men, who were obliged to preach the Gospel as constantly to their lawless companions as to the unconverted savages. Through the efforts of the Franciscans, the Dominicans and the Jesuits, the faith steadily increased among the Indian tribes in the Spanish colonies; and the same religious orders labored successfully afterward among the Northern and the Western Indians. The intolerant spirit of Protestantism, however, checked their zeal in the English Colonies, and had not this spirit received its quietus in the formation of the United States, Catholicity even now would be proscribed and persecuted in North America.

Happily, however, Providence so directed the course of events, that just about the time when the heaviest calamities of modern time were falling on the Church in the Old World, an American Empire was founded on principles and conditions the most favorable to the progress of the Catholic faith in the New World. We consider the formation of the government of the United States another indication of the glorious destiny of the Church in America. By removing the ban from her worship, by admitting her to at least equal rights with sects and denominations, the founders of the American Constitution enabled her

to show forth her intrinsic beauty and excellence so long obscured by the night of persecution. This is all she asked. Assured of this protection, she would of necessity commend herself to the notice and love of the people; and permission being given her of continuing her labors unmolested, she would display the divine character of her work, and the supernatural nature of her institutions, teachings, and energy.

She rejoices in the thought that the great principles of the Constitution are taken from her teaching, and in this she beholds the harbinger of her destined triumph. In thought and principle she sees that this great charter is Catholic. It first recognizes man's capacity for self-government, a doctrine which all Protestantism flatly denies. The Constitution also affirms the freedom of the human will, repudiates the Protestant doctrine of total depravity, the essential corruption of man's mind and soul, and his inability to do an honest or upright action. It declares that the reason is sufficiently enlightened to observe the natural law, and to guide a man in his business and social relations and ordinary duties, another point which Protestantism rejects. It implicitly affirms the necessity of religion, even whilst allowing the widest latitude of profession, for it specifies the oath, the invocation of the Supreme Being, which the Chief Magistrate utters on taking his chair. In fine, it expresses the great law of civil and political liberty, and recognizes the equal freedom of all men, no matter what their country or color may be, principles which the Church has always approved, as her political history shows, but which Protestantism logically and consistently reprobates and denounces, although here it blatantly professes to defend and uphold them.

It is clear, therefore, that the United States is politically and constitutionally formed for the Church. Its government is based on Catholic principles. But, as it is a received principle of political science that religion in some form is necessary for the stability and security of the State, the future prosperity of the country is inseparably linked with the prosperity of the Church which it practically recognizes as the only form of religion adapted to its constitution and polity. The Union needs a bond stronger than that of political necessity or material interest. We must have a Union of heart and mind if we wish to perpetuate the blessings of the Republic to after generations; and what bond can be conceived closer or more sacred than the bond of a common, divine faith? The late civil war showed how easily ties that were deemed inseparable might be snapped in a moment of partisan frenzy. We do not hesitate to say that were the people of the North and the South linked in the brotherhood of the Church, the Rebellion would have been an impossibility. But there was no sacred authority before whose presence the tumult of political feeling would cease; no hallowed tribunal which could command the storm.

That Protestantism labored as efficiently as any other disintegrating influence in effecting the dissolution of the Union, and the war and havoc consequent upon it, cannot be denied. Northern arrayed

itself against Southern Church; Northern Bishops hurled their anathemas against Southern believers, who in turn launched invective and reproach against the "Yankee preachers." Sunday after Sunday Protestant pulpits North re-echoed the political rant of men whose profession called for peace and goodwill to all men, particularly to those united with them by the ties of a common country and creed.

The American people were forced to notice the contrast between the loud-mouthed preacher, who would strike warlike attitudes in his pulpit, and vote the last man and last dollar for the war, and the reticent priest who would offer up his prayer for the good of the whole country, preach his sermon on the gospel, beg the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the souls of the Catholic soldiers, and continue the service. It was rightly argued that a Church which prohibited her ministers from dabbling in politics, and counselling bloodshed, must be guided by higher motives and principles than partisan feeling and political prejudice. It was also observed that the Church, whilst reprobating bloodshed and counselling peace, upheld, nevertheless, the duty of loyalty to government, and whilst weeping over the dead bodies of her gallant sons, testified by her solemn ceremonies and requiems her appreciation of the lofty heroism that shrinked not from the sacrifices for which the country called.

But in the sanctuary of the one faith North and South embraced. The Southern priest, whom necessity or duty brought North, was received with the kindness which his Northern brother priest enjoyed when he went South. No political animosity could chill the Catholic love which the Church teaches her children to have for each other. The remembrance of grievance and wrong, which the war inflicted on them, clouds not the Christian affection which springs from the faith. During the war "Catholic" was the magic word at which the guise of "Rebel" or "Yankee" dropped, and they who a moment before were bent on each other's death, met in a friendship not of earth.

The rude shock which threatened to dissolve the Union thus brings into greater prominence the necessity the country is under of embracing a religion that, one in its faith and discipline, will rivet the loosened bonds. Under the conservative influence of the one faith America can never be torn by another civil war. The Church will harmonize differences that now keep open the breach between the North and the South; she will smooth away diversities of feeling that are incompatible with political union; she will accord and control diverse influences bearing adversely on the general weal, and bring to an end the disputes and wranglings that are now differentiating the nation into four clans, North, South, East, and West. Out of obedience to and reverence for their mother, the Church, whom they will be bound to hear, the people will settle their grievances amicably, and in the spirit of Catholic fellowship meet on a basis which political differences or separate trade interests cannot shake.

Even geographically considered the country appears to have been designed by the Creator to be one.

He has endowed certain parts of its soil with wondrous fertility, and beneath the barrenness of other portions He has hidden untold wealth of gold, iron, and minerals. Throughout its length and breadth He has thus established the great law of union—mutual dependence. As, therefore, His design in regard to the United States is that in singleness of rule and oneness of language, country, and purpose, it should work out the destiny He has given it, He cannot but have decreed that the one faith should perfect this union, and firmly cement this oneness.

That the American people are disposed to correspond to this grace of the faith is evidenced by the gradual change of opinion, on Catholic subjects, which is visible in the present tone of the press and the public. The day when a mob of soldiery could enter, pillage, and devastate a Catholic village is happily passed, never to return. The malicious slanders on Catholic institutions are not received with the ready faith and the approving smile which greeted them in bygone years; and the attempt to revive dead and buried calumnies, and misrepresentations, is coldly received by the vast majority of the people of the States. True there are journals and books which mournfully exemplify the inability of their publishers and authors to keep pace with the advance of civilization and truth, but these are so few in number, and so valueless in influence, that they attract attention only on account of their forming the exception to what is becoming a general rule.

These changes in popular sentiment, which was formed, bred, and educated under Protestant influences, cannot be ascribed to mere indifference to religion, or indisposition to keep up the war which has ever been waged against the Church. On no questions do men, even those that appear indifferent, feel so strongly as on questions of religion. Protestantism, as represented by its ministers and its press, has not for a moment relinquished its warfare with the Church whose triumph seals its dissolution. Grace alone explains the change which has taken place in the heart of the American nation, on the subject of Catholicity, its claims, its work, and its mission. True, the singularly wise course pursued by the Church in all her relations with them has impressed them with an exalted idea of her and her hierarchy; and her extensive labors in the cause of education and philanthropy have disproved the charges of her opposition to learning, and an intolerant, ungracious, and inhuman spirit; but these facts and influences of themselves could not have drawn the people's heart steadily and surely to herself, nor have worked the revolution of opinion in her favor. It is God who is leading the nation to her embrace.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Chapter I.

Although amply endowed with the goods of fortune, and, moreover, still blessed with youth to enjoy its smiles, Mr. and Mrs. Mason had, nevertheless, partaken very largely of the cup of suffering, in which it is more or less the lot of every mortal to share. They were both too frail in health to permit themselves a rational anticipation of a long life; and thus it happened that the constant view of another and a better existence, served as an effectual counterpoise to the dangers inseparable from the possession of great wealth. Although surrounded by all the luxuries which opulence commands, they had learned to disengage their hearts from a world of which they deeply felt the nothingness, and to centre their happiness in the practice of virtue,—the only true consolation under the pressure of actual calamity—the only solid support in the hour of impending trial.

Death had suddenly snatched from their arms a beloved son, whose birth had filled their hearts with joy, and on this sad occasion, the bereaved mother had been recommended to seek the recovery of health and spirits in change of scene. She accordingly proceeded to the south of France, and having here partially regained her strength, returned after a time to Paris, full of hopeful and joyous anticipations. The birth of a little girl about this time, by adding a new tie to life, naturally increased her desire to prolong existence. The affections of both parents were at once devoted in all their ardor to the infant Honorine, who, as a mark of her early dedication to the Mother of God, was for seven years to be clothed only in white.

Honorine daily increased in strength and beauty, and almost before she could speak, intelligence of mind and warmth of feeling seemed portrayed on her beaming countenance; but at the same time she evinced an obstinacy and violence of temper strangely contrasted with her amiable mother's peculiarly mild and retiring disposition. She was perfectly absolute in enforcing the gratification of all her childish whims, and her mother seeing no danger in their indulgence, yielded to them, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Mason, who unfortunately shrank from opposing his gentle wife as resolutely as might have been needful. The finest qualities frequently degenerate into faults, a maxim strikingly exemplified by this amiable couple, who carried their parental affection to the excess of weakness. So foolishly fond were they of their only child, that they could refuse her nothing she wished for.

Dr. Blundell, an intimate friend of Mr. Mason, was the only person whom Honorine feared or obeyed. He frequently warned his friends that they ought to exercise a stronger control over the little girl,

who daily became more imperious, and if not checked would, before she was ten years old, reduce the whole family under her despotic sway. Matilda, Mr. Blundell's wife, was Lucy Mason's warmest friend; she loved Honorine dearly, and frequently reprimanded her in the same mild but firm tone as she was accustomed to reprove her only son Arthur, to whom she proved her solid love by bringing him up in habits of perfect gentleness and submission.

Lucy, although very desirous to adopt her friend's prudent advice, had not fortitude to oppose her daughter's violent outbursts of passion, otherwise than by tears. True, these were not ineffectual, for as the child's ardor of affection equalled her strength of passion, no sooner did she see her mother weep, than forgetting all her imaginary grievances, she threw herself into her arms, and besought her to dry her eyes, and smile on her again; but scarcely was the request complied with, when a new storm of passion followed.

Thus passed Honorine's early years, during which her mother gradually declined in strength, worn out by her incessant anxiety for her idolized child. The seventh anniversary of the little one's birth was celebrated with even greater festivity than any of those which had preceded it. On this day all was joy and happiness; grateful thanks were offered to Heaven for Honorine's preservation through the protection of Mary, from the many dangers of infancy. Hopes were entertained that, as her reason developed itself, her temper would improve in proportion, and some trifling efforts which she made about this time to conquer its defects, strengthened these pleasing anticipations.

Lucy did not share in the general rejoicing; though apparently gay, it was her lips alone that smiled, while her eyes wore an expression of such deep sadness, that Mrs. Blundell became seriously uneasy. Taking her friend into the garden, she urged her to impart the cause of her dejection. Lucy's eyes filled with tears, but perceiving that her daughter had followed them, she declined speaking before her.

Honorine, who had been quietly playing with her doll, quickly laid it aside on perceiving her mother's emotion, and imagining that Matilda had annoyed her, she exclaimed, her face red with passion, "Mrs. Blundell, why do you make mamma cry?"

"You mistake, my child," replied Lucy, embracing her: "Mrs. Blundell is my best, my dearest friend; you must love her as a second mother, when"—— She stopped, and pressed her child still closer to her heart.

"No, mamma, I will never love her as well as you, or papa: she is unkind, she has made you weep; she scolds Arthur, and even scolds your own Honorine."

"Solely for your good, my child, and because she is anxious you should correct the faults which must make you unhappy; you will one day feel grateful to her, but go and play now, and do not be unjust to your mother's best friend."

Honorine proceeded a few steps, and then suddenly returned to say, "Do not cry, mamma, or Honorine will love no one any more." Then

Wilson. Dr. Blundell found the latter less seriously indisposed than he expected, and hoped, by care, to prolong his life; it did not, however, appear probable that he would ever be able to bear the voyage to Europe, and as he did not wish to be again separated from his children, they could not calculate on returning to France for some time.

Poor Lucy was now suffering acutely, and had no longer a friend to whom she could confide her uneasiness, having determined to conceal it from her dear husband, and thus to insure him some additional days of peace and happiness.

Still she was not alone; for she derived strength and consolation from the presence of the Almighty, who, as an earnest of the everlasting reward in store for her, soothed her present sorrows, and alleviated her most acute pains.

The veil was at length removed from Mr. Mason's eyes, and the imminent danger of his beloved wife plainly revealed to him. She exhorted and encouraged him to make the sacrifice cheerfully, directing his views to that home where their souls should be forever united in bliss, and she also tried to impress on her little girl's mind those principles best calculated to guide her in the path of duty and happiness. Mr. Mason called in the most eminent physicians, but all to no purpose;—the resources of medical art were exhausted; change of air and scene, once found beneficial, could no longer be resorted to; death approached with such rapid strides, that to baffle it longer was impossible. Lucy lay stretched on a couch of suffering, soon to be her bed of death; still, strange as it may sound, time passed peacefully around that bed; for there the subject of conversation was the joys of heaven;—the immense recompense awaiting the transitory sufferings of earth; and there, too, resounded the cheering exhortations of a holy priest, who came to edify, and quitted the scene most profoundly edified. After enduring with untiring patience the varied sufferings of a lingering decline, Lucy was warned by her physicians, as well as by her extreme weakness, that the hour of deliverance was near.

She then made her final preparation with increased fervor. Her heart was no longer on earth, for she seemed to have caught a glimpse of her heavenly home; she spoke of God, the Blessed Virgin, and spiritual subjects, with the most affecting unction, and when any one tried to renew her hopes of recovery, or suggested motives of earthly consolation, she answered, in a soul-thrilling tone, "This is not the time!"

Such perfect resignation and angelic detachment, could not fail to impress all those who witnessed them; and, in truth, none beheld the dying Christian, without feeling their faith strengthened, and their souls penetrated with heavenly sweetness.

The final hour dawned at last. Lucy, fortified by the last Sacraments, took leave of her husband, blessed her beloved child, and peacefully terminated her brief career.

The little Honorine could not yet understand death. When her mother breathed her last, she was sitting at the foot of the bed, and, thinking that she had fallen asleep, tried to awake her, anxious as she

always was to engage the undivided attention of all around her. Finding her efforts useless she leaped off the bed, and throwing herself into her father's arms, said, she was tired, and asked him to come and play with her. But the poor mourner did not even hear her. Overwhelmed with anguish, he knelt motionless, tearless, and stunned, beside the cold remains of her he had so long and fondly loved, and insensible to all but the blow which had crushed him to the earth, forgot for a time the presence, nay, the existence of his child. Surprised and annoyed at his prolonged silence, Honorine burst at last into a violent fit of passion, her ordinary resource in contradiction; and, finally, succeeded by her piercing screams in arousing the attention of her unhappy father, who hastily clasped her in his arms, and with a distracted air hurried from the chamber of death.

The remembrance of Lucy's virtues was well calculated to console her sorrowing friends, affording as it did a well-grounded hope of her eternal happiness; and on those virtues, and their glorious recompense, it became their habit, as well as their comfort, to dwell. A few days after her death, in compliance with her own request, all her family, and several of her poor pensioners, assisted at a solemn Mass and Office for her soul's repose, and received the Holy Communion for the same intention.

Mr. Mason was not destined long to survive his wife; his naturally weak constitution had received so severe a shock at her death, that his gradual decline became daily more perceptible. Wishing to place his child and her fortune under the guardianship of Doctor Blundell, he was preparing to make his will to that effect, when the sad intelligence reached him, that that excellent man had fallen a victim to yellow fever, after having frequently risked his life in attending others attacked by it.

This event very much increased the anxiety of Mr. Mason's last days; he was at a loss to whom he could now confide his daughter. Blinded by his too unsuspecting confidence, he conceived it prudent to nominate as her guardian one of the most eminent bankers in Paris, in whose hands all his funds were placed; who had constantly evinced the greatest interest in his welfare, and who was generally esteemed to have acted in all the relations of life with uprightness and integrity.

This arrangement being concluded, Mr. Mason directed all his thoughts to preparation for death, and a few days after breathed his last, on the same bed as his dear Lucy.

Chapter III.

As it is Honorine's history we are writing, the preceding particulars relative to her parents may be almost deemed a digression; the short sketch we have given of her childhood must have prepared the reader for the vicissitudes and trials to which the young orphan was subjected, in consequence of the violence of her temper and the injudicious training of her youth.

Mr. Mason's will was very short; he entreated Mr. Blamont, whom he appointed Honorine's guardian, to watch over his dear child's happiness, bequeathing him, as remu-

neration for his trouble, a very handsome legacy, and leaving his daughter an immense fortune. Honorine was now more than eight years old, and understood very well that she had sustained an irreparable loss. The grief caused by her mother's death was vividly renewed by the last sad event; she was for a time quite inconsolable, knowing well that none would ever love her as her mother and father had done. Amongst all the servants, none sympathized so much with her as her nurse Frances, who deeply regretted her master and mistress, with whom she had lived many years. She had taken care of Honorine ever since her birth, and forgetting, in her grief, how much she had had to endure from her violence, she now thought only of consoling her.

But Honorine rejected all her efforts to amuse her; she cried and sobbed, and gave touching proofs of deep sorrow. Mr. Blamont, finding it necessary to pass several days in the late Mr. Mason's house, in order to put himself fully in possession of his affairs, soon perceived that the management of the child would be no easy task; and having vainly tried to pacify her, finally gave directions to have her removed to the country. Honorine loudly protested that the house was hers, and that she would not leave it; but her opposition to her guardian's wishes was of no avail; he proved himself as determined as she was, and not taking the slightest notice of his pretty little ward's rage, quietly desired that preparations should be made for her departure on the following morning.

Poor Frances, who appeared deeply attached to her young mistress, but, unfortunately, was ignorant of the right principles of education, adopted a most dangerous and pernicious system of consolation. "Really," she said, "Mr. Blamont is very unkind to act so tyrannically towards you, my poor, dear child; you, who are so charming, so amiable, and who will yet be one of the richest ladies in Paris; it is particularly unfeeling just now, too, when you are in such deep affliction for your dear papa's death."

From observations like these, Honorine drew this one conclusion: "What use is it to be so rich, if I cannot do as I like, and if I am to die of grief? Sister Frances," she said, "we must run away."

"Run away, my dear young lady, and where are we to go?"

"No matter where, if we only get away from this nasty man."

This plan by no means suited Frances, for she knew very well that Mr. Blamont was invested with an authority which no one could dispute. She, therefore, endeavored to convince Honorine that it was impossible to escape his power, but at the same time reminded her that, when older, she would be her own mistress, as well as one of the richest and most admired persons in Paris, or even in the world, provided she did not destroy her beauty by crying. She foretold that she would be more sought after than any princess in the fairy tales they had read together, and that she would be married to a prince, or at least to a nobleman of very high rank.

Though many years must elapse before these fine prophecies could

be realized, Honorine's vanity was flattered by them, and thus Frances succeeded in pacifying her, and inducing her to submit to circumstances. The child fully decided that she would faithfully improve every opportunity of annoying her guardian, but this project was frustrated by Mr. Blamont's absence, he having prudently left the house till after her departure, to prevent a recurrence of unpleasant scenes. Before leaving, he gave orders to his own servants to use force in removing her, if needful. If Honorine had not seen Frances get into the carriage first, she would have resisted to the last extremity, rather than allow herself to be conducted to it: the certainty, however, of not being separated from her faithful companion in some degree reconciled her to quit her home. The little girl had another favorite, with which nothing could induce her to part. This was a beautiful gray parrot, which Mr. Blundell had sent her, after having taught it to repeat several sentences; and as Honorine was continually petting it, it had become greatly attached to her. Mr. Blamont's servants vainly endeavored to prevent her bringing it with her; she showed such determined obstinacy on this point, that they were compelled to submit. Just as the carriage was starting, Honorine caught sight of the windows of her father's apartment, the shutters of which were closed; at that moment all her well-grounded sorrow was renewed, and her whims were forgotten. "Poor, dear, good papa!" she exclaimed, as she leant on the coach-door to take a long last look at the windows; but the vehicle moving on, she soon lost sight of the paternal mansion, and as she found herself thus forcibly separated from the home of her childhood, she shed tears of real affection and deep grief. It was in vain that Frances reminded her she would destroy her eyes. This and similar arguments produced no effect; but when, after passing through Paris, she inhaled the pure and refreshing breeze of the country, and enjoyed the pleasing prospect presented by the suburbs of the capital, novelty of scene gradually brought comfort. The destined term of her journey was the residence of Mr. Blamont's aunt, an old-fashioned castle, some leagues from Paris. It was nearly dark when she reached it; an avenue of great length led to the black-looking building, and a park of very gloomy appearance lay behind. The lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the place at once invested it with gloom in the imagination of Honorine; and even Frances, who, truth to tell, more than half believed in ghosts, could not refrain from an emotion of terror.

The travellers alighted, and an old gray-headed man, nearly doubled in two, opened the door with most respectful salutations. The servants who met them in the corridors, appeared also to belong to a past age; and the sight of so many solemn faces, while it depressed the child's spirits, renewed her ill-humor. After repeated investigations of the parcel she carried in her hand, the old servant at last satisfied himself that it was nothing more nor less than a parrot's cage; and, as a sequel to the astounding discovery, he begged

most respectfully to inform her, that animals of all descriptions being interdicted an entrance to his mistress's apartments, she must be contented to leave her pet at the gardener's lodge.

"Give up Jaquot?" she exclaimed, in indignant surprise; "most certainly not. He always stays in my room, and he shall not leave me!"

"My dear young lady," replied old Comyns, in a most supplicating tone; "I dare not let him into the drawing-room; my mistress's orders on the subject are positive."

"I say he shall go to the drawing-room," screamed Honorine; "or if not, neither will I enter it. My dear Jaquot shall stay with me, or I will go back to Paris."

As she spoke, the drawing-room door opened, and Honorine beheld, for the first time, Mrs. Richard, her guardian's aunt. The lady was considerably advanced in years, and having lived in utter seclusion so long as totally to lose sight of the world and its fashions, she was habited in the antique costume of a full half century past. Unaccustomed to restrain her impulses, or evince any respect for others, Honorine greeted the strange apparition with a hearty burst of laughter; and, turning to Frances, she said—

"Really, nurse, this must be Dr. Blundell's great-great-grandmother. Don't you remember the picture in his study?"

The remark was made in a loud tone of voice, and followed by another ringing peal of laughter.

"I am much surprised," said the old lady, gravely, "that my nephew should have sent me a rude, impertinent, little girl, instead of the gentle, well-mannered young lady, I expected. But, Comyns," she added, turning to the servant, "why have you let this parrot in here, when you know I never allow animals in the house?"

"You need not scold the poor old man," said Honorine, "this parrot is mine, and if I am to remain here, it must stay with me."

At the same time she held Jaquot firmly with both her hands, and cast a look of defiance at her astonished hostess. Mrs. Richard indignantly withdrew, having first desired Comyns to show her nephew's ward to the apartments prepared for her, and then to go to Paris, and tell Mr. Blamont to come at once, and remove her disagreeable guest.

Honorine, quite delighted at this order, hastened to her room, where she fondly caressed her parrot, saying to it, again and again,—"Many thanks, dear Jaquot; you have done me an immense service."

(To be continued.)

THE FATE OF THE FAIRY SWAN.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A note prefixed by Moore to his pathetic song, "*Silent, O Moyle! be the voice of thy waters!*" will explain this little poem.

"Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release."

The fanciful fiction (typical, no doubt, of the release of the soul, through the agency of the Gospel, from the dark thraldom of superstition) was found among the manuscript translations from the Irish in the possession of the late Countess of Moira.

"When shall the Swan her death-note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness furled?
When shall heav'n its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?"

Song of Fionnuala.

I.

Up and down the crystal river
Sailed the fair enchanted Swan;
In the east a rose-flush quivered,
In the west the stars grew wan:
On the bank in costume rude,
Knelt a mighty multitude.

II.

And the dew, in gentle showers,
Bathed the bishop's cope and crook;
Gemmed the altar crowned with flowers,
Flashed on chalice, bell, and book:
While the priest upon the grass,
Offered up the first great Mass.

III.

First great Mass on Erin's altars!
Sunburst brighter than the dawn!
Closer to the reeds and rushes,
Swam the fair enchanted Swan—
Throbbing fast, and drooping low,
Feathered breast, and wings of snow.

IV.

With her weird bright eyes she watched them,
That mysterious multitude—
Prostrate on the ground, and sobbing
As they beat their breasts subdued:
Every lip (unshorn or bare),
Trembling with ecstatic prayer.

V.

"Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!"—murmured
At the shrine the bending priest,
All was still—the very breathing
Of that mighty gath'ring ceased,
As upon the hush there fell
Silvery tinkling of a bell!

VI.

Sacred sound, so long awaited!
Blessed chiming, long deferred!
In the mist, among the rushes,
Something white and trembling stirred
As the bird, in rapture strong,
Sang her last delicious song.

VII.

"Farewell! Erin, 'mid the waters,
Shining like an em'rald green!
Ne'er again shall Fionnuala,
On your sparkling lakes be seen—
After ages of unrest,
Sweet shall be her slumbers blest.

VIII.

"Christ has triumphed! Christ has riven
From my soul its shackles sore—
Farewell, Erin! child of heaven!
Never shall I see thee more.
Chime, O chime! thou silvery bell!
Lir's lone daughter breathes farewell!"

IX.

Ringing sweetly—ringing softly—
Lo! a white ethereal shape,
With the last clear note of triumph,
Winged to heaven its glad escape!
Farewell, lough! farewell bright river!
Fionnuala is free forever!

UNDER THE COMMUNE.

NARRATIVE OF THE OCCUPATION BY THE COMMUNE, AND THE DELIVERANCE BY THE TROOPS, OF THE CENTRAL HOUSE OF CHARITY OF THE SISTERS OF S. VINCENT OF PAUL, RUE DU BAC, PARIS.

Most Catholic visitors in Paris are acquainted with the large house of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac, its enormous length of frontage to the street, its wide *porte cochère*, and within the gates its avenue of limes, its beautiful church and vast reception-room, where the Sisters in their gray dresses and white cornettes (now quite a familiar sight in London) go in and out on all sorts of charitable business, receiving in their frank, simple, cordial manner poor visitors, and dismissing rather summarily idle ones. There is no house in the world like that mother-house of the immense community of Sisters of Charity. It is like a hive from whence swarm in every direction through the street of Paris those Sisters of whom their holy founder, S. Vincent of Paul, said that "their monasteries were hospitals, their cells hired rooms, their chapel the parish church, and their cloisters the streets—their inclosure obedience, their gate the fear of God, and their diet holy modesty." From that house some of them also daily take their departure for distant countries, carrying with them the self-same rule, the self-same spirit, the same indefatigable love of God and of the poor. That house, so dear to every Catholic heart, not only in France, but wherever the daughters of S. Vincent of Paul are known and loved, ran great dangers during the last days of the lawless rule of the Commune, and escaped almost by a miracle the doom with which it was threatened. By the middle of May almost all the Sisters of Charity of the various arrondissements had been driven out of their houses and compelled to quit Paris. Up to that time those at the mother-house had not been molested, but felt, of course, very uneasy about the future. Their apprehensions were soon to be realized. On the 15th of May notice was privately given to the Mother-General that they might expect a domiciliary visit that day, and that the papers and archives of the community would be put under seal. The most essential precautions were immediately taken, in so far at least as was possible at that moment, for no parcels of any sort could then leave Paris without a strict search. A week, however, elapsed without anything taking place—a week of suspense and fear, for every day tidings were brought of other religious communities having been summarily expelled.

On the 20th, at 10 o'clock in the evening, the door-bell rang. The portress looked out of the window, and saw a crowd of armed men, who were asking for admittance in the name of the Commune. In obedience to the instructions that had been given to her, she begged to know if this visit could not be possibly put off till the morning,

"There are a great number of us here," she said, "and we should be very much obliged to you if you could grant us a few hours' delay."

One of the men said he would go and take the orders of the Commune on that point, and a good many of the others followed him. The Mother-General and the Sister-assistant went to one of the rooms that looked into the street to await their return. A dense crowd had by that time gathered round the house. The Sisters were desired to withdraw at once to their respective dormitories. A delegate of the Commune soon appeared and gave orders to open the door. He came accompanied by a dozen National Guards, a captain, and a sergeant. He said: "Do not be frightened, Sisters, we shall not hurt you, in fact, we have come here to take care of you." He then told the Mother-General that he must locate his men in the house, and inquired what place could be assigned for this purpose. She showed him the parlor. He said it would do, and ordered the National Guards to take possession of it. After that, he announced that he must visit the portion of the building occupied by the Seminary (the Noviciate). The Mother-General said: "Sir, if we are to be sent away, I should like to have a few days' notice. It is not, as you can suppose, an easy thing to vacate at once a house in which there are as many as 399 persons. Amongst these are 130 young girls, and several infirm persons." The delegate shrugged his shoulders and smiled; it was evident that he perfectly well knew what were the intentions of the Commune, but he answered that it was no business of his. No doubt remained in the minds of the Sisters that the plan was to turn their house into a citadel, and to fire from it on the advancing regular troops. The Mother-General saw at once that there was no help for it, and that the community must, as speedily as possible, abandon the house.

The delegate next inquired if there was any other door opening on the streets, and the Mother-General mentioned the one in the Rue de Babylone. As she took him to see it, he always insisted when they went through a door that she should pass before him a piece of politeness which gave her very little comfort. The street door was ordered to be left half open, and two sentinels placed outside. The soldiers occupied the parlor. The delegate then withdrew, reiterating his assurances that no harm was meant to the Sisters. Notwithstanding this declaration, the night was a sleepless and most anxious one. Scarcely an eye was closed, though every one in obedience to the orders given retired to her bed. They felt as if their ardent prayers to be allowed to remain in the beloved home of their early religious life were not going to be granted; and that a higher favor, perhaps, was about to be bestowed upon them—one from which nature shrank though faith accepted it—a share in the Cross and sufferings of our Divine Lord. For the first time within the memory of the inmates of that home no bell rang at four o'clock, A.M., as a signal for rising. But there was no need for it that morning. The Sisters were soon up and assembled for prayer.

A great consolation awaited those of the Habits (so called in contradistinction to the Novices); they were summoned to the Sacristy to receive the Holy Eucharist. In prevision of such an emergency, orders had been given by the ecclesiastical authorities, that if no priest could come to them, they should, nevertheless, communicate and consume the Host. Short was the time for preparation, but the prayers and acts of resignation in which the night had been spent, were, no doubt, accepted as such by Our Divine Lord. All repaired to the chapel to make their thanksgivings. No Mass was said there that day. The Mother-General had found means to apprise the Father-Director of S. Lazare of the situation of the house, and that his appearance would be a signal danger both to himself and to them. But she managed to obtain permission to go out, and hastened to S. Lazare in order to confer with him, and decide on the measures to be taken. They agreed that she should solicit an authorization for the whole community to leave the house, and on her return she prevailed on Citoyen Lefevre, one of the National Guards on duty, to apply for it. He answered for obtaining it from Citoyen Picard, and was as good as his word. He soon came back with the permission duly signed. The Novices were to be the first to leave, and one of the Sisters was dispatched to the Lyons terminus, where she vainly solicited a reduction in the price of the tickets, a favor invariably granted to the Sisters of Charity in France. She engaged twelve railway omnibuses to convey the Novices to the station. They were to leave the Rue du Bac at four; their destination was Montolieu. In the meantime the Mother-General had given to the Habit Sisters (Sœurs de S. Habit) directions as to the various places they were to proceed to—some late that evening, some early the next morning. It was with unspeakable sadness that they packed up their scanty worldly goods. At the thought of leaving the time-honored Sanctuary, which had been to all of them the birthplace of their religious life, they found it difficult to say cheerfully the *fiat* of acquiescence; but the moment of separation was at hand, and the carriages at the door, when Citoyen Lefevre arrived with an order from Citoyen Urbain, the adjoint of the Mayor in that arrondissement, forbidding any one to leave the house without his own special and duly signed permission, which he intended to bring himself. She profited by the interval to assemble round her all the Novices, and to say to them a few words at the moment of separation. They then went with heavy hearts to take their places in the carriages which were waiting for them. A long and weary delay ensued. The adjoint did not appear for some time. As the people passed along the street, they stopped to look at what was going on. Many a blessing was uttered on the Sisters, and many muttered expressions of indignation against those who were obliging them to depart. "Never mind, Sisters," an old man said, "they are driving you away, but your numbers will increase in consequence, and everybody feels for you." The National Guards placed

at the door were roundly abused by the passers-by, and they had to call the Sisters to witness that they had behaved well to them, which they certainly could testify, for though these men had performed the odious task assigned to them, their personal conduct had been unexceptionable.

At last the adjoint made his appearance. He reproved the sergeant of the guard for having, at the request of one of the assistant Sisters, brought him a message to hurry his movements. He told him his business in the house was to command, and not to obey. That the Sisters had no business to apply to the Commune for any permission, as he was himself charged with the direction of the Maisons de Secours, and the educational establishments of the arrondissement. The Sister-assistant told him that the mother-house was not a Maison de Secours. "But you have a school," he answered. "No, sir." "Then who," he asked with a sneer, "are the 130 girls you spoke of?" "They are here to be trained in the service of God," she replied, but not much expecting this would enlighten him. He made an ironical observation, and they went for the Mother-Superior, to whom he was rather more civil. He insisted on having a copy given him of the list of all Novices that were to leave that day, and also of the Sisters who were to take their departure on the morrow, with all the particulars as to their ages, families, birth-places, &c. This was evidently done in order to have time to visit the house and garden for ultimate purposes. He occupied himself with this inspection while they were transcribing the list he required. The sister who was obliged to show him over the place heard him say to the sergeant of the post, "This will make a capital battery." At last the order was signed, and the carriages with the young Sisters drove away to the station. Here they were made to undergo a minute inspection of their baskets, containing a few provisions for the journey, which made them miss the train. They could not get away till ten o'clock at night, and then were obliged to leave their baskets behind. As the Citoyen Urbain was coming out of the house a woman cried out to him, "If I had only a pistol in my hand I would blow your brains out. We want the Sisters, and we don't want you!" The unhappy man was sure to go to his account, though not by the hands of this desperate partisan of the Sisters. Three days afterwards he was killed.

The night was spent in writing out the list required by the adjoint. It was not finished till two o'clock in the morning, but the Sisters did not venture to disturb that functionary till much later, though they were intensely anxious to get the order signed, having good reason to apprehend that there was danger of the Mother-General being detained as a hostage. The whole Community had gathered round her to receive her parting instructions. What she said to them on this occasion is a wonderful specimen of the simple and practical spirit of the order of S. Vincent of Paul.

At a moment of so much anxiety and excitement little things are

thought of and eventualities foreseen with calmness and presence of mind which makes us understand the efficiency of this numerous army of charity. For instance, after directions as to spiritual duties and the spirit in which their exile was to be accepted, the Mother-General plainly tells the Sisters that it was very probable they may have to make a fresh start in complete poverty, and, therefore, to fill their bags with nothing but what was positively useful. No books even, with the exception of the Manual and Imitation of Christ, but to take in them as much linen as possible, as that would serve to begin a *lingerie* if the one in Paris were destroyed. She herself was going to leave behind all the rare and valuable things that had been sent home from the foreign missions. Gladly would she have remained in the Rue du Bac till the last Sister had departed, but the known wishes of their Very Rev. Father (the General of the Lazarists, Superior also of the Order of the Sisters of Charity) obliged her, if she could, to go at once; at the same time it was very probable that the Commune would detain her as a hostage. She is as ready to obey against her inclination as quietly to anticipate the other alternative. And then she bids them farewell in a few words: "God only knows when we shall all meet again, if indeed we are to meet again at all in this world. I hope so, but we must leave the future in His hands."

After receiving her blessing, the Sisters, who were all in tears, proceeded silently and sadly to the Refectory, feeling that this was perhaps the last time they would sit down to a meal together. They had hardly seated themselves when the voice of one of the Sister-assistants was heard, saying: "Mother, we are saved!" She had just heard the news that the troops had entered Paris, and were marching in their direction. For once silence was broken, excusably enough it will be admitted, by exclamations between prayers and thanksgivings. "Is it possible? Is it true? Can it really be so?" They had so often been deceived by similar reports. The Mother-General could hardly believe the announcement, and tried to keep down their hopes. Many of the Sisters rushed to the chapel, and, throwing themselves on their knees, poured forth their gratitude to our Blessed Lord, who, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother, was about to deliver them. In a quarter of an hour the news was confirmed, and the whole Community joined in saying the Rosary in thanksgiving.

A providential circumstance, as is well known, had hastened the entry of the troops, which had been fixed for a more distant day. Who can help believing that this was in answer to the prayers of so many holy souls in jeopardy at that fearful moment?

The terrible noise of the cannon firing upon the houses and nearing every moment, warned the Sisters that if on one hand the hour of deliverance from the Commune was approaching, on the other they were running the greatest dangers; but in the joy and excitement of that moment they had no fear of death. It seemed to them sweeter by far to die, if such were the will of God, in the blessed Sanctuary to which

they had clung in faith and love during those long terrible weeks, than to be forced to quit their cherished home and their beloved Mother and Sisters. And then a strong confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin gave them a feeling of security, even when at nine o'clock a fearful battle began to rage at their very doors. The barracks in the Rue de Babylone were in the power of the troops, and the Rue du Bac swept by artillery was literally strewn with corpses.

The so-called *Protectors* of the previous days had lost all their courage. They began by closing the entrance door, and for some time pretended to keep guard inside; but soon they begged the Sisters to go to the door in case any one asked to come in. One of them answered, "Then if you have nothing to do here, go into the parlor," a hint they gladly took. A moment afterwards, when the door had been opened for a minute by a Sister and she was turning the key, one of them ran out and cried, "Turn it twice, Sister, to make quite sure." In the course of the morning their wives, who were frightened about them, brought some clothes to aid them to escape. Two of the husbands went into the chapel with their wives, and prayed more devoutly than they had probably done for a long time. The Mother-General permitted them to remain in the house, being unwilling to cause their arrest. Most of them managed to get away in the afternoon; five only were not gone by the evening. They resolved at last to cross the threshold, but had not gone many steps before they were made prisoners. At eight o'clock some of the regular soldiers came to ask for the arms these men had left behind. The Sister-assistant said, "We should be very sorry to be the occasion of their deaths." "Yes, yes," they answered, "you would not hurt them, we know; but we know too the harm they wanted to do, and we have come in time to save you." They then went away. The night that followed was dreadful. Till seven o'clock in the morning the firing continued incessantly. The troops were storming a barricade under the walls of the Hospital for Incurables. The Sisters assembled in the chapel in hopes that M. Mailly, their almoner, would be able to reach the house and to say Mass. But it was impossible to cross the streets from St. Lazare. Soon after seven the troops carried the barricade. The insurgents concentrated themselves in the space where the Hospice des Menages used to stand, and for some time the roar of the cannon was fearful, and houses fell in every direction. By ten o'clock the soldiers lined the Rue du Bac. The sisters provided them as quickly as they could with food, for they were exhausted with hunger and fatigue. They had just time to eat their soup, and just as slices of meat were being handed to them the rappel was heard, and they were obliged to march on. From that moment shells began to fall on the house and to burst on every side. The Mother-General had a narrow escape—one struck the wall under her window, which, if it had exploded, must have killed her. Another set the house on fire. The most able-bodied of the Sisters worked hard to extinguish it, whilst

the others prayed as hard in the chapel, and the flames were put out before much damage had been done. It was principally from the barricade at Montrouge that the fire was kept up.

At the usual hour the Sisters were ordered to retire to their beds. The night seemed very long: for the noise of the cannon and the falling of shells did not cease. No one could sleep, and all were glad when four o'clock struck; and still more when, on going into chapel, they saw the candles on the altar lighted for Mass. They received Holy Communion with the liveliest feelings of gratitude. It happened to be the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. Whilst they were making their thanksgiving, a message came to the Mother-General to say that a number of families, whose houses had been destroyed during the night, were seeking for shelter. She went immediately to invite the women and children into the parlor, and advised the men to go to St. Lazare (the house of the Lazarist Fathers). Two Sisters were appointed to wait on these poor people, who were lodged and fed for two days in the house. In the course of the day the firing stopped. The barricade at the Croix Rouge had been taken; but now a new and terrible anxiety succeeded the horrors of the fighting. Dense clouds of smoke gave warning of the conflagrations which were beginning to rage in every direction. The impossibility of obtaining accurate information increased the alarm. People came to the house bringing all sorts of reports, many of which proved too true. First, that the Tuilleries were on fire; a moment afterwards, the Hotel de Ville; then the Palais de Justice; and, closer to them still, that of the Legion d'Honneur. Fragments of burning or blackened paper flying about the air were blown down the streets and into the garden, and the whole of Paris seemed likely to become a prey to the flames. A violent shock was felt, and then an officer rushed in to ask if one hundred ambulance beds could be prepared. The Sisters offered fifty at once, and said they would get the others ready, but after all they were not required. It was supposed that the explosion at the Luxembourg had wounded many of the Versailles soldiers, but it had providentially taken place just before their passage and done them consequently no harm. The Mother's house was, however, made the head-quarters for the time being of all the ambulances in the open air, and the court was filled with wagons and horses. The consequences of this were immediately apparent, it became the object of a violent discharge of artillery from the barricade in the Marche St. Germain. The Sisters were obliged to take refuge in the cellars. Shells fell again on the roof and against the walls, making large holes and shattering some parts of the building. M. Mailly spent the whole day going from one part of the house to another, examining the shells and ascertaining those that had not burst were not filled with petroleum. It was late in the evening before he felt secure on that point. Towards nightfall a messenger came to give notice to the Sisters that the gasworks were expected to blow up,

but this danger was warded off. They experienced, however, the shock of the explosion of the stores of brandy at Bercy, though not so severely as the one at the Luxembourg. The night was still a very anxious one, for they could hear the cannon louder than ever, and knew that a desperate struggle was going on. At last the next morning the news reached them that the Hotel de Ville was taken and the party of order triumphant! Looking back on the dangers they so narrowly escaped, and welcoming their Novices to the home so wonderfully preserved, and which they had not been obliged to leave even for a day, their hearts were raised to God with unbounded gratitude for his countless mercies.

MARTIN JOHN SPALDING.

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6. Fugitive Pieces.

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ONE of the objects for which this Magazine was instituted is the wider diffusion among Catholics of the writings of our native Catholic authors. It is a subject of profound regret that our people are, for various reasons, unacquainted with the rich treasures of theology, history, and literature, that have been contributed to American letters by Catholic culture and scholarship. The impression has gone abroad that there is no Catholic authorship of any eminence in this country; that our press is immeasurably inferior in merit and influence to that of the least of sects; that our books and magazines do not raise even a ripple on the current of American thought, or affect in the slightest degree the tone of the public mind on theological or philosophical problems.

This false idea originates in the lack of means, which Catholics appear to have, to discover the abundance and the excellence of American Catholic literature. It is a noticeable fact that but few of our reviews and periodicals give that prominence to the productions of native authorship to which their intrinsic worth entitles them; and it has been truly said that the work of advertising a good Catholic book is left almost exclusively to its pub-

lisher, whose efforts to circulate it are frequently ascribed to the meanest of motives.

It is to better this state of things, and to endeavor to awaken our Catholics to a consciousness of the value and beauty of the works of our native writers, that we intend devoting occasionally a few pages to a careful and extensive review of the works of eminent Catholic genius in this country. We begin with His Grace, the present Primate of our national Church, not only because of his exalted position and character, but also because his writings are worthy of a place among the best creations of native literary talent, Protestant as well as Catholic.

A biographical notice of this illustrious prelate will prove interesting to our readers, though we regret to say that we have been unable to obtain the biographical minutiæ which, trifling as they read, best illustrate the character of the man. He who has so beautifully and graphically depicted the life and character of Bishop Flaget, has been singularly reticent on the subject of his own private life. We believe that when he was requested to permit the publication of a number of reminiscences in which he was the principal actor, he steadfastly refused. It is to be hoped, however, that he himself will leave a memoir of a life which has been spent in the services of the Church, and which has exerted on her destiny and mission in America so powerful and beneficent an influence.

He was born in Marion County, Kentucky, May 23d, 1810, just at the time when Bishop Flaget was entering on his episcopal career in the West. Kentucky was still the "dark and bloody ground." Throughout the vast extent of the state, there were but eight priests to assist the venerable Bishop in his labors to supply the spiritual wants of his flock, which numbered about six thousand souls. This saintly prelate, in the early part of the year 1812, rode eight hundred miles on horseback, on missionary duty. "His life is identified with the early history of the Catholic Church in the West and South, for a period of more than forty years. The first Bishop who came to the West, he labored for several years alone; and he lived to see eleven new Dioceses —including an Apostolic Vicariate —springing up within the limits of the vast territory, either comprised in his original diocese, or placed for some time under his episcopal supervision."

It was under the paternal care and love, and with the example of this holy bishop before him, that young Spalding entered upon and pursued his ecclesiastical studies; first, at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and next at St. Mary's, Lebanon. The Archbishop has left us an interesting sketch of both these institutions: "St. Joseph's College had its humble commencement as a day-school, in a basement room of the old Seminary at Bardstown, about the year 1820; and St. Mary's was founded in the following year. The Rev. G. A. M. Elder was selected by the Bishop to be the founder, and first president of the former, and his intimate friend, Rev. Wm. Byrne, was chosen to fulfil the same offices for the latter. These two clergymen had all the qualities re-

quisite for success in the arduous undertakings assigned them; and God's blessing did not fail to attend their efforts.

"The institutions respectively founded by these two devoted priests, after having gone through many vicissitudes and reverses, were placed at last on a secure footing. For twenty-eight years the secular clergy had charge of St. Joseph's College; and during a great part of this time the theological seminary was placed near the College, the seminarians teaching, or performing duty therein, a few hours per day. The Bishops for many years lived in the Seminary and ate at the same table with the young candidates for the priesthood. This connection of the two institutions had its advantages as well as inconveniences. Experience, however, showed that many of the seminarians had their vocations shaken by being thrown so much in contact with youth of the world; while scarcely a candidate for the ministry was obtained among those who received their education in the College. The Bishop was greatly distressed at this, and he adopted every means in his power to obviate or correct the evil.

"For this purpose he established at St. Thomas' a preparatory seminary for such young men as might give indications of a vocation to the ecclesiastical state. This seminary was placed at first under the charge of the Rev. M. Derigand, and after his death it continued in operation for several years, but was finally closed.

"The founding of St. Mary's College and its remarkable success for twelve years, were attributable to the zeal and indomitable energy of one man. Without money or men to help him, the Rev. W. Byrne purchased the farm and erected the buildings, paying the whole cost in tuition. He did more. He formed himself the teachers who were to aid him in carrying on the College. He originated everything. And what is more remarkable still, he exercised, at the same time, the holy ministry in the neighboring congregations. He was always the last in bed, and the first up in the morning; though often in the course of the night he was for many hours absent visiting the sick.

"The two colleges of St. Joseph and St. Mary became corporate institutions by an act of the Legislature, and received the privilege of conferring degrees. They both passed through an ordeal of fire—St. Mary's more than once—but they both rose again from their ashes with renewed beauty and splendor."

Dr. Spalding was sent to Rome to complete his studies, and he returned home in July, 1834. Since that time his history is familiar to the Catholics of the country. First, chosen for the episcopacy of Louisville, and next deemed worthy of the Primacy, he has shown himself a bishop such as the Apostle describes, and by his virtues and his learning has shed a lustre, not only on the hierarchy and the Church over which the Holy Spirit has placed him, but also on the Church universal; for the labors, energy, and abilities he displayed in the Council of the Vatican have become part of its history.

As an author, his distinguishing characteristic is versatility. Whilst

the greater part of his writings is theological and controversial, he has evidenced, even in fugitive pieces, occasional lectures, and merely literary articles, powers that form the poet and the brilliant essayist. Illustrations of this versatility occur frequently in his "Sketches of the Kentucky Missions."

Take, for instance, the following sketch of emigrant life in Kentucky fifty years ago:

"The early Catholic emigrants to Kentucky, in common with their brethren of other denominations, had to endure many privations and hardships. As we may well conceive, there were few luxuries to be found in the wilderness, in the midst of which they had fixed their new habitations. They often suffered even for the most indispensable necessaries of life. To obtain salt, they had to travel for many miles to the licks, through a country infested with savages; and they were often obliged to remain there for several days, until they could procure a supply. There were then no regular roads in Kentucky. The forests were filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, thickly interspersed with the cane, and the whole closely interlaced with the wild pea-vine. These circumstances rendered them nearly impassable; and almost the only chance of effecting a passage through this vegetable wilderness, was by following the paths, or *traces*, made by the herds of buffalo and other wild beasts. Luckily, these *traces* were numerous, especially in the vicinity of the licks, which the buffalo were in the habit of frequenting, to drink the salt water, or *lick* the earth impregnated with salt.

"The new colonists resided in log cabins, rudely constructed, with no glass in the windows, with floors of dirt, or, in the better sort of dwellings, of puncheons of split timber, roughly hewn with the axe. After they had worn out the clothing brought with them from the old settlements, both men and women were under the necessity of wearing buckskin or homespun apparel. Such a thing as a store was not known in Kentucky for many years; and the names of broadcloth, ginghams and calicoes, were never even so much as breathed. Moccasins made of buckskin supplied the place of our modern shoes; blankets thrown over the shoulder answered the purpose of our present fashionable coats and cloaks; and handkerchiefs tied around the head served instead of hats and bonnets. A modern fashionable bonnet would have been a matter of real wonderment in those days of unaffected simplicity. The furniture of the cabins was of the same primitive character. Stools were used instead of chairs; the table was made of slabs of timber, rudely put together; wooden vessels and platters supplied the place of our modern plates and chinaware; and 'a tin cup was an article of delicate furniture, almost as rare as an iron fork.' The beds were either placed on the floor, or on bedsteads of puncheons, supported by forked pieces of timber driven into the ground, or resting on pins let into auger-holes in the sides of the cabin. Blankets and bear and buffalo skins, constituted often the principal bed-covering. One of the

chief resources for food was the chase. All kinds of game were then very abundant; and when the hunter chanced to have a goodly supply of ammunition, his fortune was made for the year. The game was plainly dressed, and served up on wooden platters, with corn bread, and the Indian dish, the well-known *hominy.* The corn was ground with great difficulty, on the laborious hand-mills; for mills of other descriptions were then, and for many years afterwards, unknown in Kentucky. Such was the simple manner of life led by *our* 'pilgrim fathers.' They had fewer luxuries, but perhaps were, withal, more happy than their more fastidious descendants. Hospitality was not then an empty name; every log cabin was freely thrown open to all who chose to share in the best cheer its inmates could afford. The early settlers of Kentucky were bound together by the strong ties of common hardships and dangers —to say nothing of other bonds of union—and they clung together with great tenacity.

"On the slightest alarm of Indian invasion, they all made common cause, and flew together to the rescue. There was less selfishness and more generous chivalry, less bickering and more cordial charity, then, than at present; notwithstanding all our boasted refinement."

Another characteristic of Dr. Spalding's genius is its power of utilization. He lays under tribute every department of science, art and letters, when he needs any or all of them to illustrate a point of theology. No illustration is too humble, no author too obscure, no saying is too commonplace for him when he has a dispute to settle or an obscurity to clear up. This is particularly evident in his "History of the Reformation," which is a very storehouse of varied and minute erudition. Into this remarkable book he has condensed volumes of Catholic criticism and tomes of theological disquisition on the principles and workings of Protestantism. But, above and beyond all other Catholic writers, he has refuted the Reformation, and what is harder to do, confounded its historians. Combining the powers of historical criticism which characterized Bossuet with the penetrative and analytic mind of Mochler, he has produced a review of the Reformation which neither the *Variations* nor *Symbolism* equals.

We have said that it is more difficult to refute the historians of Protestantism that the religious system itself. The reason is, that the intrinsic absurdity of its doctrines is by itself their confutation, but the history of the movement and its authors has been so deftly manipulated, that it is made to screen and justify them. It has been, as DeMaistre says, a conspiracy against the truth for the past three centuries, and Spalding undertook to meet the chief of the conspirators, unmask their plans, disclose their plots, and unravel their schemes. Had he to deal only with abstract questions of Protestant doctrine and morals, his labor would have been comparatively light; but to trace these doctrines historically, and to examine their relative influence on the politics and civilization of modern Europe, ma-

terially increase the difficulty. It, moreover, entered into his plan, to review, criticize, and refute the historians and the critics regarded even by Catholics as oracles, and to show the sophistry and bad faith lurking under the mask of historical tolerance and fair criticism. He had to sift evidence that was taken as trustworthy, impeach the veracity of seemingly unexceptionable witnesses, test the validity of claims admitted to be well founded, and meet prejudices that were simply inborn.

All this he had to accomplish with materials and instruments which were themselves open to suspicion. He found history falsified, criticism prejudiced, good faith lacking, and opponents bent on admitting nothing. He assailed the pet historian of the Reformation, who had all the universities in Europe searching history for him; he attacked men whose life-long studies had been devoted to a single purpose, that of making out a case against the Church; he threw down the gauntlet to critics before whose dicta the schools and the press bowed in lowly reverence; he attacked errors and prejudices that were the growth of centuries, and that were fostered and nourished by every influence. Let his merit be judged by the result. D'Aubignè, in the last edition of his book, modified statements which Spalding nailed as lies; the critics are silenced; the Reformation has ceased to be an idol before which grotesque fanaticism can offer incense; the book was hailed with joy by Catholics in all parts of Europe, who were badgered and insulted by vapid quotations from D'Aubignè, and the American prelate was greeted as the modern Bossuet.

To give our readers that are not fully acquainted with this masterpiece of historical criticism an idea of its character and plan, we shall summarize its contents. We trust, however, that no one will rest contented with this necessarily brief notice, but will get the book itself, and give it the appreciate study it merits. Our younger Catholics in particular should deem it a matter of conscience to study from Spalding the nature and effects of the great religious revolution, the effects of which are still visible around us, and which even at this day has not lost its pernicious influence. Day by day the forms of thought which it moulded reappear; day by day the questions it agitated, but did not solve, come up for examination; and its origin, concomitants, and consequences, still excite the attention of men and divide their minds. Were our young men conversant with Spalding's able view of its history, they would be better able to meet questions, solve difficulties, and render an account of the faith which the Reformation put forth its giant efforts to subvert.

The Introduction is a rapid and masterly view of Europe before the Reformation. The abuses and scandals which furnished a pretext for the Reformation are freely and impartially examined, but the consequence, that these abuses justified a departure from the faith, is denied, while the denial is logically proved. The conclusions reached are that the amount and extent of the scandals have been exagger-

ated, that they did not originate in the Church, that there was in the Church a lawful and efficacious remedy for all such evils, and that the real cause of the Reformation lay in the waning of the faith and the subjection of reason and conscience to the passions and desires of men.

Part I submits to a crucial test the character of the Reformers. Luther appears before us, stripped of the garments with which his followers have striven to hide his shame. The contrast between his life as a Catholic and his life as a Protestant is graphically drawn; his blasphemies, his table-talk, his violence and coarseness are exemplified, and the curtain that shrouds the horrors of his death-bed is sorrowfully but firmly uplifted.

Part II discusses the causes and manner of the Reformation, refuting D'Aubignè's opinion, sharply disproving old calumnies about the sale of indulgences, and the corruption of the Papal Court, and showing that the real cause of the movement was pride, with its usual concomitant, impurity. The three last chapters record the progress and the causes of the Reformation in Switzerland, the reaction of Catholicity, and the decline of Protestantism.

Part III is devoted to an examination of the influence exercised by the Reformation on religion, considered under the heads of doctrinal belief, morals, public worship, and the Bible. The author proves that its influence on doctrinal belief leads through every form of fanaticism into infidelity. Its effects on morals flow from the nature of its dogmas, which, denying human will and responsibility, and affirming the all-sufficiency of faith alone, necessarily subvert the moral law. It banishes public worship by excluding from it the sacraments, altars, music, the fine arts and all the accessories that constitute the grandeur of Catholic worship. It degrades the word of God by placing it in the hands of those that wrest it to their own destruction, and its view of indiscriminate reading and interpretation of the Scriptures leads the way to rationalism.

Part IV traces its influence on society. The author shows that Protestantism is incompatible with religious liberty, even whilst vaunting it to the skies; with civil liberty, even whilst professing to be its martyr. Literature has suffered from its presence; civilization has been impeded by its success. The remaining parts are devoted to the history of its introduction into and establishment in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Netherlands; its attempted invasion of France; and its work in Sweden, and the other countries of Northern Europe. The appendices furnish documentary evidences for certain statements made in the body of the work.

This is a mere outline of this admirable work, but it is sufficient to show our readers its scope and character. From a critical and minute study of its various topics, we do not hesitate to say that there is scarcely a point connected with the origin, progress, nature, results, and manifold influence of the Reformation, which is not unfolded in its compass.

Dr. Spalding is not only a great historian and critic, he is also a

thorough theologian and invincible controvertist. Did his fame as the latter rest only on his miscellaneous theological essays, it would rest on an enduring basis. But he has displayed his powers in the clearest manner in the "Evidences of Catholicity," a book in some respects the equal of his "History." The scope of this work is to exhibit in a plain, straightforward manner, the principal evidences of Catholicity. Premising that the evidences which sustain Catholicity are substantially identical with those which establish Christianity itself, he proceeds to demonstrate this identity. The introductory lecture examines the question of religious inquiry, its obligation and duties; shows the pernicious absurdity of religious indifference; refutes latitudinarianism, and explains what Catholics mean by exclusive salvation. The second chapter opens with a dissertation on the Christian religion, its nature and its attributes; vindicates the Catholic doctrine on the sufficiency of the grace that is given to all; proves that saving truth is in the religion of Christ; discusses the powerlessness of philosophy to save men, and develops the Catholic idea of the Church, its nature, office, and purpose. He next passes to the consideration of the rule of faith, and, after an able refutation of various non-Catholic theories as to what it consists in, establishes, by Scripture and reason, the Catholic doctrine on the subject. This he calls the first evidence.

The second evidence is found in the apostolic commission and its fulfilment in the Church. A scathing survey of the barrenness of the Protestant missions follows, and this, with a parallelism between the success of Catholic preaching and the failure of Protestant Bible-reading, closes the chapter. The third evidence is placed on the gift of miracles, which yet remains in the Church. In this connection is appropriately introduced an analysis of the process of saint-canonization. The fourth evidence consists in the unity and Catholicity of the Church; the fifth in her sanctity; the sixth in her antiquity; the seventh, in her infallibility; the eighth, in her trials and triumphs; the ninth, in the establishment and perpetuation of the Primacy; while several other evidences are found in the preservation of the Bible, the adaptation of Catholic doctrine to the needs of the human intellect and life, and the singular hatred with which the Church is regarded by all sects and denominations.

With this short review of his Grace's literary works we must close, with a feeling of dissatisfaction at its incompleteness and inadequacy. Space has obliged us to omit a notice of his shorter writings, which are all distinguished by the excellencies that shine in his more elaborate works. We hope, however, that our effort to call the attention of the Catholic reading public to the books of their great Primate will not prove wholly unsuccessful.

"VIDIMUS STELLAM EJUS."

HUSHED is the starry night,
Orion rests in might,
Lo! where he beckons with his jewelled hand;
The world doth hold her breath,
Above, around, beneath,
To see this wondrous three glide through the land.

All crowned and robed they move,
Their large eyes fixed in love,
In love which seeks in heaven the mystic sign;
They tarry not for food,
Reck nought of rock or flood,
And seek, unknowing, David's kingly line.

O royal-hearted men,
Was it within your ken,
To watch the far-strayed peoples' gathering tide;
Gathering from sin and death
To light of your clear faith,
And flowing through the heavenly gate set wide?

Was yours the opened ear,
New litanies to hear
Of martyrs and apostles, virgins white;
Of innocents, gem-dyed,
Their Lord's escape to hide,
And all the bands who bless the Living Light?

To your prophetic eye,
Was Christ's great kingdom nigh,
Unrolling myriad years in one brief day;
Through all this wintry world,
The Bridegroom's Flag unfurled,
While nations rage and swell, and pass away?

That faith we scarce may scan,
True faith which sight outran,
And drew them o'er the lonely, starlit wild;
We see them kneeling low,
And while they worship, know
The Mother and the Son—her God and Child.

They feel no sad amaze,
The glamour of earth's ways
Betrays them not to fail and shrink in scorn.
Safe in their heart abides
That truth the world derides;
Their God is hid in flesh, in flesh is born.

O star-crowned Kings! behold,
The world in waxing old
Waxed foolish, scorning Mary and her Child;
O help us then to rise,
With swift feet and glad eyes
To seek th' Incarnate God in life's gray wild!

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

It matters little, perhaps nothing, how Widow Walsh came to be so sadly reduced in her worldly circumstances as to resolve one fine autumn morning upon placing her eldest daughter Emily in service. Such, however, was the fact; and though it had cost the poor widow many a pang, the more she thought of it, the more she felt convinced that, if she would ward off starvation or the "union" from her household, Emily must "go out."

This sacrifice to stern necessity was not the less felt, from the fact of the family having formerly been in easy circumstances. The wrecks of better days might have been, and still may be traced scattered about their stricken home. The shadow of departed gentility hovered about them, and though some of their less charitable neighbors declared they were vain and proud, it could not truly be said that they did more than attend to the niceties of dress and propriety of manner. They were always respectable amidst their most pinching poverty; and although frequently clad in what would have been dowdy upon many, they contrived at all times to appear neat and clean.

Emily was not old—barely fourteen—yet she remembered their better days: she had not forgotten the noble house and beautiful garden; she had a distinct recollection of her many charming dresses and pretty ribbons; and a composition-doll of the ancient régime was still in the possession of one of the junior members of the family, to be looked at, but not played with. She had been early taught to work, and for years past had toiled hard and cheerfully for her young sisters and brothers. Yet equally with her mother, she retained all the old feelings of the past; and though living amongst the poor, felt she was not of them.

Emily found time, somehow, to tend a pretty little garden—a gem

of a place—and besides, in spare moments, to ply her needle. The envious and the untidy declared that the Walshes starved themselves to dress like fine folk; but the truth was, that little Emily's fairy fingers did it all. A penny ribbon at her magic touch took the guise of the most costly article, whilst humble edging was made to appear the produce of Valenciennes. Then Emily was pretty, and had a light graceful figure, and a sweet, gay, happy way that made her look like the roses in her own garden.

We have said it was autumn. It was; and it was the prospect of a hard and long winter that determined the widow upon placing her daughter out in the world. But where was she to go? Their village was but a score of miles from the city, yet they were as much strangers to it as though a thousand leagues distant: in their own neighborhood there appeared to be no opening for her. At length, a friend amongst the neighbors undertook to write to a friend in the great metropolis; and before a week had expired, the said friend found a place for Emily in a family as nursery-maid. The salary, it was true, was small enough—just a shilling a week, to be paid every seventh day—but it was a beginning, and who could say what it might lead to. What indeed!

The Sharpes, to whom Emily was now engaged, were what is ordinarily termed "respectable people;" that is to say, they kept a gig; and Mr. Sharpe had an office—not a shop—somewhere near the Monument, up a very narrow, business-like lane. He was in the hardware line of business; and not only so in profession, but in nature. Had he been cast and bronzed instead of having been born, he could scarcely have assumed a harder, harsher texture and disposition. He appeared metallic in all his movements; perhaps it happened that, having lost his heart when courting Mrs. Sharpe, he had ordered a bran new one from the foundry.

However, Emily made very good progress notwithstanding her cast-iron master. Mrs. Sharpe was a great invalid, and quite satisfied to leave the nursery entirely in her charge. She could scarcely have done better. It was quite delightful, or rather it would have been, to any but the Sharpes, to see what a marvellous change the widow's daughter wrought amongst that young family. How she loved them, played with them, watched over them, worked for them as though they had been her own brothers and sisters, I can scarcely hope to relate as it deserves to be told. How they found a new life with her; and how much neater and prettier they all appeared, with less actual cost to their parent, who in return doled out the weekly shilling as reluctantly as though it had been coin of purest gold.

Weeks, months passed away, and Christmas came. There had never been such a holiday-time in the Sharpes' house ever since it had been a house. Why, little Emily, pretty, fairy-fingered Emily, made as many beautiful things for the Christmas-tree as would have furnished many a small fancy bazaar. People wondered how she managed to find time for so much work. Emily was not the least happy of

all that merry throng: it would have done you good to have seen how light-hearted she was, and how much prettier she looked when freed from the poverty and care of her village home.

Winter passed away; spring came, and with it the bright sunshine and brighter flowers. But no blossom in the broad sunlight wore a brighter, sweeter look than did Emily amidst the little children on the lawn. Her happy laugh rang amongst the shrubs and flowers; her pretty figure might be seen darting along the gravel walks in pursuit of some recreant little Sharpe: and altogether the widow's daughter scattered so much mirth and happiness around, and appeared so essential to the domestic welfare, that the great difficulty was to imagine how they had ever contrived to live without her.

At length spring waned, and birds and sunny cloudless skies gave promise of a joyous summer. Just then Emily was flung into an ecstasy of delight by the arrival of a cousin and former schoolmate and companion of younger and better days, who, having learned her new abode, came to renew the old friendship. Hugh was now an artist, and had passed some years in Paris, where, besides his professional education, he had acquired many elegant arts and accomplishments, which were well calculated to find favor with one so young and impressible as Emily. It was not difficult to see that they were mutually pleased at the renewal of their acquaintance: he, with her simple, happy, winning ways; she, with his gay and polished manners. They parted, resolved to meet again, and often.

From that day a new life dawned upon the widow's daughter. Hugh was in all her thoughts and aspirations. She dreamed of him; she thought of him; she talked about him to the children. He was so finished in dress and manner, and had seen so much of which she had not even heard; and when Emily contrasted her own simple scant dress with his ample and fashionable garments, a blush of vexation stole across her face, and tears dimmed her blue eyes.

Hugh had asked her to accompany him to see some flower gardens in the neighborhood, and enjoy a stroll through the parks; and as her mistress had given permission, Emily prepared for that delightful evening. She looked through her scanty wardrobe, to see what she should wear. Had she been less regardful of appearance, had she loved and admired Hugh less, or had her own person been less attractive, she might have felt contented with the humble dress and few simple adornments she possessed. Unhappily, it occurred to her as she looked over her little store of wearing apparel, that a new ribbon on her bonnet would greatly improve her appearance; that, in fact, she could scarcely walk out with her cousin, so gaily dressed, and herself wearing such a poor faded weather-beaten ribbon as was then on her bonnet.

But the difficulty lay in obtaining this new ribbon. Her last month's salary, save a few pence kept back for the children, had been sent to her mother, and she should have no further means until the following week. Pondering this in her mind, it occurred to her how easy it would

be to obtain what she required at the shop where her master dealt, in the next street, if asked for in his name: she could pay for the ribbon next week, and no one would be the wiser. Without allowing herself time to weigh the dishonesty of the act, she put her plan in execution. She was known at the haberdasher's, and had no difficulty in obtaining the ribbon: so easy did the process seem, that she was tempted into taking a new pair of gloves and a handkerchief for the neck to match the ribbon, all of which were charged to the account of Mr. Sharpe; whilst Emily left the shop, thinking only of the happy morrow evening, and the walk with her cousin.

That evening came, with a gorgeous sunset and a mellow summer air. They strolled through the parks, and passed the most magnificent gardens; but Emily had heard and seen nothing but her cousin, who had entertained her with such delightful stories of so many charming places and people, that she was perfectly amazed and disappointed when she found herself back at the Sharpes' door, shaking hands, and bidding adieu—her last—to Hugh. He was to set out on the following day for Germany; and with many protestations of regard and remembrance, they parted—he on his travels, and she on a journey she had but little anticipated.

What could Mr. Sharpe want with her in his library next morning early! Alone, seated at his desk, with a more than usual severe countenance, he bade her close the door, with a hard metallic echo in his voice that made it sound like a human gong. Flinging on the table the fatal purchases of the day previous—ribbon, gloves, and handkerchief—the metal voice inquired when he had given her authority to use his name at the haberdasher's, and how many more swindling transactions of a like character she had been concerned in. The wrong she had committed, the offence against the law, worked out by her in that thoughtless evil hour, came full, and vividly, and painfully before her, magnified even beyond its proper proportion by her ignorance. Confusion gave place to terror, vague and oppressive; and sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and gave full vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

Mr. Sharpe, being a very virtuous and remarkably upright and good man—in his way—delivered himself of a long oration upon the depravity of human nature as existing in the lower orders, and upon the great necessity which existed for nipping in the bud every germ of vice and crime amongst the said orders. He laid some emphasis upon the duty which men at the head of families, and of elevated station—like himself, for instance—owed to society in general, and to themselves and children in particular; and although Emily, amidst her tears and sorrows, could understand but little of all this harangue, she caught the sound of the words "felon," and "jail," and "majesty of the law."

Some people would have been weak enough and silly enough to have sent the weeping girl to her room, with an injunction as to her future conduct, under the impression that justice would gladly have

connived at such an arrangement. But, then, how could the "majesty of the law" have been upheld! How was outraged society to have been vindicated! True, we had forgotten that. The hardware master did not, however. His memory, like his wares, was of an enduring kind; and he did not in this instance forget to stand up for the outraged grades of society against the criminal enormity before him.

The children cried a good deal; Mrs. Sharpe did not know what she should do; and the servants declared it was monstrous when they learned that poor pretty little Emily had gone off in a cab to a terrible prison. It so happened that just at that identical time the the sessions were on, and Mr. Serjeant Kain was in the very thick of his very flourishing business, busily engaged in upholding the majesty of the law. The widow was not long in making her way to her poor child's side; and a sad scene was that of their meeting, even for jailers and such stony people to witness.

The terrible, dreaded day of trial came. Emily was led into court in a state of hysterical terror, which Mr. Serjeant Kain, in the fulness of his judicial wisdom, pronounced the very essence of hypocrisy. Her mother remained as near to her as she dared whispering in her ear comfort that she herself scarcely dared to feel. The process of hearing the case was not by any means a tedious one, and might have been quickly despatched, had the bare facts only been gone into. But the learned serjeant having been just previously defrauded of two noted pickpockets, whom he had inwardly reckoned on as his particular property, determined to wreak his disappointed "majesty" upon the next comer, which, unfortunately, happened to be Emily.

There were no witnesses beyond the tradesman and the master, and their story was soon told. The prisoner did not deny the act of obtaining the goods under false pretences—which was the charge—and would have said more, but was too terrified. The foreman of the jury —a mild-looking man, no doubt the father of a family—began to observe that the case was scarcely such a one as should have been brought on, but was cut short and frowned down by the serjeant, who trembling for the safety of justice and the legal majesty aforesaid, proceeded to sum up the evidence—not a very abstruse affair, one would suppose. But Mr. Serjeant Kain worked it up so artistically, judicially, and threw in such a heap of horrors and monstrosities, that the gentlemen of the jury scarcely recognized the case. When people listened to the learned serjeant's denunciation of serpents, and vipers, and pests of society, and at the same time cast their eyes upon the youthful form and sorrowful face of the prisoner at the bar, they must have thought it one of the least venomous and dangerous specimens of the serpent tribe they had ever read or heard of, or seen in picture-books.

But Serjeant Kain was not the man to be humbugged by crime, simply because it cried when detected. He knew what the world was made of; and he maintained that it was perfectly shocking to see young women of her age, seventeen years or more—the widow shrieked

out, "scarcely fifteen;" but Serjeant Kain frowned her down very indignantly, as though *he* did not know the prisoner's age much better than her mother, and repeated with emphasis, "seventeen"—to see such young women so hardened in the practices of vice; but the jury would of course do their duty—in fact, they had no choice in the matter, for the creature had confessed her guilt.

Amidst the most profound and painful silence in the court, the fatal word "guilty!" was pronounced; but people breathed more freely as the foreman of the jury, with trembling lips and moistened eyes, added, "with a strong recommendation to mercy!" Again the court was hushed, and only the hysterical sobbing of the prisoner was heard, whilst the serjeant proceeded to pass sentence: "Six months' imprisonment, with hard labor!" The foreman of the jury groaned and wept like a child; and there was scarcely a dry eye beyond those of the prosecutor and the judge, as the prisoner—the convict, was carried fainting from the court.

That same evening, the foreman sought the prison in which poor Emily was confined. The keeper of the place had fortunately a better heart than the judge, and had seen the nature of the case at a glance. Risking all consequences, he had conveyed the young prisoner to his own room; and when the juryman arrived, he found her surrounded by kind friends and watchful nurses.

Early on the following day, the kind juryman obtained an instant interview with the Secretary of State, who had no sooner heard an outline of the case, than he decided what course to adopt. There was no doubt in his mind; and a "free pardon" was mentioned as a matter of certainty, greatly to the joy of the kind-hearted foreman.

He posted back, radiant with genuine delight, and reaching the governor's house, had the pleasure of kissing poor weeping Emily. He tried to rouse her from her lethargic stupor by whispering the words: "Pardon" but, alas! it came too late. The majesty of the law had been too quick and potent for the majesty of mercy; and though the broken-hearted girl rallied for a few minutes, opened her eyes, and pronounced the words: "Mother! —Hugh!" the struggle between life and death was soon over.

She was buried in the quiet village church-yard: every villager far and near followed the sad procession to the grave, headed by the foreman and others of the jury.

Reader, this is no idle fiction, no tale of fancy. Emily's green resting-place may be seen any day in that country burial-ground. Roses blossom upon her early grave, whilst the serjeant still upholds the stern majesty of the law!

ON THE MISSION.

We left our student on the eve of ordination. The week preceding this solemn occasion is spent in spiritual retreat; the time not employed in devotional exercise being given to the practice of the ceremonies of the Mass. In most American, and in all European seminaries, there is a special ritual class in which the entire ceremonial of the Church is explained and exemplified. The professor calls a member of the class to say mass, baptize, anoint, or go through any of the rites which the Church has established. In German seminaries particularly this system of teaching by practical example is carried to what we would regard as ridiculous lengths. The professor, for instance, will go to "confession" to one of his class on moral theology, and confess the most unheard-of sins, put the most difficult questions, submit gnarled and abstruse cases of conscience, and in various other ways test the capacity and knowledge of his pupil in the severest manner. Then, again, he will pretend to be at the point of death, utter inarticulate groans, make mysterious signs which the pupil is expected to interpret, and wait to see if the student will or will not give him Extreme Unction. On another occasion he will jocosely present himself as a gallant bridegroom (the wedding party supposed to be filling the church), and, in the course of confession, he will make some astounding revelations of impediments, doubts, scruples, and dreadful case generally, and then pause to learn whether the "priest" will step into the sanctuary and perform the marriage ceremony, as the guests in the church appear to be rather restless. Next he will play the part of a scrupulous person, harassed by a thousand doubts, and sorely in need of some ready advice which the pupil proceeds to give, wishing mentally that his penitent would spare him so minute a relation of his anxieties and scruples. At another time he will figure as a stupid, stubborn, vicious old fellow, making his Easter duty with the haziest notions imaginable about what he is doing or what he has done. This delightful exercise is to see if the "confessor" understands the chapter, *de interrogationibus faciendis*. Sometimes the professor will play the rôle of a nurse who has a vague idea that she baptized a child brought to the priest for baptism, though she cannot recollect distinctly what she did, except that she used holy water and said, "In the name of the Father," &c. No amount of cross-examination can elicit a reply to the question, "Did you say, 'I baptize thee?'" though "she's afraid she said something like that, but won't be certain; now that she comes to think of it, she didn't say 'baptize,' leastways she didn't say 'thee,' but 'you,'" &c.

Then, in the exercise of saying mass, the pupil at the outset will find that he has not all the vestments; whereupon he must determine what ones are indispensable. Next he learns that he has no server; what differences does this

necessitate? At the offertory he discovers the wine to be acescent, and the appearance of the bread mouldy (full congregation present and no means of changing the offerings). So on with all the difficulties, real and possible, until the student prays God from his heart that he may never have such a mass to say.

In this practical way does the European seminarian learn moral theology, and it is surely a beneficial system. Certainly there should be in every seminary a class in which the rubrics of the mass are taught practically, for without some exercise and drill no one, not blessed with a very retentive memory, and calmness and collectedness of mind and manner, can say mass, for the first or even the tenth time, without forgetting several of the minute, but by no means unimportant ceremonies. We, who see the grace, naturalness, and facility with which the priest celebrates, hardly realize that there is not a motion of the eyes, hands, or body which is not prescribed. He must follow certain rules respecting the position of his hands and fingers, the elevation and depression of his eyes, the lifting and touching of the Host and the Chalice, genuflections, benedictions, purifications, and so many other particulars, that their brief explanation occupies ten or twelve folio pages, small print, in the Roman Missal.

Ordination week arrives. There are, by ecclesiastical regulation, special times and seasons outside of which orders should not be conferred, but in this country Bishops have power to ordain at their convenience. In most seminaries a week is devoted to the conferment of all the orders, from tonsure and minors up to priesthood. The minor orders are bestowed on first or second year theologians, who fail, however, to impress incorrigible juniors with a due sense of the importance of these orders, although several theological authors claim for them the sacramental character.

The minor order men are sometimes unmercifully twitted by their "lay companions." One of the latter will call on the "minor," for instance, and with due gravity inform him that he has a case in theology which he himself is unable to solve. It is as follows: Would it be a usurpation of power in a layman to eject a dog, *e. g.*, which had strayed into church, *præsente Ostiario*? and what is the answer of theologians to the questions:

1. *Ad quid tenetur Ostiarius?*
2. *An peccet laicus in casu?*

The interrogator never waits for the answer.

With subdeaconship and deaconship the solemnity of ordination properly begins, for by them the cleric binds himself to unquestioning obedience to the Church and to the observance of perpetual continence. The obligation of reciting the office also begins with subdeaconship, and, on the morning of the ordination, the new subdeacons usually assemble to read the *Horæ* together. If the ordination has taken place that morning about eight or nine o'clock, the hour of Tierce is regarded as the point at which the obligation begins. Sometimes, however, there is one of the number who contends that nine o'clock American time corresponds

more nearly to the hour of Prime than that of Tierce; and he generally attempts to prove it by arguments drawn from geography, history, expressions in the Psalms of Prime, &c., until his companions tell him to read ahead himself and leave them begin at Tierce. He then retires to a corner, with an indistinct remark on the imperviousness of some people to an argument, and begins to read. He is a little chagrined on seeing the circle who recite in choir finish the hours before he is well into Prime, but he manfully pushes on and reads all the psalms including *Confitemini*, the ferials, the *Quicumque*, *preces*, and so many other things, that he feels tempted to regret having made that geographical point.

The morning of the priestly ordination finds the seminary chapel, or the church in which the ceremony is to be performed, crowded with the friends and relatives of the *ordinandi* and with the pious faithful, for whom the occasion always has a singular attraction. Bearing the vestments upon their arms, the candidates enter the sanctuary, and range themselves before the altar. Each has an assistant priest. The Bishop, in full pontificals, celebrates the Mass, stopping at certain intervals to perform a ceremony of ordination. At the offertory the young priests (for by this time the essential matter and the form of the sacrament have been imparted) proceed to read the Mass in company with the Bishop, pronouncing with him the words of consecration. The last gospel said, the sanctuary rails are thronged by the people struggling to receive the "young priests' blessing." Father and mother with tears of joy feel the newly consecrated hand of their son, as it rests in benediction upon their head. So great does the crowd often become that the young priests, spent with fasting, nervousness, and emotion, are physically unable to bless the people singly, and so bestow a general benediction, which, it is needless to say, is received with very little profit or grace, particularly by the old ladies, whom the Pope himself could not convince that "it's all the same."

After the week's vacation which the Bishop usually gives to the newly ordained, each is assigned to missionary duty. The verbal or written notice he receives, appointing him to a spiritual charge, launches him fairly on the mission. He may be kept in the Cathedral Church; he may be sent to the remote confines of the diocese. He makes immediate preparations for departure, for he is anxious to go to work, anxious to know the people among whom he is to labor. If his mission is in the city, he waits on the pastor, who escorts him to his room, and tells him to make himself as comfortable as the limited facilities will allow. In large cities, where two, three, four, or even five curates are annexed to a church, the pastoral residence is frequently inadequate to accommodate such a number comfortably or even conveniently; and many a young priest's first experience of missionary life is gained in a third story back attic, which serves as a sitting and bed-room, parlor, library, and all.

But trifles light as air, as these

are regarded by the young priest, trouble not his serenity nor cool his ardor. He desperately resolves to find an enchanting scene in the bricks and mortar that form the background of the street picture visible from his front window, and a rare artistic treat in the gables and windows of the church, which block up the view from his side lattice. Then, too, the segar store opposite has really quite a fine specimen of an Indian brandishing his tomahawk, and he wonders if the apple woman at the corner can speak the best Greek, as her class did in olden times, or if she ever changes her fruit wares. The monotony, moreover, of car rumbles and wagon screeches is broken by the dulcet strains of an occasional hurdy-gurdy played by a master hand. When these subjects of interesting thought and speculation are exhausted, he has his library, which, by the way, takes up nearly half the room, and he reads a chapter in theology, or touches up "that sermon," which he is sure will electrify the congregation.

So the evening wanes, supper-time comes, and he chats with the pastor, whom business had taken away in the afternoon. He learns from him the number of souls in the parish, number of children attending Sunday-school, number of asylums, number of sodalities, and so many other numbers that he is quite confused. The pastor is very kind and considerate, and freely gives him the sound advice and practical hints that a boy fresh from the seminary needs so much and appreciates so highly. After supper the first curate, who has been out all afternoon on a sick call, comes in, quite worn and exhausted, and gives his assistant the cordial, tender greeting and welcome that only priests can give to brothers in toil.

The following week is passed in company with the senior curate in going on sick calls, visiting the asylums and schools, getting acquainted with some of the parishioners, and becoming familiar with the general routine of an assistant's duties. On Saturday afternoon he enters the confessional for the first time, and realizes that the severest labor of a priest is the hearing of confessions. How it is he doesn't know, but he finds that he can hear only two or three in an hour, and from furtive glimpses through the curtain, he sees an immense crowd of penitents jostling and crowding about the door. He mildly requests the penitent whom he is hearing to cease entering into interminable and irrelevant details, and to confine himself to a narrative of his sins, and receives a blank stare as the only response. He is terrified on discovering that his next penitent is quite deaf, and he leads him to the sacristy only to find that his bodily deafness has its correlative in mental blindness. Rather disheartened, he returns to the box after a half hour's shouting, and is almost dismayed at the proportions the crowd has assumed since his departure; so he determines to be as expeditious as the sacred character of his duty will permit. This resolution, however, is rather difficult of fulfilment, and his temper is sorely tasked by several old ladies, who are under the impression that the slightest whisper is audible out-

side, and who, to prevent the possibility of a discovery of their sins, move their lips in a heart-rending and appealing way, but suffer no sound to escape therefrom. The command, "to speak out," throws them into a state of fearful consternation, and the young priest, thinking that he has an abandoned wretch tempted to conceal a sin, will lecture for fifteen minutes on the subject, and be rewarded for his trouble by eliciting a few trifles that hardly constitute a venial offence.

So on until ten and eleven o'clock at night, he hears the wearying sound, until his head is dizzy and his brain is fairly muddled. The strain on the nervous system is too great to permit of a calm or refreshing sleep; he has no appetite; his limbs, cramped for hours in a small box, are stiff and sore, and he feels so weak, and sick, and downcast that he prays for heavenly help, comfort, and strength.

He will sing the late mass in the morning, and his kind senior asks him to take a lunch in order to enable him to stand the fast better, but the vitiated air of the confessional has so acted upon his stomach that he is certain it would reject the slightest amount of food. So he goes to his room and tries to sleep.

High mass begins at half-past ten A.M., the next day, and the choir has for the occasion a mass of very difficult and very long execution. Though by no means quick in saying the psalm *Judica*, our priest has it and the Introit recited before the organist has played the overture to the *Kyrie*. As the music requires that bass, tenor, soprano, and alto shall each sing the *Kyrie* nine times, and then that all shall begin *da capo*, he has a long stand at the corner or in the centre of the altar. At last, however, the organist has given the last thump, and the soprano has made the last flight, and after such a tempest of sound, the celebrant's *Gloria* sounds rather weak and low; but the organist breaks into it with all the stops flying, diapasons in full swing, and pedals down, and the "pumper" tears his coat in his efforts to supply the bellows. Our priest judging more by time than by hearing (for he cannot understand the words of the singers), makes mistakes in taking off his *birettum* three times before the opening *Gloria* is finished. He rises when he hears *Amen*, little thinking that bass, tenor, soprano, and alto are each directed by the music to sing *Amen* an indefinite number of times. At one point there is a lull in the storm, and he clears his throat to chant the *Dominus Vobiscum*, but before he has time to turn, the full chorus wakens and repeats, going back to give another variation on the *Gloria*, and finally drawing to an end with three or four brilliant fantasies by the organist. Thus too the *Credo*. At the *Sanctus*, the mysterious and mournful groans in which bass and tenor indulge, combined with a lively tune suggestive of an operatic aria which the organ plays, so confuse and annoy the celebrant that he is obliged to defer consecration until the music ceases. In time, perhaps, the priest may be undisturbed by a bad choir, but the new celebrant is always excited and nervous, and trifles are sufficient to trouble and distract him.

After vespers he baptizes for the first time. He finds the Sacristy filled with people who all want to see the child baptized, to show the sponsors what to do, and in various other ways to make themselves useless. After some delay he manages to get all, except the sponsors, to take seats or go out into the church, and then he bashfully asks where is the baby? for he has not as yet seen or heard any evidence of its presence. At this query, a bundle is brought forth from beneath the folds of an immense shawl worn by the godmother, who is with great difficulty persuaded to let any part of the child's face or head be uncovered, except its nose, alleging as an excuse that the little creature would catch its death of cold. At this point the godfather gives her a whispered reprimand, and two or three of the friends rise to see what is going on; but a word from the priest settles the matter, and the little fellow, pleased with his freedom from his cap and head-band, looks with wondering eyes at his baptizer, bears patiently enough the application of the oil and the salt, but manifests the old Adam when the water is poured.

At this rate of speed we fear we shall end our earthly mission before we have done describing that of the priest. We promise, however, to compress, in our next article, ten years instead of one week of a priest's life, and so escape the twinge of conscience which we now feel, that we have bored our readers.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of sunshine tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched its glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed; it floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, we thought, of the departed soul,
To whose bright robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WHAT ANTI-CATHOLIC GERMANS THINK OF DOLLINGERISM.

WHILE so many Protestant journals are emulously engaged in depicting *en couleur de rose* for the gratification of their readers the significance and dimensions of the unfortunate Döllingerite incident, which is apparently called a movement because it makes no progress whatever, it may be instructive to learn something of the views which even the German organs that are most disposed to wish ill to the Church are compelled to express with regard to the complete failure of the little knot of dissidents from the Vatican decrees to produce any sensible disturbance of Catholic faith and unity.

We might encumber our pages with selections from a score of journals. We believe it will be sufficient to take our extracts from two of the most influential and most unflinching representatives of the anti-Catholic press.

There is no need for us to describe the character and position of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. That bitter enemy of Catholicism has already won its reputation. It is the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, however, that publishes under the heading of *Reflections of a Protestant upon the Munich Old-Catholic Congress*, an *exposé* of the condition and prospects of Döllingerism, in which it is openly stated that the whole movement is already hopeless. Nowhere does the writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* find any ground for better expectations. "With sorrow," he declares, "it must be said that in spite of the opposition of the Old-Catholics, and of the cold and even hostile attitude of the governments, the dogma of Infallibility is recognized by the Catholic Church as fully as the other dogmas." With regard to the efficacy of state action, that is, persecution, he says that he is "obliged to confess that he is unable to share the hopes of the Old-Catholics." It is not so easy to persecute 12,000,000 of Catholic Germans. "Have not the governments duties towards their subjects who believe the dogma?" Neither can he draw any comfort from the reputed dangerous character of Papal Infallibility considered as a political fact. No doubt, he says, the dogma is very dangerous in principle, and if the Church could be detected in any overt act of treason or sedition, it would, indeed, be a great argument. One substantial example would be worth a dozen theories. Unfortunately, there is not a chance, apparently, of laying hold of the desired commodity, and people will not believe that the dogma is so very wicked when they cannot see that it does them any harm. As a Protestant, also, he cannot understand the conduct of the Döllingerites. Why reject Infallibility and accept so many other doctrines which have precisely the same foundation? In fine, he regards it as a dreadful probability that "to the deep grief of all who are interested in freeing the intelligence of German from foreign slavery, the Döllingerites, for sheer lack of vitality, without having

achieved one noteworthy result, will yet be driven to lay down their arms."*

Still more striking are the revelations and the criticisms which find expression in the *Frankfürter Zeitung*. In this important journal of the most advanced anti-Catholic Liberals of Germany, there is no attempt made to conceal the feelings of amused bewilderment with which the extraordinary self-contradictions of the Döllingerite movement are regarded. Not even the desire to see Catholicity injured can blind the keen-eyed journalists of the *Frankfürter Zeitung* to the fact that Döllingerism has neither the shadow of a logical standpoint nor the hope of a tangible success. It is with difficulty sometimes that they can preserve any gravity whatever at the sight of the inexplicable burlesque of the Munich Congress.

The special correspondent of the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, writing from Munich on the opening day of the Congress, prefaces his analysis of the meeting by some general considerations on its character as a semi-lay assemblage. With his Rationalist prepossessions the correspondent finds no fault with this circumstance. It does not please him the less because he finds in it "one of the strangest phenomena in the domain of Catholic Church life." "The city of the meeting," he says, "is a German city; the participators in it are for the most part German; kindred Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and England, take part in it; the governments of Spain and Russia have sent envoys; and from the farthest east, as well as from the western half of our globe, have representatives arrived." This, he adds, is the external side of the Congress. After this magniloquent introduction he proceeds to explain how little, how very little, is covered by all these sounding designations.

"If, however," he writes, "we look at the internal side of the assemblage and at its logical connection, a very different and indeed very odd picture is presented. The Congress is an 'Old-Catholic' one, the members call themselves 'Old-Catholics.' If we inquire the grounds of this designation, no satisfactory answer can be given. The members might with just as good right be called 'New Catholics.' According to Catholic principles, by which Catholicism as well as 'Old Catholicism' stands or falls, the Teaching Church, the Episcopate, with the POPE at the head, has alone the right to decide on Catholic truths of faith on the ground of an immediate conduct by the Holy Spirit. *The Infallible Council has decided that the* POPE *is infallible; whoever wishes, therefore, to be a Catholic Christian, must accept the declaration of the Church directed by the Holy Spirit.*"

It is in this manner that an anti-Catholic writer at once discerns the fundamental fallacy of Döllingerism. "Let us, however, leave," he proceeds, "formal reflections, and consider the individual representatives of the Congress and their tendencies. From the orthodoxy of a Döllinger to the extreme rationalism of a Keller of Aargau, there is not an ecclesiastical shade which is not present at the Council. Let

* Zur Niederlegung ihrer Waffen gezwungen werden.

us take Döllinger, on whose name as on the nucleus of a comet, the whole tail of the Old-Catholic movement depends. A man of 72 years will not be untrue to the principles which he has energetically defended throughout his whole life; the man who has written *The Church and the Churches* will be no Reformer; the man who has written *The Development of the Lutheran Schism*, and *The Sketch of Luther*, will be no Protestant; of that every one must be convinced who has ever read a sentence of Döllinger's writings. Döllinger is a formal opponent of Infallibility; he would play the part of a sort of 'liberal leaven' within the Church, but a separation from the Church lies not within his intention, as he has not only repeatedly declared, but also proved by the fact that immediately after his excommunication he suspended his priestly functions and thus recognized the validity of the episcopal sentence. With Döllinger stands Michelis, who in the same breath extols with infinite commendation his priesthood, and accuses Pope and Bishops, from whom he has his priesthood, collectively and individually of error and heresy. After him comes the jurist Schulte, who makes the question of conscience a question of money-bags, and for 'Old-Catholicism,' as yet unborn, already claims the assistance of the policeman's baton. High Church Dr. Overbeck from Cambridge wants to unite his English Church with the not yet founded 'National Church of Germany.' The Jansenist Bishop of Utrecht wants a place for his Jansenism in the 'Old-Catholic' programme. The Greek Archimandrite Dimitrikopulos from Leipsic wants the help of the state to infuse some life into his dead body. The Protestant parson, Kraufsold, seeks to bring the different confessions into the wide frame of 'Old-Catholicism.' . . . Thus a tolerably correct image may be formed of the internal confusion of an assembly which proposes to call an Old-Catholic religion into existence!"

Was there ever a more complete exposure? And it is in this fortuitous assemblage of contradictions that the Protestant press pretends to find a rival and a conqueror of the Church of Christ and of Peter.

The writer in the *Frankfürter Zeitung* repeats the expression of the convictions which the facts have forced upon him. "I have anew convinced myself of the complete want of internal connection and utter aimlessness of this Old-Catholic movement, and have been able to come to no other conclusion than that it will crumble to sand without any result. A mere negative protest is all that binds its representatives together. . . And even if the Congress commenced to-day were more numerically important than it is, and even if its scientific standard were still higher than its supporters assert, the only possible standpoint that could be assumed with respect to it would be that of a coolly onlooking, critically judging, and now and then laughing observer (*stellenweise lächelnden Beobachters*").

With reference to the numbers of the public present at the meetings of the Congress, the correspondent we have quoted gives im-

portant information. "Cards are issued for the public meetings in the Glass Palace, which entitle the holder to entrance. These cards are a mere contrivance; if few people come, they can be pointed to as restricting entrance; if many people come, then it can be said that there would have been a still greater number but for the limitation imposed by the cards. Now as the obtaining of these cards is by no means difficult (the editor of the Catholic *Germania*, for instance, yesterday already boasted the possession of three entrance cards) the most different sort of persons take part in these assemblages. Should, however, all such participators, without exception, be telegraphed to the world as 'thousands of Old-Catholics,' you are hereby requested, for the avoidance of error, to deduct your correspondent from the thousands."

Of course we do not expect that any refutations will teach the press to present really correct reports on such a subject to their readers; it is satisfactory, however, to know that the non-Catholics of the Continent labor under no delusions as to the nature of the unhappy Dr. Döllinger's attempt at a schism.

SHIPWRECK.

On the smiling sea was never a curl,
  On the bright sky never a frown;
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
  In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
  Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Love's own hand,
  The rudder was held by Hope.

The merciless sun shone full and fair,
  The pitiless waves were calm.
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
  The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
  We [illegible] fearless faith;
  [illegible] the sunken rock;
  [illegible] horrible shock;
  [illegible] death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the slumberous day,
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
With nor cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gaily past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
Sunk deep to the sea-weeds brown,
The great world turns and the great waves break;
What should either heed of the moan we make,
When a life or a ship goes down.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

ARE you, reader, one of those thrice-happy mortals whose mental machinery neither loses nor gains, but works on with uniform regularity? Can you rise to address an assembly, or sit down to your desk for more guarded utterance, with the consciousness that what you speak or write is sure to come up to a certain average, not disgracefully below your former performances? Do your thoughts never come crowding on your brain in such turbulent confusion, that before you have finished moulding one, another pushes it out, and the perplexed listener has to interpret your meaning from the heads and tails of incomplete sentences? Is your memory clear and ready, always providing you with, at all events, familiar names and words in common use? If so, it is much to be feared that you are harsh and uncharitable towards those whose minds are less happily constituted than your own; that you characterize their forgetfulness as carelessness, their abstraction as affectation, their incoherence as a sure symptom of despicable folly; for it is exceedingly difficult for an orderly mind to contemplate anything approaching to confusion or want of method with common patience; it cannot comprehend that what comes so instinctively to itself, is unattainable by a different organization. Of course, a confused, a hesitating, or inconsequent style of speaking is a great defect; but it is one which so often arises from a redundancy rather than a lack of sentiments and illustrations, that it should be treated with leniency. Indeed, it is singular to observe how often an empty-headed man, without one original idea in his pos-

session, can pour out well-turned sentences without hesitation, and upon every subject, by the hour together; while his intellectual superior, who has thought deeply and earnestly upon the same topics, sits by in silence, or stammers, becomes involved in his sentences, puts one word for another, and makes an exhibition of himself rather than of his opinions.

When a man combines power of thought with fluency of speech and the faculty of arranging his ideas, he is a delightful conversationalist; if, in addition, he has good lungs, an uvula which does not tickle, and sturdy tonsils, he is a born orator; let him add industry and a capacity for business, and there is your statesman.

All men who are deficient in the three first qualities—namely, thought, fluency, and order—are liable to the *lapsus linguæ*, and if they declaim much in public, will sometimes excite unintentional merriment by their blunders. How we laugh, even at the present day, at the elaborate mistakes of Sir Boyle Roche. The famous "There he stands, Mr. Speaker, like a crocodile, with his hands in his pockets, shedding false tears," may surely be considered a slip of the tongue: he would not have *written* such a sentence. He possessed a creative imagination and fluency of speech, but was entirely deficient in the power of arranging his ideas: comparisons, illustrations, invectives overflowed his brain, and came pouring out of his mouth in a heterogeneous torrent. Take, for instance: "Mr Speaker, sir, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but I will nip him in the bud!" Here are three distinct images jumbled up into a ridiculous sentence. A man with an equally fluent tongue and a brain of inferior reproductive energy, would have stuck, say, to the flower, some poisonous plant probably, would have sown it, watered it, pampered it for a quarter of an hour before the nipping process, and probably impressed his audience with the idea that he had made a very respectable speech.

The more ordinary slips of the tongue are caused either by nervousness or by the mind wandering away while the unruly member is left to trip unguided over some oft-repeated words, and the effect produced by such mistakes is sometimes very ludicrous. It is astonishing how seldom actors stumble in this way: one would fancy that men repeating the words of another, night after night, and obliged all the time to think of their actions, the expression of their faces, and, above all, their cues, would be peculiarly liable to blunder; but though they often forget their parts, and are driven to "gag," it is almost always the author, not the actor, who suffers. I remember one very ridiculous *lapsus* made by an actor, however, which may not be familiar to the reader. The play was *Lear*, and the performer who represented the king got on well enough till he came to his lament over the unfilial conduct of his daughter Goneril:

> Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
> To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.

Which the unhappy man rendered:

> How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
> To have a toothless child.

A reading not quite so tragic as the original.

A still more terrible thing must it be for a clergyman to make a ludicrous blunder of this description: the more solemn the cast of our thoughts at any particular moment, the more comic does any absurdity seem, and he must have been a very serious person indeed who refrained from smiling when the officiating clergyman read: "He spake the word, and cathoppers came, and grassipillars innumerable." The best thing which could happen to one who made such a slip, would be not to perceive it; that is, if he were a man who found a difficulty in keeping his countenance upon trying occasions, a task, however, which the majority seem to find simple enough.

It is a singular phenomenon of the human mind, that if a man makes a slip of the tongue without noticing it himself, or being corrected by others, in the course of a repetition or recital, the chances are that the same *lapsus* recurs on the next occasion. A friend of ours, who is one of the best lightweight riders in the country, an ardent fox-hunter, and a most melodious vocalist, has a first-rate hunting-song in his répertoire, which is always called for on convivial occasions, but in the course of singing which he as invariably as unwittingly trolls out the most fearful heresy that a sportsman could utter:

When hounds are in cover, your place is *inside*—

instead of *outside*, as, of course, it stands in the text, and as my friend fancies he sings it.

These last instances are pure slips of the tongue, as those first treated of are perhaps of the brain; but there is a description of *lapsus* in which the powers of thinking and the organs of speech seem to stumble at the same time.

The results of a *lapsus linguæ* are not, however, always comic; the tongue, especially of a nervous person, will sometimes blurt out what the heart most desires to conceal, though life may be forfeited by the stumble. How fearful it must be to have committed a murder or some other great crime, and to go about the world in a state of constant dread lest some chance word, some unguarded expression, should give our fellow-men the clue which they are seeking! For when the will is constantly and earnestly set to keep watch over the tongue, the little demon seems to take a malicious pleasure in thwarting such excessive pains; let persons of a certain temperament only go about long enough with the fixed thought, "Whatever happens, I must never say so and so," it is ten to one they do say it eventually.

And then the torture! If the reader be a lady, the *question* applied to her in youth was probably mental; but the masculine student may, when a boy, have had his arm twisted round, and smart blows of cruel knuckles applied to the upper part until such time as he apologized for an offence or disclosed a secret. If so, he can form some slight idea of the struggle between a firm will, devotion to a friend or a cause, and a weak and slipping tongue, in the furnace of intense bodily suffering. Thank God, we of the present day are spared all this, save by our own fault, or in very exceptional cases; but there

is a very common form of the *lapsus linguæ* which may cause us great mental pain and distress. Happy is he who has never tossed about through a sleepless night, devouring his remorse and shame, and regretting, oh! how bitterly, that he cannot at any cost or sacrifice recall words which have slipped out of his mouth in a moment of passion, of epigrammatic inspiration, or of pure inadvertence. I remember to this day with a hot feeling of shame setting that riddle about a squinting man being born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday, to a lady who had a cast in her eye, fully twenty years ago. The worst was, I saw my blunder with confusion and hesitation in the middle. Ugh! I cannot bear to think of it. I know a most amiable lady who is constantly making slips of this sort. I have heard her ask a man who had married three times, whether he thought that a widower who loved his first wife could ever bear to see a second in her place? To an officer of artillery, she put the question, whether it was true that his branch of the service was entirely composed of men rejected by the engineers? She inquired of a patriotic member of one university, why the other was so much more gentlemanly? She confided her opinion to a strange religious gentleman in a railway car, that no member of his communion could possibly be truthful. I myself, who am convinced that she would not for the world intentionally hurt the feelings of the meanest creature in it, have often been staggered, and thought for the moment that she must have aimed her random shots.

The most serious *lapsus linguæ* on record is that of the sailor on the look-out who saw a rock, and called out "Larboard!" instead of "Starboard!" drowning dozens by the slip; and it was in consequence of that lamentable affair, I believe, that the word "Port" was substituted for "Larboard" in naval nomenclature.

A STORY OF TOURS.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century, there dwelt in the city of Tours, in France, a poor widow, who eked out a precarious subsistence by letting a few rooms in her house to any strangers whom business or pleasure might attract to the ancient capital of Touraine.

Amongst her lodgers was one who, at the period of the occurrence we are about to relate, had already resided some months in her house. It was a young lawyer; his days, and even many of his nights, were spent in studying all the subtleties of the intricate science to which he had devoted himself; and already, though still in the springtime of life, he had acquired the reputation of being a distinguished master of his art.

But this was not, in the eyes of the good widow, his highest qualification. Every morning, often before daylight, might he be seen wending his way towards the old

Cathedral, and there, kneeling humbly before the altar, it was his habit to assist at several Masses, before betaking himself to the labors of the day.

Soon the fame of his learning and piety spread abroad, for his hostess was never weary of speaking to her friends and neighbors of his good deeds; and numbers of poor persons flocked to him in their necessities, and never left him without having received assistance and consolation. Often he pleaded their causes gratuitously, and obtained justice for those whose poverty might otherwise have prevented them even from getting a hearing. Thus he led the life of a saint, while pursuing a career which is usually supposed to offer greater temptations than almost any other.

It happened during his stay in Tours that the period arrived when a large fair was annually held in the town, which was consequently crowded with merchants, traders, and adventurers from all parts, far and near.

Two persons, belonging apparently to the former class, took up their abode in the house of the widow of whom we have spoken. They appeared to be wealthy, and carried with them a large leathern bag of money, which they seemed in great fear of losing, as it might be supposed there were many dishonest persons among the multitudes who filled the town. In order, therefore, to avoid the risk of carrying so large a sum constantly about with them, they requested their hostess to take charge of it for them until such time as they should require it, and to lock it up for them in a closet in her house.

Having obtained her somewhat reluctant consent to this arrangement, they further stipulated that, in order to avoid any possibility of fraud, she should only deliver up the bag of money to the two friends together, not to either separately. This she likewise promised, and the money was at once given into her keeping.

A day or two passed away; her two lodgers made themselves extremely agreeable, and the good woman congratulated herself upon having such worthy people in her house.

One morning they bade her "good day," as usual, before going to attend to their various avocations, and were leaving the house together, when one of them returned, saying he would be glad if she would give them the bag of money, which they had only just recollected they should that day require.

Quite unsuspectingly, she gave it to him, and he took his departure.

In the course of the day, his companion returned, said that they had been making some purchases, and requested to have the bag of money. The widow at once replied that she had given it to them that very morning.

He answered that she had given it to his companion when he was not present; that she had done very wrong, and had acted quite in opposition to the agreement. She represented to him that she had fully believed him to be standing close to the door. He replied that such was not the case; that he had gone quite away; and that she must make good the loss.

The poor woman, in the greatest distress, assured him that she had

acted to the best of her ability, and that all she possessed would not make up the sum which he declared the bag to contain.

He answered that he should take measures to compel her to pay the sum due to him according to agreement; and the next morning he appeared before the court, and related his story.

The judge ordered that the woman should be brought before the court on the following day.

When she received this summons, her heart at first sank within her; but, presently, calling to mind the wisdom and learning of her young lodger, she went to him at once, and made known her trouble. He received her with the greatest kindness, and listened patiently while she related to him all the circumstances of the case. He at once perceived that it was a scheme devised by those two heartless villains to ruin his poor hostess, and to defraud her of her little possessions. He bade her, however, be of good courage, for that he would be present on the following day to plead her cause.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the poor widow might be seen in the court with her young counsellor. Their opponent was waiting for them, and he presently repeated his story, in much the same terms as on the previous day, but with more assurance.

The widow then simply told her tale, and with such truthfulness, as carried conviction to the minds of all.

Still the judge decided that the fact could not be controverted; she had paid the money, only one of the owners being present; and, consequently, the other was fairly entitled to be indemnified for his loss.

And then, up rose the young lawyer, and, assuring the judge that he bowed to his most just decision, he addressed his adversary, who was now confident of success, asking him if he were quite certain that such was the agreement, that the money should only be paid in the presence of both parties.

He replied, he was ready to swear that such was one of the conditions of the agreement.

"Then," said the lawyer, "by what right do you claim to have it paid to you, as your companion is not present? Produce your friend, bring him hither into this court, and the money shall be forthcoming immediately."

The rogue was thus caught in his own snare, and the lawyer, turning to the judge, requested that he might be detained while officers of justice were despatched in quest of his companion, who, the story relates, was discovered without much difficulty, with the leathern bag in his possession, which, upon examination, was found to contain only pebbles.

The two heartless thieves suffered the punishment of their crime, according to the severe laws which were then in force. The lawyer afterwards entering the ecclesiastical state, became a bishop, and was subsequently canonized; he has been ever since venerated as the patron of lawyers, under the name of S. Yves.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

When we review the remote histories of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and find names and facts delivered with unhesitating confidence and chronological accuracy, it seems, at first sight, an unreasonable degree of skepticism to think for a moment of questioning their authenticity; and yet they are but specious delusions, and some of the numberless vagaries of the human mind. To the unsuspecting candor of mankind, these plausible fables must always appear genuine records, nor can their magic influence be removed but by the severe scrutiny of learning and criticism. A nation emerging from ignorance reluctantly gives up the fictions of poets and genealogists, because they are the only vouchers for ancient ancestry, and the only evidences of extinct national honor. But when that nation arrives at higher degrees of improvement and polish, these phantoms vanish, and individuals and nations seek for honor and unfading remembrance by personal desert and patriotic exertion.

"Fama manet facti: posito velamine currunt:
Et memorem famam, quod bene cessit, habet."

Britons, at this day, arrogate no pride from being descended from Trojans, and it is a curious and no useless speculation to investigate the origin of that notion, for its development and detection are strong and flattering proofs of the learning of the present age. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," has successfully instituted such an inquiry into the fabulous antiquities of England; nor are the principles he lays down, and the arguments he adduces less applicable to Ireland, for the same spirit of romantic fiction pervades the early history of each country. Encouraged, therefore, by his example, and countenanced by his respectable authority, we shall endeavor to deduce the bardic tales and historical romances of Erin from sources which he has happily opened. How imperfect soever these observations may be, some of them, perhaps the whole, may suggest to superior abilities a more perfect plan for future execution. If they in the least contribute to remove vulgar errors, a very useful object will then have been attained.

When the Saracens entered Spain, in the year 710, under Muza Ben Nosia (they were aided, however, to the subjugation of Spain, by Count Julian, of Consengra), with the revival of Greek literature, they introduced a knowledge of the arts and sciences, before but little studied, in many places not heard of in Europe. From the earliest ages, the Arabians cultivated magic: they extolled their intimate acquaintance with the occult qualities of bodies, and their power of conferring them where wanted. Their skill in metallurgy, in optics, in vitrification, in precious stones, and medicine, supported their high claims, and astonished and confounded the incredulous. Nor were they less distinguished for a vein of romantic fiction: here they displayed an exuberance of fancy in the creation of ideal personages, in the wildness and variety of their

adventures, and in the extravagance of their fables, all springing from original modes of thinking, and from their peculiar philosophy. A brilliancy of imagination and gorgeous pomp of expression, at once delighted and captivated the reader. The Western bards quickly caught the pleasing contagion—the genial warmth of Oriental fiction enlivened their songs: the monotonous and dismal tales of blood and slaughter were succeeded by more amusing and sprightly relations. These, wrought up with Arabian inventions, and sustained by Arabian philosophy, are visible not only in Irish history, but in that of every other country in the middle ages. Let us now proceed to substantiate what has been advanced from Ireland's mythologic story and the lives of her saints. Spain, the centre of Oriental fabling, soon after the invasion of the Saracens, enjoyed a celebrity above that of any other European nation. The Irish bards, in consequence, esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to exhibit a clear deduction of their countrymen from thence, and their close attention to this point carried them, as will be seen, into many absurd, incredible, and puerile excesses. They tell us three Spanish fishermen arrived here before the Flood, and that soon after that awful event, the Fomhoraigh, or Africans (by whom must be understood the Saracens), subdued the isle, and others from the continent of Africa, frequently visited it, and that it was finally colonized by Milesius, a Spaniard. This fiction is in Nennius, who is said to have written A.D. 858, though there are internal proofs in his work of his age being much later. But, let it be as it is stated, we need not wonder at the adoption of romantic fiction so early here, when we reflect that Ireland was then the emporium of learning to the Western world; and that hither resorted crowds, from the remotest countries, for greater advancement in piety, and more perfect instruction in letters. Nennius relates, that the Milesians, in their voyage from Spain to this isle, saw a tower of glass in the middle of the ocean, which endeavoring to take, they were drowned in the attempt. This tower is a sure mark of an Oriental fancy. It is similar to the tower of glass built by Ptolemy, and Boyardo's wall of glass made by an African magician; and the pillars of Hercules, at Cape Finisterre, erected on magical looking-glasses, all betraying their foundation in Arabian fable, and Arabian philosophy. The Milesians, according to Keating, discovered Ireland in a starry winter night, from the tower of Brigantia, in Gallicia, by the help of a telescope. This fiction could not be older than the thirteenth century, probably much more recent. Roger Bacon affirms, that Julius Cæsar, before he invaded Britain, viewed with a telescope her shores and harbors. The Milesians, when they landed in Ireland, had various battles with the Tuatha de Danans, who, it is alleged, raised both a storm and a fog to prevent the landing, and whom they at length subdued by superior skill and bravery. In Ossian's combat of Oscar and Illan, a beautiful damsel complains that Illan, eldest son of the King of Spain, pursued her, and threatened wounds and destruction to the Fi-

ans. "Wherever he goes," added she, "to the east or west, or to the four quarters of the world, his sharp-edged weapon makes every foe yield the victory." The dress and arms of Illan are then described; he had a coat of mail, a vizor polished and set with precious stones; his garments were of rich satin, tied with silken strings. This romantic tale bespeaks its age not to be anterior to the fifteenth century. Were we to mention the Clanna Baoisgaine, or Biscayan colony, the Liapail, or Magical Stone, the Gai Bulg, or Sorcerer's Spear, the Magical Helmet, and numberless other particulars in Irish romantic story, relating to Spain, to the occult qualities of bodies, to conjuration and enchantment, derived from Arabic ideas and philosophy, we should extend our inquiries to an unreasonable length. The foregoing specimen will sufficiently point out their origin.

In the legends of the Irish saints the same romantic fabling abounds, and proceeds from the same source. No one but a virgin could use the magic girdle of St. Colman. St. Cuthbert's zone cures many diseases. An Irish priest complains to St. Gerald, that a huge rock, situated in the midst of a river, impeded its navigation, and entreats him to remove it; the saint throws a wonderful stone, which he held in his hand, on it, and instantly it splits in pieces. At another time he puts the same stone in the mouth of a dead man, and he revives. St. Kiaran, St. Fechin, and St. Ænd, are conveyed as safely over the ocean, lakes, and rivers, on stone as in ships. The mystical and wondrous power of stones marks the Oriental complexion of our spiritual romances, and is derived from the school of Eastern philosophy. Warton remarks, that romantic fabling was early cultivated in Armorica, and in Wales; and of this he alleges numerous and incontestable proofs, to which may be added, that through these channels it must have soon reached Ireland. For this country professed a religion perfectly corresponding with the British, which, through every age, cemented the inhabitants of both islands in the bonds of fraternal regard, so that the connection between Ireland, Cornwall, and Wales was very intimate. Mark, a Cornish king, married La Bel Isod, the monarch of Ireland's daughter. Constantine, another king, became a monk in the Abbey of Ratheny, in Westmeath. Edwal ap Meiric, Iago ap Edwal, and Conal ap Iago, Welch princes, were espoused in Ireland. "The people of Cornwall," says Camden, "have always borne such veneration to Irish saints, who retired there, that almost all their towns have been consecrated to their memory."

According to one historian, St. Patrick is born in Taburnia, in Cornwall; his mother is Conchessa, a French woman of Tours. Others make him a native of Airmuncie, or Armorica. From this region he and his sister, Lupita, are carried away by Irish pirates. On his return from Rome he preaches in Cornwall; and Fingar and other Irish saints travel to Armorica and Cornwall. In a counsel held by St. Patrick, all the unconverted are baptized, and so violent a religious paroxysm seizes them, that 30,000, divided into three bodies, begin a

pilgrimage with the saint's benediction, to Rome and Jerusalem, and other parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Here is a palpable forgery, similar to one mentioned by Warton, calculated to countenance the Crusades, and determines the date of this fiction to the twelfth century. The learned Jesuit, Bollandus, from a judicious and critical examination of our legends (well worth perusing), pronounces their fabrication to be about the twelfth century. Ireland's romantic history is much later; almost every page in Keating supplies new proofs. Thus he informs us: "When Milesius arrived in Spain, he found the Spaniards in the most deplorable circumstances, overrun by Goths, who, with other foreigners, ransacked the whole country. He summoned all his Gadelians, defeated the Goths in fifty-four battles, and quite drove them out of the kingdom."

This perverted piece of history evidently refers to the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It admits of the clearest proof that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the ages prolific in romantic writings. In these periods, the celebrated literary impostures of Berosus, Philo, Cato, Hector, Boethius, and others appeared. Trithemius, an ecclesiastic of some learning; in the fifteenth century, gives a plausible list of ideal French princes from their departure from Troy, which he assures us was taken from an ancient author, named Hunibald. Frederic, elector of Saxony, wrote to Trithemius, requesting Hunibald might be sent to him; but Trithemius had no way to screen his forgery, and evade a compliance, but by saying he was not in possession of the MS., having changed his residence from Hitchau to Wurtzburg, so that it was justly concluded,—"Que cet auteur pretendu est de la propre fabrique de Tritheme." Whoever will consult Florian del Campo, Tarapha, Pedro Mexia, Pineda, and other Spanish chroniclers (all of whose works are translated into English), will quickly perceive that they supplied the later bards and Keating with materials for enlarging the Milesian tale, which they adorned with poetical scraps and inventions of their own. Of sound judgment, unbiased by false patriotism or natural prejudice, the learned Bartholine desires his readers to be extremely cautious in studying the Icelandic historians, and not to be imposed on by their Fornum Bokum, nor old books, nor by their Fornum Saxum, nor ancient traditions, for he found both stuffed with absurdities and fictions. Let us with the same caution examine our senachies, else we may embrace puerile stories and idle fictions rivalling those of the Icelandic historians. What a deplorable instance then is it of mental debility and misapplied erudition to defend fictions, confessed to be such by those who record them. Nennius, though he gives us the Milesian tale, and is the oldest relator of it, yet tells us, there was no certain history of the origin of the Scots,—

"Nulla tamen certa historia originis Scotorum reperitur."

How can the effect of this candid confession be evaded? He consulted the most skilful Irish antiquaries, and they told him the story

of Pharaoh's son-in-law, his expulsion from Egypt, his travels through Africa to Spain, and from thence to Ireland; and all this 2000 years after the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. If this was the state of Irish history in the ninth century, and such the materials for it, was time or inquiry likely to improve either, particularly as the best critics assure us, there are no Irish MSS. older than the tenth or eleventh century? But what established the veracity of Nennius, in declaring we had no history, is, that Gildas, who flourished almost 300 years before him, assures us, that if there were national records, they were either burnt or carried away by enemies, for none appeared in the sixth century. Fordun makes the same complaint in his "Scoti Chronicon;" he cannot determine the times of the Scottish kings between the Fergusses. Why? Because there were no authentic memorials of them. It was the uncertainty of tradition, and the want of literary monuments, that drove weak men to the disreputable and disingenuous shift of forging authorities. Such, then, seems to me the origin and grounds of Irish romantic history, a subject of more curiosity than value, yet necessary to be thoroughly examined in order to be forever exploded. In this enlightened age, it can require no apology for exposing this wild chaos of absurdity and fable; as it stands at present it reflects no honor on our native country, nor can its annihilation in the least injure it. But the strenuous support of bardic tales, the offspring of licentious fancies in rude and ignorant ages, would, in the eyes of foreigners, degrade our national understanding, and suggest how slow our advances had been in civilization and letters. Are we then to reject Irish history and antiquities as undeserving notice or investigation? To this we answer with confidence, that so far as the one is supported by authentic records, and the other by existing monuments, they are as curious and interesting as those of any other country, not classical, nor the seat of a great empire. The formation of the Irish alphabet, the etymology and analogy of the language, the state of our literature from the sixth to the ninth century, our round towers and stone-roofed crypts—the origin and progress of Christianity in faithful Erin—our ancient laws and coins—our skill in metallurgy, and the lapidary's and goldsmith's arts —with the remains of our primitive superstition all soliciting our attention—and illustration of numberless monuments everywhere to be found, are topics that would abundantly exercise the ingenuity and erudition of the philosopher, the grammarian, the architect, the theologian, and the antiquary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By Count De Montalembert. Two vols., royal 8vo., pp. 1450. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872.

If the old monks, whose patient labor in copying and illuminating manuscripts Montalembert loves to describe, could have seen Donahoe's edition of the great Count's book, they would not know whom to praise the more—the man who has written the ablest vindication of their institute and work, or the publisher who has issued the book in a style worthy of its subject and its author.

As we have said, the "Monks of the West" is known to the world as the most eloquent and cogent defence of monasticism that has appeared in modern times. To its composition Montalembert brought his vast and critical knowledge of history, his philosophical acumen, his varied theological acquirements, and, above all, a soul in thorough sympathy with the mediæval spirit, and full of reverence for the good it wrought and the mission it accomplished.

He undertook a difficult task, for history, philosophy, literature, the drama, Protestantism, and infidelity have combined for the past three centuries in a warfare against the monk. The friar figures as a fool in philosophy, as a drone in history, as a sensualist in literature and on the stage, as a superstitious knave in Protestant publications, and as a trickster or hypocrite in infidel gibes. And this systematic misrepresentation has continued for three centuries, so persistently and so relentlessly that even we Catholics have not wholly escaped its influence, for do not some of us look upon the monks as good, lazy fellows, of little assistance to the Church, and no benefit whatever to society or civilization?

To combat this system of slander and prejudice was the task Montalembert assumed. Its difficulty cannot be overrated, for there is nothing so hard to do as to disprove a slander. It is a legal axiom that no man can prove his own innocence. He must refute the charge; he must confound the calumniator. Were the Count's task only to describe the benefits which the monks conferred on Europe, his work would have been comparatively easy; but he designed to do not only this, but also to repel accusations, answer objections, and unmask sophistical lies. That despite all difficulties he succeeded; that he did his work thoroughly and satisfactorily; that he changed the tone of history, philosophy, and literature on the subject of monasticism, alone entitle him to immortality.

At the outset he had to demonstrate the falsity of the plan of treatment followed by all non-Catholic writers on monasticism, viz.: that its good was fortuitous and abnormal, and its evil, consequent and systematic. He had first to show its innate aptitude for good, its logical tendency to perfect the community that embraced its rules, and through and by them its power to bless and elevate the society that came within the sphere of their ministrations. He had to make evident to a prejudiced and ignorant world that the abuses and defects of the monastic institution were such not by reason of the rule, but on account of its neglect or violation.

The Introduction discusses what may be called the historical and the philosophical side of monasticism. The author, after explaining his reasons for changing his original plan of writing the life of St. Bernard, into a complete history of the Monks of the West, proceeds to discuss the fundamental character of monastic institutions, which he places in the effort to overcome corrupted nature and to approach to Christian perfection: "For those," he remarks, "who do not acknowledge the original fall, and the double necessity of human effort and divine grace to elevate us above the condition of fallen nature, it is clear that the monastic life can be nothing but a grand and lamentable aberration. For those who neither know nor comprehend the

struggles of the soul which seeks, in the love of God elevated to heroism, a victorious weapon and sovereign remedy against the inordinate love of the creature. that mysterious worship of chastity, which is the essential condition of the life of the cloister, must always remain unintelligible But, to such minds, the Christian revelation and the priesthood instituted by Jesus Christ are equally inadmissible. On the other side, every man who believes in the incarnation of the Son of God, and the divinity of the Gospel, ought to recognize in monastic life the most noble effort which has ever been made to overcome corrupted nature and to approach to Christian perfection. Every Christian who believes in the perpetuity of the Church ought to discern and venerate in this institution, let its scandals and abuses be what they will, the imperishable seed of ecclesiastical self-devotion." (p. 7).

Then follows an interesting chapter on the services rendered to Christendom by the monks. These benefits are of two kinds, spiritual and temporal. Among the chief of their spiritual benefits, prayer is enumerated—"supplications always active, always fervent; torrents of prayer, poured forth unceasingly at the feet of God, who wills that we should supplicate Him." The next was their love of poverty, which they honored, consecrated, adopted, and espoused as that which was greatest and most royal here below. The temporal blessings they bestowed on Europe are so manifold as not to admit of even a short recapitulation here.

Passing from the contemplation of the material and external works which the monks erected, the Count treats of their interior edifice and moral work, and the pure and profound happiness which reigned in them and around them. This chapter, "Happiness in the Cloister," is exceedingly interesting and instructive, showing as it does the falsity of the idea of gloom and discomfort we associate with monastery life. The closing paragraph of this chapter is a fair example of the beauty of thought, and depth and tenderness of feeling which characterize the whole work. He is speaking of the ruins of monasteries:

"Often, however, nature has had pity upon these ruins which testify to the pitiless ingratitude of men. She has thrown around these monuments of their rapacity decorations perpetually renewed; she has veiled their shame under the inexhaustible riches of her abundant verdure; she has wrapped them as in a shroud with her immortal robe of ivy and eglantine, with creeping plants and wild flowers. She attracts to them thus, even from the indifferent, a sympathetic and attentive gaze. And where the climate or the still more cruel hand of man has not permitted that struggle of nature against scorn and forgetfulness, sometimes a plaintive legend survives and resists them like a last protest. Thus amid the ruins of the Abbey of Kilconnel, on the western extremity of Ireland, the Irish peasants, themselves spoiled and dishonored for so many centuries, still show in the pavement of the ruined church certain long lines and little hollows, furrowed in the stone, according to their tale, by those drops of fire, the burning tears of the poor monks, when they were expelled forever from their well-beloved sanctuary."

It is impossible, however, in a notice like this even to enumerate the contents of the book. Suffice it to say that the Catholic who has not read it should do so at once, for the principles expressed by monasticism are the same in kind that underlie the whole Catholic system of truth and morality, and no other writer of to-day has shown the practical and beneficent working and influence of these principles better than Montalembert in his "Monks of the West."

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE AND CHURCH HISTORY STORIES ABRIDGED. By Rev. H. Formby. New York Catholic Publication Society. 12mo., pp. 320.

We have here an American reprint of a book long known in England as the best of its kind in the language. This is high praise for a work which has countless rivals in Protestant pictorial histories of the Bible, but it is not unmerited, as a cursory examination shows. The

reason of its excellency lies in its strict adherence to the words of the Sacred Text, and in its conformity in all respects to the spirit as well as the letter of the Word of God. Many of our English histories of the Bible read more like criticisms and paraphrases of the text than narratives, and this is why those that study them learn nothing about the Scriptural way of telling facts or narrating events; so that when such a one reads in the Bible the narrative he has seen in the history, the accounts appear to conflict, the diversity of style breeds confusion, and dissatisfaction is the result.

Father Formby, however, gives us the Scriptural text, whenever he can do so, without sacrificing his plan of combining the fullest information in the shortest space. Hence his book has all the advantage of a history together with those of a Scriptural textbook and biblical repository.

Another excellency of the work is that its author follows St. Augustine's plan of writing sacred history, viz., to make it a "continuous, unbroken narrative brought down to the present times of the Church." If the later be detached from the earlier history of the Church, the youthful mind sees no intrinsic connection between them. The impression is left that sacred history is something entirely different from and unconnected with the history of the Church. We are, therefore, charmed by the wisdom and grace with which the author links together the several great eras of the Church, and traces the manifold analogies and relations they bear to each other. It is on the whole just the book we need for our Sunday-schools and libraries; its interest and general excellence commending it to the youth and the adult, whilst the beauty of the engravings will attract the eyes of the little ones. The Publication Society is entitled to the thanks of our Catholics for the admirable style in which it has issued the book.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. A Treatise on the Obscure Night of the Soul. By Rev. A. F. Hewit. New York Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

Into this little book the distinguished author has gathered the thoughts of the saints on the subject of spiritual aridity and desolation. He has prepared it, he tells us, because he believed it to be required by the spiritual needs of a number of persons who cannot easily make use of the larger and more elaborate treatises which have been written on the same subject by the great masters of spiritual doctrine.

The typography and general arrangement of the book make it a model of elegance and neatness.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY ANNOUNCE—

Bibliographia Catholica Americana. By Father Finotti. A history of Catholic books and publications in this country up to 1820; with sketches of their authors, and a *resume* of their contents. Will be published shortly by subscription.

Mary Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian. Being a narrative of the principal events of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froud's "History of England." By James F. Meline. Will appear November 1.

MR. P. DONAHOE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WILL SHORTLY ISSUE—

To and From the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria. By the Rev. George H. Doane.

MESSRS. KELLY, PIET & CO., BALTIMORE, HAVE IN PRESS, AND WILL BE PUBLISHED SOON,

The Martyrs of the Coliseum. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, No. 8.—DECEMBER, 1871.

CATHOLIC AMERICA.

SECOND PAPER.

BUT the strongest evidence in favor of our belief in the future Catholicity of America is found in the unparalleled progress of the faith and the prosperity which has steadily attended the Church since the establishment of the Republic. Facts bear out our suppositions. Proofs of America's Catholic destiny multiply. Were no statistics brought forward to substantiate our hypothesis the reader would be justified in rejecting it. But when he sees that in a century of progress, the Catholic faith has been the most progressive; that its growth has far outstripped that of the Republic; that its influence, power, and sway are more far-reaching and effective than those exerted by any institution or system in the country, he must admit, however reluctantly, that our claim is not unwarranted, that our speculations have a basis in fact and truth.

This progress of the faith in America is brought into clearer light by contrast with the marvellous growth and development of the country itself. Though not yet quite a century old, the Republic has reached a station and wields a power which other nations have been centuries in securing. Within the brief period of a hundred years, it has seen thirteen helpless and poverty-stricken colonies grow into thirty-seven powerful and opulent states. Its territory, at first, contained within a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast, now takes in the boundless valley of the Mississippi and reaches out to the Pacific shores. From eight hundred thousand square miles, its area has expanded into three millions. The increase in population has been even more remarkable. The three millions of 1776 have swelled to the forty millions of 1870.

These are certainly startling figures, evidencing a growth and progress unexampled in modern history. It took Rome a thousand years to build up an Empire less extensive than ours. The ephemeral rule won by the great conquerors of the world serves to show

more clearly the strength and durability which underlies the Republic.

Yet rapid as has been the progress of the United States, in the path of empire, wealth, and general prosperity, its advance has been slow compared with that of the Catholic faith. That the thirteen colonies are now thirty-seven states is surprising; but that the single Catholic bishopric to which the entire Catholic fold in these colonies was subject, has become fifty-four bishoprics, six vicariates apostolic, and four abbacies, is something miraculous. The growth of the population from three millions to forty millions, an increase of nearly fifteen hundred per cent. is, indeed, astonishing; but the wonder vanishes before the statement, that the twenty-five thousand Catholics scattered through the country at the outbreak of the Revolution have increased at the rate of nearly twenty-two thousand per cent., for they number at present six millions. Very slight knowledge of arithmetic is needed to predict even the year in which the entire Republic will be Catholic, if this ratio continue, and who will say that it will not?

The facts are so interesting and the theme is so important, that a more detailed account of this wonderful progress must prove acceptable to our Catholic readers, and serve more efficiently to convince the Protestant one of the truth of our general statement. In the year 1790 the Catholic clergy numbered but twenty—the few laborers in the vast vineyard. Now we have nearly five thousand priests breaking the bread of life to the unnumbered faithful worshipping in forty-five hundred churches, and almost two thousand chapels and stations. New England, the hotbed of Puritanism, and consequently the place in which Catholicity would find the most difficulties to contend against, is, as a leading Puritan divine exclaimed with alarm, "rapidly Romanizing." Speaking of Catholicity and its trials in Boston, Archbishop McCloskey on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, remarked: "There are those most probably now within the sound of my voice who can remember when there was but *one* Catholic church in Boston, and when that sufficed, or had to suffice not alone for the city, but for all New England; and how is it now? Churches and institutions multiplied, and daily continuing to multiply on every side, in this city, throughout the state, in all, or nearly all the cities and states of New England; so that at this day, no portion of our country is enriched with them in greater proportionate numbers; none where they have grown up to a more flourishing condition; none were finished with more artistic skill, or presenting monuments of more architectural taste and beauty."

Leaving New England, we glance at the past and present of the Middle States. In 1834, Brooklyn, which now contains twenty-six Catholic churches, depended on the spiritual ministrations of one priest. Under the fostering care of the late Bishop Timon, Buffalo has become a centre of Catholicity. The sixteen priests and sixteen churches that the venerable Prel-

ate found in his new diocese have been succeeded by one hundred and seventy churches and nearly a hundred and fifty priests. So Newark, which twenty years ago could find only a dilapidated hut for Catholic worship, now beholds a fine cathedral and four churches. Philadelphia, which a few years ago saw a frenzied mob pillage and burn the few fine churches which the Catholics possessed, now contemplates with admiration the noblest cathedral, and the most spacious and complete educational institution in the United States.

But the West has witnessed still more surprising evidences of the progress of the faith. Chicago which, like the palace of Aladdin, sprang up in a night, found the Church keeping pace with its own "magical growth." The confusion of business, the clamor of the exchange, the dust of trade may have prevented Chicago from noticing her spiritual rival, but now when loom and spindle are silent, and the once busy mart deserted, and gloom and sorrow brood over the Queen City, she gazes with wondering gratitude, on the bands of ministering angels, the unobtrusive charity, the patience and devotedness that find their true home only in the Church.

Further westward we find the faith full grown in places which twenty years ago were the hunting-grounds of the Indian. In 1834 Milwaukee was first visited by the whites. In 1839, the first Catholic Church was erected, and the entire spiritual charge of all Wisconsin was in the hands of one priest. Now there are three hundred and twenty-five churches, one hundred and sixty-five priests and a Catholic population of a half million.

Passing southward we find the Church full of energy and vitality, due in a great measure to the apostolic zeal of Bishop England. He found in the whole of his diocese, which comprised North and South Carolina and Georgia, only eight thousand Catholics. At present, in Charleston alone, the Catholic population consist of twelve thousand, and the other southern cities have a proportionately large number. It is unnecessary to say that the metropolis of the Republic is Catholic; whilst the great western cities that bid fair to rival New York in wealth and power, St. Louis, San Francisco (names which breathe the Catholic spirit), Cincinnati, and others, are thronged with the children of the faith.

Such is the cheering presage which the country gives of its future Catholicity. Contemplating it, the Church is filled with joy, for with the destinies of such a nation as this in her hands, she will lead the way to spiritual, nay, even to material and temporal triumphs, of which none of us at present dreams. With America as a great centre of Catholicity, she will regain that beneficent ascendency over human thought, that enabled her to fashion the civilization and mould the character of Europe—a civilization which irreligion has partly destroyed, but which, through Catholic America, will be reformed and renewed.

It has been said, however, that the progress of the Church here is exclusively due to immigrations, and that, consequently, when this source is exhausted, the Church

will cease to enlarge. True, in enumerating the causes of her progress, immigration holds a prominent place, and when America has entered the fold, she will bless Ireland as one of the principal instruments in effecting her conversion. "In recording the consoling advancement of Catholicity throughout the United States, especially in the North and West," says Dr. White in his "Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Catholic Church in America," "justice requires us to state that it is owing in a great measure to the faith, zeal, and generosity of the Irish people who have emigrated to these shores, and their descendants. We are far from wishing to detract from the merits of other nationalities; but the vast influence which the Irish population have exerted in extending the domain of the Church is well deserving of notice, because it conveys a very instructive lesson. The wonderful history of the Irish nation has always forced upon us the conviction, that, like the chosen generation of Abraham, they were destined in the designs of Providence to a special mission for the preservation and propagation of the true faith. This faith, so pure, so lively, so generous, displays itself in every reform of the globe. To its vitality and energy must we attribute to a very great extent, the rapid increase in the number of churches and other institutions which have sprung up, and are still springing up in the United States, and to the same source are the clergy mainly indebted for their support in the exercise of their pastoral ministry. It cannot be denied, and we bear a cheerful testimony to the fact that hundreds of clergymen who are laboring for the salvation of souls would starve, and their efforts for the cause of religion would be in vain, but for the generous aid which they receive from the children of Erin, who know, for the most part, how to appreciate the benefits of religion, and who, therefore, joyfully contribute of their worldly means, to purchase the spiritual blessings which the Church dispenses."

So, too, Germany has not failed to contribute her work and means in building up the American Church. The true German Catholic is noted, the world over, for his intense love of the Church, the loyalty and steadfastness of his faith, and his unflagging interest in whatever concerns her welfare—traits of Catholic character, the more estimable and praiseworthy because formed and trained in the heretical and irreligious atmosphere of the Fatherland. The Church in the Western and some of the Middle States, is largely composed of this class of Germans, and her thriving and prosperous condition furnishes the best eulogy on her children. France, too, has sent her sons to plant the seed of the faith in American soil, and to water it with their blood. The earliest missionaries came from her shores, and Louisiana south and Canada north bound the vast field which they traversed in carrying out the Apostolic commission. We have already seen the part which Spain and Italy enacted, whilst it remains only to add that England must not be wholly debarred from the praise which the Republic will one day

bestow upon its Catholic benefactors. The oldest see in the United States is named after an English Catholic nobleman, while throughout the land are found numerous evidences of the abiding presence of that steadfast, resolute English type of Catholic character which neither the cruelty or caresses of Henry or Elizabeth could break or soften.

Here, then, we have several powerful foreign Catholic elements assimilating with the American nationality, and whilst fusing with it, retaining their distinctive religious form. The true Catholic foreigner becomes American in everything save his faith. He divests himself of certain prejudices and feelings uncongenial to his adopted land, upholds its government, defends and obeys its laws, and, sooner or later, identifies himself with the people. Yet even if this assimilation is so complete that not a trace of his foreign birth or antecedents is perceptible, in one thing he remains unchanged, one characteristic is never lost. His faith, his Catholicity, his Church, are the household gods which he has not parted with, in parting from all. The reason is twofold; first, a man clings instinctively to his religion as the centre to which all that is good and beautiful in his life converges. This, however, is not a good reason, for it is not true that every religion has this power over a man's heart and mind. The true reason in the case of the Catholic is, because his faith being universal, finds no difficulty in acclimating itself to any state of life, or any form of government. As a Catholic, he may discharge, nay, his creed commands him to discharge, all the duties of a subject of government, be that government a republic or a monarchy. He finds that he succeeds better, lives happier the more devotedly he loves his Church and observes her directions. He sees that his Church falls in naturally and easily with the spirit of the national institutions, and however much her enemies rant, he perceives that the people respect the Church, and respect him in proportion to his loyalty to her.

Now, Catholicity is the only faith that has the power of naturalizing itself in any country. It does no violence to a people's just and legitimate feelings, habit of thought, or general institutions. The Catholic is the only religionist that can logically become an American. An English Episcopalian must virtually forswear his religion before he can vote, for his creed is part of his allegiance to his sovereign. So the Irish Orange Protestant can never become an American citizen without perjuring himself. If the innumerable German sects kept to the letter of their symbols and confessions of faith, they could as soon form a religious union, as discharge conscientiously the duties of the American citizen. Time after time Protestantism has been convicted of hostility to free institutions, but as Protestantism and Protestants are contradictions, Catholics are too logical to call Calvinists, for instance, traitors to the country, because Calvinism teaches certain doctrines that it would be high treason here to reduce to practice.

But the Church, by proclaiming the divine origin of the civil power without regard to the form of gov-

ernment in which it is embodied, upholds every lawful civil rule, for on the general and practical acknowledgment of this principle, explained, defended, and maintained by her, the permanent stability of all governments depends. By enjoining on her children the duty of obedience to the civil power under which they chance to live, be its holder pagan or Christian, heretic or Catholic, by teaching that the power, as ordained of God, should be obeyed for conscience' sake, she establishes civil government on its surest foundation,—the enlightened mind of its subjects.

Hence, one of the reasons why the children of foreign Catholic parents cling to the paternal faith, while, it is a noted fact, that no Protestant creed can be transplanted, whole and entire, from Europe. The American Episcopal Church is an absurd parody on the English establishment; and to absurdity it to-day adds the grossest heresy, for in a recent convention, the American Bishops departed entirely from what the English church considers the orthodox view of the sacrament. Who can trace any resemblance between the Kirk of Scotland and the American sect which claims to be its counterpart; or even between the English dissenters and the American sects that father themselves upon Wesley and his class of reformers?

It is in the strength of this Catholic unity that we place our trust. Even if the great tides of Catholic emigration from Europe should cease, the transplanted Church will flourish in congenial soil, and the entire nation will repose beneath its shade. But is it not to be feared, nay, is it not a fearful fact that the children of Catholic foreigners lose the faith of their fathers; and does not our argument drawn from the mutual adaptation of the Church and America fall to the ground before the sad truth of unnumbered defections from the Church? We answer that careful research has convinced us that the number of such defections is exaggerated, and that each is traceable to a combination of circumstances which are both rare and peculiar. Maguire in his able work, "The Irish in America," thus speaks on the subject: "The loss has been monstrously exaggerated, the statements to that effect partaking more of the nature of an oratorical flourish than of the remotest approach to statistical accuracy—resting upon nothing more solid than a paragraph in a well-meant letter of warning, or a full-swelling passage in a terror-striking discourse. The motive in which these statements had their origin was good, but the language has been sadly reckless. From individual localities or exceptional circumstances, results sweeping and general have been deduced. Whatever the loss—and it is altogether a thing of the past rather than the present—there can be no delusion more monstrous, or indeed more unjust to a people or a church, than that the Irish become, if not actual infidels, at least indifferent, the moment they land in America. Now, were not the character of the Irish—the most retentive and tenacious of all races in the world—a sufficient answer to this absurdity, the proof to the contrary is the present position of the Catholic Church of America. Now,

at any rate, there is no fear of loss. The day for that is gone. Wherever the eye of the pioneer clears the path in the forest, or the plough of the settler turns up the virgin soil of the prairie, the Church soon follows and erects the cross; and no sooner does the village begin to assume the outlines of the city than the religious orders, and those noble standard-bearers and soldiers of the faith, push on to defend and protect the rising youth of the race and religion of Catholic Ireland. The losses of the past are to be deplored, though they have been exaggerated; but the America of the past is not the America of to-day."

However lamentable, it is not surprising that many were lost to the Church in times when no priests could be found to break the bread of life to the immigrants whom choice or necessity carried to parts of the country then inaccessible to the Church. There are instances on record of Catholic immigrants keeping alive the fire of the faith in settlements which for fifty years were without priest or religions. But, as the eloquent man from whom we have quoted truly remarks, the America of the past is not the America of to-day. The most unfavored of spots remains not so long without priestly ministrations.

But it is not true that the Catholicizing of America will depend exclusively, or even chiefly, on foreign immigration, as such. The faith introduced into all parts of the land by the emigrant will work its own way, will achieve the conquest by its intense force and beauty. The effects of its powerful influence are already everywhere perceptible. It has been forming the American mind for the past fifty years, and the gradual disintegration of Protestantism is one of the tokens of its daily increasing strength. It has taken fast hold on the popular heart in particular. The Church is recognized as the church of the poor, and has for the poor an attraction marvellously like that which drew the outcast and the publican to the feet of our Saviour.

We refer to the growing distaste of the lower classes of American Protestants to their creed. Brought into direct contact with Catholics of the same class in life, and forced to compare the love and solicitude with which the Church cherishes poverty, with the indifference and scarcely concealed dislike which Protestantism regards it, the humble American is not slow in making up his mind on the merits of the two religions. As a spiritual being, he has wants which he sees Protestantism incapable of supplying. He wants a creed which will be to him as daily food; something tangible, real, soul-satisfying. He wishes a Church which will sympathize with his humble sorrows and joys; which will not politely, but effectually, exclude him from its sanctuary because he is poor, or unlettered, or plebeian. He looks for a religion which will give him some surety of conscience; some outlook into the other world; a church which will not sneer at the tears he sheds over the graves of his beloved dead; or call him superstitious for fondly remembering and praying for their well-being. Childlike, he deserves a worship which will raise his heart on the wings of music and solemn ceremony, a worship which will lead

his mind to God through glorious pictures and grand ritual. This type of character is found principally in the West, where the exigencies of an unformed civilization have developed a practical homely logic which applies to religion the principles which guide business and labor. Of what use, profit or advantage to us, it is asked, is a creed which does not enter into our daily life, adapt itself to our humble lot, or satisfy the commonest spiritual needs? Protestantism may be suited for the refined and luxurious city, but it is out of place in the backwoods. We want a church for the poor, the ignorant, the rough, the class, in short, which the Saviour, as the Holy Book tells us, gathered about him, and intrusted, guided, loved. Now we see that the Catholic Church is the poor man's church. He is as much attended to, sought after, and taught as the wealthiest man in the congregation. The priest will come to his death-bed as quick as to that of the millionnaire. He does not have to stay away from church on Sunday because he has not good clothes, for the church is open all day Sunday before sunrise. He is not obliged to "join church," to go through a probation—sit on the stool of the penitent, declare his intention, get religion, and make a public show of himself generally. He is always a son of the church, it seems, even if he never goes into it, for the priest goes after him, and preaches to him, and is just as ready to go to him when he is sick or in trouble, as to the greatest saint in the parish. Now, if a Protestant does not "join church," he is a sort of black sheep; the minister and the others look upon him as an unregenerate, hopeless, doomed man, and if he wants to attend church, they will give him a back seat, where everybody may see that he is unregenerate, hopeless, and doomed.

There is a philosophy in this complaint which year by year is loudening. The Church of Christ has always been the Church of the poor and the lowly, even as He foretold. Any religion which excludes them from its tenderest ministrations, or fails to make the amplest provision for their spiritual necessities, is thereby known to be not of Christ.

But not only the lower, but also the higher class of Protestants, are gradually becoming dissatisfied with their hollow and jejune creed. Unlike England or Germany, America is bound by no traditional worship. The spell of antiquity, such as it is, rests not on American Protestantism. The state does not uphold it, and, without this support, it is destined to downfall. Hence the unwearied efforts of Protestantism here, to receive at least a quasi recognition from the Constitution. Left to its own support, it cannot exist. The nation is outgrowing the puny proportions of sects. She demands a church as great as herself—a church which can guide her destinies, singly and infallibly. Union being the principle of her life, she seeks it in everything bearing on her future. The culture which the more favored classes of her people enjoy enables them to see in the church, the mistress not only of spiritual and heavenly science, but of worldly and human learning. The high-spirited and inquiring American native

reverences a church which, while claiming authority to teach men, addresses reason as well as faith, and which, while requiring submission, shows that the submission is reasonable as well as scriptural. The fascination of her history, the triumphs of her career, the glorious tokens of her power, the splendor of her worship, the contemplation of her works in the temporal as well as the spiritual order, all combine to draw the heart of the great Republic, already touched by grace, into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

THE FIRST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

NEARLY eighteen hundred years ago, was held at Jerusalem a small assembly, despised and unknown at the time, but destined to be the model of many similar meetings which should take a prominent place among other influences in advancing true civilization. This was the first Œcumenical Council of the Christian Church held at Jerusalem for the purpose of settling disputes which had arisen between the Jewish and Gentile converts. Let us try to realize what Christianity was in the eyes of the world at that time. What would have been thought of it by a Roman of liberal culture and enlightened ideas, as the phrase is, presumably on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*?

Some years before, one Christ had been put to death by the Procurator Pontius Pilate, on a charge of sedition and blasphemy. A few weeks after this event, men were seen preaching to the people that this man was their Messiah, and urging them to expiate the portentous crime they had been guilty of in crucifying Him, by speedy penance and submission of their intellects and wills to the faith and law which He had established. These men had been called before the magistrates, and cautioned to discontinue the dissemination of such doctrines; but, nothing daunted by prosecutions, even when they had extended to the putting to death of some of the principal among them, they had continued their preaching, and were spreading over Judæa and Syria, some even having reached the province of Asia Minor.

But already division was among them. The nascent sect was torn with contention and jealousy between the Jews and the other races composing it, and the chiefs themselves seemed as hotly involved as their followers. What would have been the judgment of our cultivated, worldly-wise Roman with these facts before him? Somewhat to this effect:

It is but a repetition of what has so often happened before, when systems or sects have been founded. For a few years the disciples are full of enthusiasm, convinced that a new era in the world's history has begun, with the rise of their own particular doctrine. By degrees the clear sky becomes overcast; ugly clouds begin to appear, charged with mischief, in the shape of jealousies which creep in among the votaries. They spread and ramify, until the sect is split up into innumerable factions, all mutually

anathematizing one another. Why should this be an exception to the rule so often proved in foregone history? It is likely rather to be proved a most striking example of the truth of their experience, as it is made up of two different sets of men, bitterly antagonistic to each other, and the chief was not long since a fisherman, and utterly destitute of the merest elements of learning. Such are the world's thoughts. Little does it know whose place it is that this ignorant fisherman fills; little does it suspect who it is that has founded this contemptible sect, and who it is that presides at its councils. They assemble, these illiterate men, they confer; "it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to them," that this and not that shall be the practice among Christians, and all strife is at an end. Jews and Gentiles, in perfect harmony, "rejoice for the consolation" thus given to them. If any obstinate Judaizer refuses to hear the voice of the Holy Ghost, he is at once cast off; and the Christian community goes on in all its integrity to spread something new in the history of sects. What secret virtue was in this council, that its decision could thus fully satisfy the minds of all, and at once extinguish the quarrel before so ardent? This question might have presented itself to our philosopher, and the answer would have been difficult to find; still, however, the world would satisfy itself. Christianity is but the belief of a few among the dregs of superstitious people; it is a system that has not attracted, and never can attract, the attention of the great centres of refinement and cultivation. It is, in short, *exitialis superstitio*, as Tacitus calls it. To stifle a dispute among some ignorant people entirely under the control of some fanatic, is hardly a matter requiring supernatural assistance.

To see the value of these speculations of a broad enlightened philosophy, let us pass over a space of three hundred years. Let us introduce ourselves into the hall of the Imperial Palace at Nice, and contemplate the scene there offered to our gaze. At the lower end sits the sovereign of the universe, but without any signs or accompaniments of the Imperial dignity. His modest demeanor, his downcast eyes, indicate the presence of his superiors. But, who are they? Who are they that claim to be superior to him who from the Atlantic to the Caspian, from the deserts of Africa to the forests of Germany, holds unbounded sway? Cast your eyes along the files of venerable men lining the sides of the apartment, especially those who, sitting at the head, assert their superiority over all present, their colleagues as well as their Emperor. Again, look at that volume placed on a throne decked with riches and purple, and glittering with gold, which an Imperator Augustus has vacated for its reception. Those men who thus take their seat above the sovereign of the civilized world are the successors of those despised sectarian leaders, who three centuries before sat and deliberated at Jerusalem. At their head sits the representative of that illiterate fisherman, the scoff of the wise and learned. That volume contains his writings, and those of his despised companions, now recognized as the messengers

of God. The assembly before us is the Christian Church, sitting in general council for the second time; not as before, poor and unknown, but, after three centuries of almost uninterrupted persecution and repression, rising in unassailable majesty, as the religion of mankind. Its chief and ministers still bear on their persons the wounds inflicted by the cruelty of persecutors; but those wounds, far from being looked upon as before, as marks of opprobrium, and fit objects of mockery, are respectfully kissed by Emperors, in token of their veneration for the religion which could inspire such heroic constancy in its martyrs.

Christianity at Jerusalem was thought too low even for contempt; later on it is noticed, so far as to become the object of the most savage persecution on the part of powerful princes. At Nice its ministers sit in acknowledged superiority to all earthly potentates.

Such has been the growth of this obscure sect; but what will be its continuance? Does not its very assembling here indicate that all is not right? Has it not to undertake the task of uniting its members broken up by strife? Will Christianity, which is now the faith of millions, which counts among its professors the proudest both in mind and estate, be able to survive the jealousies and dissensions of such as these. Will the Bishops of the Church be equally successful in restoring union among the great, the powerful, and the proud, as the Apostles formerly were among the weak and the poor?

Arianism has been in existence several years, and the whole Eastern Church is filled with the noise of contention. From highest to lowest the passions of all are inflamed; prelates, courtiers, many of great learning, many of high station and great power, are arrayed on the side of error; yet the Church sits down to judge them as she did the illiterate faithful in Judæa. Calmly, as at Jerusalem, after due deliberation, she decides what seems good to the Holy Ghost, and to her; and, careless of the might of her enemies, anathematizes and proscribes their errors.

The result is the same as before. The integrity of the Church is secure. For many years after, it is true, it appears as if it were as much divided as ever; but it will be found that the noise is caused by the howling of the wolves outside the fold, not by the wrangling of the sheep within. The decision of the Council once given, every Christian knows clearly what he is to believe, and sticks fast to the truth thus delivered. The Church casts off those rebellious children who endeavor to elude her decrees, and, though monarchs protect them, she comes out in the end more triumphant as the struggle has been more severe. The persecutions of the powers of evil cannot stop her progress, and the presence of the Holy Ghost at her deliberations preserves her whole, and unstained with error, alike in dealing with the Courtier-bishops at Nice as with the simple faithful at Antioch. The persecutions of a Nero, or a Diocletian, and the machinations of an Arius, or a Luther, are equally powerless against a Church whose assurance of safety rests on the eternal promises of Almighty God.

SUN OF GLORY

STARS of glory! shine more brightly,
Purer be the moonlight's beam!
Glide, ye hours and moments, lightly,
Swiftly down Time's deepening stream.

Bring the hour that banished sadness,
Brought redemption down to earth;
When the shepherds heard with gladness
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

See a beauteous angel, soaring
In the bright celestial blaze!
On the shepherds, low adoring,
Rest his mild, effulgent rays.

"Fear not," cries the heavenly stranger
"HIM whom ancient seers foretold;
Weeping in a lowly manger,
Shepherds! haste ye to behold."

See the shepherds, quickly rising,
Hastening to the humble stall,
And the new-born infant prizing,
As the mighty Lord of all!

Lowly now they bend before Him,
In this helpless infant state,
Firmly faithful they adore Him,
And His greatness celebrate.

Hark! the swell of heavenly voices
Peals along the vaulted sky;
Angels sing while earth rejoices,
Glory to our God on high!

Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace to humble men on earth;
Joy to these and bliss is given,
In the great Redeemer's birth.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Chapter IV.

Three days after Mr. Blamont heard what had occurred he arrived at his aunt's, and Honorine was summoned to appear before these two dreaded personages. Frances vainly used all her rhetorical powers in urging Honorine to leave Jaquot in her room: the idea that her absence would be taken advantage of to destroy Jaquot, had taken such hold of her imagination that she positively declared she would not part with him even for an instant. She followed Comyns with the parrot on her wrist, leaving the old man lost in amazement at seeing his mistress's wishes so obstinately opposed by a child.

Mr. Blamont was seated beside his aunt, who was giving a detailed account of his young ward's impertinence, when the two objects of her resentment entered the room.

He at once saw that observation or remonstrance would be useless, and wisely determining to avoid them altogether, apologized to his aunt for the trouble this spoiled child had given, assuring her he would adopt measures to insure the eradication of her bad habits.

Mr. Blamont, being an intelligent man, saw clearly from this first specimen, that extreme or rigorous treatment would by no means suit Honorine, and might only confirm her obstinacy. Impressed with this idea, he said to her as soon as they had left Mrs. Richard's residence:

"My dear child, I sincerely regret having sent you to my aunt; I thought you would have liked residing in a castle situated in such a handsome park: but I see clearly you have been treated with too much severity. I could not take the liberty of finding fault with my aunt at her advanced age; but, as you may perceive, I have lost no time in removing you from her, and I am now about placing you where I have no doubt you will be perfectly happy."

"Where are you bringing me to?" asked Honorine, quickly, not knowing what to think of the change.

"To an excellent lady, a particular friend of mine, at whose house you will meet several agreeable companions with whom you can amuse yourself."

Honorine thought this would really be very pleasant; however, she wondered that Mr. Blamont did not bring her home, and asked him the reason. Mr. Blamont replied, that as living alone in such a large house would be very lonely, he had requested this lady, as a favor, to let her reside with her; adding, that his friend had willingly consented, and had promised to treat her with the greatest kindness.

"And when shall I see her?" asked Honorine.

"To-morrow, if you wish, my dear child," replied her guardian, quite pleased at finding her so satisfied with his plan.

"I wish it were to-day. Is she rich?"

This question astonished Mr.

Blamont, and he paused for a moment before he replied:

"She is endowed with the most amiable qualities," said he, at length; "but, unfortunately, she is not as wealthy as she deserves to be."

"Well, you know, I shall be very rich, and if she treats me and my nurse, and Jaquot, kindly, I will share with her."

Mr. Blamont was both surprised and annoyed at finding his ward so well informed as to her brilliant prospects; he felt that the knowledge would render the correction of her faults much more difficult, and secretly blamed the foolish prattling tongue which had given her the information. However, he continued to expatiate on Mrs. Montfort, and her many desirable qualifications; and Honorine exclaimed in great glee:

"Oh! I shall be very happy, and so will you, dear Jaquot."

While chatting in this way the travellers reached Neuilly, where Mr. Blamont desired the driver to stop at a very elegant-looking house with a brass plate on the door, bearing Mrs. Montfort's name. Honorine was so anxious to see her that she jumped out of the carriage at once, without, for the moment, thinking of either her nurse or the parrot. She quickly remembered them, however, and attempted to return for them, but Mr. Blamont had profited by the opportunity, and quickly closed the coach-door. He assured her she should see them shortly, and that they were now only about to pay a short visit, that she might be introduced to Mrs. Montfort. This lady just then coming forward to meet them, Honorine's attention was at once diverted from everything else.

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir," said she, affectionately embracing the little orphan, and bringing them into the parlor; "a thousand thanks for the treasure with which you intrust me. But," she added, looking at Honorine, "you have not done her justice: nothing can be more lovely! Welcome, my dear little girl. Your guardian's account of you rendered me most desirous of your acquaintance. But I confess I feel it difficult to conceal my gratification at finding you so far superior to my expectations."

Though Honorine liked praise, this torrent of compliments perfectly bewildered her, and she hardly knew what to say. Unaccustomed as she was to duplicity, she did not perceive the significant glances which passed between her guardian and Mrs. Montfort; she was, besides, very anxious about her nurse and parrot, and expressed her wish to go for them. Mr. Blamont told her he was himself going to send them in, and left the room.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Montfort, "I hope you will feel much happier here than you have been for some time. I promise nothing on my part shall be wanting to make you so; and your young companions, who have been expecting your arrival, are prepared to love you."

"Then you have a great many children," said Honorine.

"Alas! my dear young friend," said Mrs. Montfort, affectedly raising her handkerchief to her eyes; "you unconsciously wound my heart: I had one daughter, whom I tenderly loved, but I have lost

her; will not you supply her place?"

"If I can," said Honorine, with deep feeling; for just then the thought of her lost parents crossed her mind. She looked at her mourning-dress, and her tears fell rapidly. Her grief, however, did not banish the remembrance of the objects of affection still left; and she again asked for Frances and Jaquot, expressing her surprise at not seeing her guardian return with them, as he had promised.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Montfort, pressing her hand, "I cannot find it in my heart to deceive you: your friends are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Honorine, her cheeks inflamed with rage, and her eyes kindling with indignation. "Gone!" and putting Mrs. Montfort's hand roughly away, she added, "Frances and Jaquot must stay with me, or I will not remain here!"

"I see you are vexed, my little angel," said Mrs. Montfort, in the most soothing and affectionate manner; "it is a proof of your goodness of heart, and I cannot blame you for it; but I am quite sure, when you know Mr. Blamont's motives, you will freely and fully forgive him."

"Never!" warmly answered Honorine.

Mrs. Montfort was not easily discouraged. Alternately using caresses, flattery, and arguments, she endeavored to convince Honorine that Mr. Blamont's conduct, though apparently harsh, had no object in view but the promotion of her happiness. Having partly succeeded in calming her vexation, and anxious to turn her attention to other subjects, she at once introduced her to her companions, to whom she had given a holiday, with the express charge to do everything possible to amuse the little stranger. They all did their best to make themselves agreeable to Honorine; and their efforts, added to Mrs. Montfort's, were so successful, that Frances and Jaquot were soon forgotten, and Honorine, delighted with all she saw, not only forgave Mr. Blamont, but felt grateful to him for placing her in such an agreeable residence.

Chapter V.

Mrs. Montfort was only thirty years of age; she had passed her early youth in the dissipation of fashionable life, and whether she had escaped its contagion was a question on which opinions were divided. Left a portionless widow, she decided on maintaining herself by superintending the education of a number of young ladies, who were to be considered not as boarders at a school, but as a private family, under the care of a mother.

Mrs. Montfort, unfortunately, did not possess any of those qualifications so essential for fulfilling the noble mission she had undertaken. Her sole object was to secure an easy and respectable position for herself, and the only means she employed to accomplish this end were intrigue, duplicity, and flattery. Her fascinating manners, accomplishments, and pleasing conversation had gained her many friends, especially among persons of fortune. Her establishment was quite the fashion; she only received a limited number of pupils; she demanded an exorbitant pension, and

it required influence to obtain admission. There are a certain class of persons who consider the most expensive education as necessarily the best; therefore applications for admission to Mrs. Montfort's academy increased in proportion to the obstacles which she so cleverly contrived to throw in the way of the applicants. She knew perfectly well that Mr. Blamont's ward was to have a considerable fortune, and she professed unlimited gratitude to this gentleman for the pupil he had procured her.

In the worldly acceptation of the phrase, Mr. Blamont was a perfectly honest man. His credit had never failed; he spoke so seriously and wisely, that his conduct might have been supposed to admit the influence only of the soundest and strictest principles, and thus he had gained the confidence of numbers; but, in reality, he was a complete skeptic. Like all avaricious men, he lived but for the promotion of his own selfish interests, and the accumulation of money. Were it not for the advantages accruing from the guardianship of Miss Mason, he would not have accepted the duty so cheerfully, but having undertaken it, he was determined to perform it honorably. He conceived he should fulfil both Mr. and Mrs. Mason's wishes, by placing Honorine with his aunt, and providing her with a governess; but finding this plan to fail, it occurred to him that Mrs. Montfort's establishment might suit his purpose, and, having some acquaintance with the lady, he accordingly wrote to beg she would take charge of the child, candidly informing her at the same time of the imperious temper with which she would have to contend in her young charge. He made no allusion to the orphan's fortune, but on this point public report had already enlightened the lady, who laid her plans accordingly, and commenced their execution in the way we have seen. Mr. Blamont, who never had given any serious thoughts to the subject of education, and, in fact, knew nothing about it, felt quite persuaded that he could not have made a better selection.

Honorine was not many days with Mrs. Montfort before that lady discovered that rumor had in no wise exaggerated the violence of her temper. Nevertheless, short as had been their acquaintance, she had already discovered the secret of controlling a disposition hitherto deemed ungovernable. Flattery would, she saw, procure her access to the child's heart; and that once gained, she felt sure it would be easy to retain the influence she desired only for the furtherance of her own selfish aims. In pursuance of this system, Honorine was never punished, or found fault with, though, in truth, no one in the house deserved reprehension more frequently. Her companions were, in some degree, reconciled to this partiality, which must otherwise have excited their jealousy, by her extreme youth and her fresh mourning. Indeed, they rather helped to spoil her, for it must be admitted that, even with school girls, wealth and a pleasing exterior possess great attractions. Honorine's guardian allowed her a large sum for pocket-money, at the request of the artful Mrs. Montfort, who, rightly judging that her pupil's

generous impulses would prompt her to lavish handsome presents on one, in the sincerity of whose affection she implicitly believed, deemed it advisable that her liberality towards herself should never be checked by want of means to gratify its suggestions. Too inexperienced to detect the interested motives of the flatterers who surrounded her, the child bestowed her gifts with no sparing hand on all who ministered to her vanity, unconscious meantime that the objects of her favor disliked and despised her, and spoke of her harshly and severely in her absence. One alone among her companions took a real interest in the little orphan; but the advances of this one true friend were perseveringly repulsed with a coldness which must eventually have damped the ardor of any heart less noble than that of Louisa Grenville.

This young lady's mother was of distinguished birth, but having, unfortunately, contracted an unsuitable alliance, she had involved herself in consequence in many and deep afflictions. Her husband's conduct finally alienated her family from her altogether, and the little Louisa having been left a destitute orphan at a very early age, had been placed by a relative at Mrs. Montfort's, that her want of fortune might be supplied by the advantages of the most brilliant education to be had in Paris. Fortunate was it for the child of adversity, that principles of solid piety had been early and deeply implanted in her heart by her virtuous mother! Her residence with Mrs. Montfort must otherwise, in all probability, have led to her ruin. She seemed like a lily among thorns in that lady's worldly boarding-school; yet, although perfectly unlike all her companions, she was so amiable, so retiring, so inoffensive, so diligent, that even those least disposed to imitate, could not refuse to respect, or refrain from admiring her. As her talents were fully equal to her assiduity, she gained all the first prizes and most honorable distinctions, and her productions being ever the most deservedly admired among those exhibited in the reception-room, Mrs. Montfort looked on her as an honor and credit to her establishment. So impressed was she with the value of her pupil's literary acquirements, that she would gladly have anticipated a chance of retaining her in her school, at a suitable salary, on the completion of her education. The prospect, however, had no attractions for Louisa. In her innocence and truth, she was at first inclined to believe that all Mrs. Montfort's studied speeches were sincere, but her natural integrity of character soon led to the discovery of many things which her conscience could not approve. The solid principles which her mother had engrafted on her heart served as a shield against the vanity and deceit which prevailed in this establishment, but she determined on remaining only to complete her studies under the best masters from the capital who attended there.

Louisa was three years older than Honorine; the feeling of interest first excited by the mourning habiliments of the young orphan, was succeeded by the lively compassion at seeing her exposed defencelessly to the most insidious

flattery. Far from enjoying Honorine's wealth and beauty, she looked on those seeming advantages as so many shoals, which might prove destructive to her happiness, and earnestly wished to obtain her confidence, that she might teach her to understand the language of friendship.

Impelled by natural amiability of heart, and true Christian charity, she sought every opportunity of serving Honorine; but the latter, far from meeting her advances, felt only dislike for one so dissimilar to herself, and so utterly indifferent to that wealth and beauty which she conceived should command universal homage. Honorine did not like study or exertion, therefore paid but little attention to the lessons she received, convinced she would never require them, and sure of pleasing without them; so that after passing several years with Mrs. Montfort, she was, thanks to her mistress's extreme indulgence, deficient in everything that might be reasonably expected from her. Mrs. Montfort at length began to apprehend that in his occasionally short visits to his ward, Mr. Blamont might observe how very unsatisfactory her progress was, in comparison with the large sum he was paying, and she felt it necessary for her own interest, to urge Honorine's acquiring, at least, some superficial accomplishments. For the first time she ventured to offer a remonstrance, and even proposed Miss Grenville as an example.

"Look at Louisa, my dear child," said she; "why do you not imitate her? You could succeed just as well in anything you undertook; see how she excels in music, drawing, and all other accomplishments."

"Dancing excepted," said Honorine sharply, for she well knew that in this, at least, no one could compete with her. "Besides," she added, "Louisa does very well to acquire all the accomplishments she can, to make up for her deficiency in fortune and beauty."

Miss Grenville's presence was no check to Honorine, whose contemptuous tone gave additional point to her little words. Her gentle companion calmly replied:

"My dear Honorine, these gifts sometimes prove very fatal."

"Fatal!" exclaimed the haughty girl, in a scornful tone. "'Tis envy makes you say so; sour grapes! is it not so?"

"Oh, no, Honorine," answered Louisa, "I am fully persuaded that the advantages you value so highly, too frequently destroy, instead of promoting happiness."

Honorine was just preparing to give vent to her rage in the most insulting language, but her amiable companion quietly withdrew, as the most effectual means of preventing what she particularly disliked, a regular dispute. Mrs. Montfort also considered it better to retire, than to be obliged to find fault with her favorite, and openly espouse the cause of the less privileged pupil, from whom she had nothing to expect, and whom she, therefore, cared little to spare or defend.

From the time that Honorine's pride had been hurt, by the comparison between herself and Miss Grenville, she not only treated her coolly, but absolutely worked herself up to think she ought to hate her, as a compound of envy and

hypocrisy; her gentle companion made no other return for her injustice than kindly actions, yet, Honorine misinterpreted them all; and believing Louisa to be her enemy, she lost no opportunity of insulting her; all which Mrs. Montfort pretended not to see. Louisa bore these annoyances with calm dignity, for which the greater number of her companions esteemed her the more. Honorine, on the contrary, lowered herself in their and her too-partial mistress's opinion, although they dared not evince their altered feelings.

It must not, however, be inferred that Honorine was totally devoid of good qualities: her hand was ever open to assist the indigent; a tale of misery never appealed to her sympathies in vain, and she could be truly affectionate and grateful, as long as these sentiments were compatible with the indulgence of her vanity. She was devotedly attached to Mrs. Montfort, because that lady paid her the most marked attention. Nevertheless, although she felt flattered by the preference, her naturally clear judgment easily detected that the praise she received was exaggerated and undeserved. At such moments she felt somewhat humbled, but she took care that they should be of rare occurrence and short duration, for it was much pleasanter to believe that the praise lavished on her was rather the dictate of truth, than of culpable adulation.

How the amiable Lucy would have grieved to see her beloved child so different from what she had hoped; and how afflicted she would have been to find her placed in an establishment, where, far from having her heart and mind formed to virtue, she received no advice, and saw no example, but such as were calculated to corrupt the one, and mislead the other! But, no doubt, she watched over her from heaven, and that God who has promised to bless the offspring of the just, and who delights in showing mercy even towards the most unworthy children, for the sake of their virtuous parents, will not forsake her.

Chapter VI.

Honorine had now been about seven years at Mrs. Montfort's. The artful woman, fearing that her rich pupil would be very soon removed, had laid her plans accordingly. Weary of the care of her establishment, and conscious, also, that the discovery of her hypocrisy and intrigue had considerably lessened her reputation with many of her most influential acquaintances, she determined on securing a fixed independence by resigning her school, and devoting herself entirely to Honorine, in the capacity, as she said, of a second mother.

A letter which she at this time received from Mrs. Blundell seemed to threaten ruin to all her projects, and rendered her doubly anxious to carry them out, if possible, without delay. Mrs. Blundell, immediately on her arrival from America, anxiously inquired what had become of her beloved friend's daughter, and was much pained at finding the dangerous position into which the inexperienced child had fallen. She at once wrote to Mrs. Montfort, informing her of the great intimacy between Honorine's mother and herself; the sacred legacy be-

queathed to her by Mrs. Mason on her death-bed, and her intention of taking Honorine to herself, and thus fulfilling, as soon as in her power, the promise so solemnly made to her departed friend. In this letter was inclosed another to Honorine, reminding her of all the ties and recollections that united them. It was so full of affection, and breathed sentiments of attachment so warm and unchanged, that Mrs. Montfort feared its effect on Honorine, and foresaw in this unexpected event, serious obstacles to the completion of the designs, for which, during the past months, she had been so strenuously working.

The path of falsehood and avarice being once entered on, it is pursued with rapid and careless strides, and even the basest means are resorted to for the attainment of the desired object.

Mrs. Montfort resolved on suppressing Mrs. Blundell's letter to Honorine, and having concluded on this step, summoned the latter to her private apartment, to which but a few were admitted on great occasions, but which was ever open to the favorite. Honorine found Mrs. Montfort apparently in the deepest affliction, and affectionately inquired if she were ill?

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Montfort, laying her hand to her heart, "here is the seat of my illness. Ah!" she continued, "it is unnecessary to say how fondly this heart has been devoted to you; how it has loved you beyond all your companions, even so far as to the utter exclusion of self-interest, and the renunciation of all personal convenience. You will not, then, be astonished at the desolation caused by the idea of losing you."

"Losing me!" exclained Honorine, "does Mr. Blamont wish?"

"Oh, no; it is not Mr. Blamont. If you were only leaving me to be placed under the guidance of that excellent man, my grief would be assuaged by the certainty of your happiness, and my only cause of regret would be the loss of your society."

"Where, then, are they going to send me?" asked Honorine, knitting her brows in anger and alarm.

"My child, I this morning received a most extraordinary letter from a lady, who asserts that she has an exclusive right over you, and announces as the first act of her authority her determination to remove you. This letter is signed 'Blundell.'"

"Mrs. Blundell!" exclaimed Honorine, an expression of great pleasure rapidly overspreading her countenance. "Mrs. Blundell!"

Mrs. Montfort bit her lips.

"Mrs. Blundell, as I was telling you, has written me the strangest letter, in which she expresses disappointment at your good father's having selected Mr. Blamont as your guardian; an act which, notwithstanding this lady's opinion to the contrary, assuredly affords a striking proof of his accurate judgment and good sense."

Honorine evinced some impatience at hearing that an imputation had been cast on her father's wisdom.

"Your mother's partiality for this lady must, no doubt, claim allowance for many things, still—"

"Oh, yes," said Honorine, "she was my mother's dearest friend."

She could not refrain from tears at the recollection of that mother, who had possessed all her childish affection, whose memory she ever revered, and the remembrance of whom was now the only restraint acknowledged by her folly and vanity.

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Montfort, much disconcerted by Honorine's exclamation; "but who could be anything but a friend to Mrs. Mason? Who could know her without loving and respecting her? I have frequently heard her virtues extolled, and deeply regret not having had the happiness of her acquaintance. Had she been spared, yours, indeed, my dear child, would have been an enviable position."

Thinking it better to interrupt an interview which seemed to have produced so unexpected an effect on Honorine, Mrs. Montfort stood up, and sighing, as if overcome by the violence of her feelings, embraced Honorine, entreating her not to fret, "as it must be impossible," she said, "that the daughter of the amiable and virtuous Mrs. Mason could be treated with injustice or unkindness."

"I shall certainly have nothing of the kind to fear from Mrs. Blundell," remarked Honorine.

"What induces me to make this observation, dear Honorine, is, that Mrs. Blundell, being of what is called the 'Old School,' will certainly find fault with your education. She will not be capable of appreciating either your accomplishments or beauty, and will think that a young girl of sixteen should live in retirement, and read nothing but moral tales. I infer so much from her letter."

"Why has she not written to me, also?" asked Honorine, in an agitated voice.

"She would have done so, no doubt, my child, but that she felt certain I would communicate the contents of her letter to you, which, indeed, is a finished sermon, and was evidently intended for your perusal. She dwells at much length on the necessity of cultivating your mind, and on her hope of finding you a proficient in all the branches which a vulgar education formerly comprised. She expects to find you impressed with the most exalted sentiments of piety, and concludes by promising to come to see you to-morrow, and examine you in everything you have learned, and which she thinks you ought to know."

"Really!" said Honorine, her face inflamed with passion. "Well, she may spare herself that trouble, for I will not see her."

"Have you thought seriously on this, my child?" asked Mrs. Montfort, in feigned surprise.

"No! I will not go to her," replied Honorine, haughtily; "these are not the proofs of affection I should expect after so long an absence. You can tell her that, as my mother's old friend, I should have been glad to see her, but that I cannot recognize the authority she claims."

"It will be difficult to dismiss her thus abruptly, my dear Honorine; you must see her, if it were only for a few moments. Can you not make up your mind to listen to a sermon for one half hour? Do resume your leading-strings for a short time, and attend patiently to Mrs. Blundell's exhortation!"

Without waiting for a rejoinder,

Mrs. Montfort hastily left the room, feeling certain of victory.

Honorine's expressive features too clearly betrayed that her vanity was wounded to the quick, and her pride completely aroused. Still it was possible that her anger might subside during the hours which must elapse between that and Mrs. Blundell's visit; a spark from the few good qualities of her heart might be rekindled, and produce a revulsion of feeling sufficient to crush all the springs of this treacherous plot. Mrs. Montfort felt that if Honorine were once with Mrs. Blundell, she would be lost to her, and therefore determined on not leaving her a moment for reflection, lest that might lead to a change of her resolution not to see her mother's friend. With this view, and pretending that she and Honorine were both ill from the effects of extreme agitation, she arranged a party of pleasure, in which none were to join except those whose gayety would tend to banish serious thought from their companion's mind. Wearied with fatigue after the day's amusement, Honorine had permission to remain in bed till very late the following morning, and only got up in time to rehearse a little drama, they were preparing for Mrs. Montfort's feast-day.

While several of the pupils were assembled at this rehearsal, in a top room, the windows of which looked towards the road, they heard a carriage stop at the door of the boarding-school, and immediately the most curious ran to look out of the window, and see who should alight.

"Oh! do look," exclaimed one of the wildest, whose parents were very fashionable, but more noted for wealth than amiability. "Do look at the Gothic equipage; certainly it must be more than a century old, for it is more like a house than a carriage. I am certain it is no visitor to me,—I have no antediluvian acquaintances!"

Honorine blushed, and felt her heart palpitate at the idea that perhaps it was Mrs. Blundell, who had come in this vehicle.

"If the carriage be not modern, it does not follow that the owner is the less amiable," said Louisa Grenville.

"They may be very worthy people," replied the first speaker, "but certainly they have no taste."

"It appears to me," said Louisa, approaching the window, "that this is merely a travelling carriage, and that there is nothing extraordinary about it: certainly if we may judge from the countenance of the lady who is getting out, her visit will be a pleasing one to whoever is destined to receive it."

"I do not set up for a physiognomist," replied her companion. "I have been frequently told that nothing is more deceptive than the face."

"That may be," said Louisa, "but if the countenance, which is so generally the index of the mind, sometimes lead us astray, is it not much more absurd to judge people's merits by their carriages?"

Mrs. Montfort's sudden entrance interrupted the conversation.

"My dear Honorine," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Blundell has just arrived, and I am sure she is going to take you away."

"In that brilliant equipage?"

said Honorine, contemptuously, at the same moment encountering the glance of the companion who had ridiculed the vehicle. "Mrs. Blundell may return as she came,—I positively will not see her."

"Think well on this, my dear child; you will perhaps regret it hereafter. I hardly know how to speak to this lady without offending her, for, from her letter she appears to have strong claims on you, and is inclined to enforce her authority."

Honorine's cheeks became scarlet; she thought her mistress might have refrained from mentioning before her companions, a circumstance which, in her mind, must lessen her in their opinion.

"Say what you please, ma'am," said she, angrily, "but once for all, I will not see her."

"What a little despot you are," remarked Mrs. Montfort, playfully; "you make me do just as you like; you shall pay for it, however," added she, with a threatening gesture, but a smiling face, as she quitted the apartment, quite delighted at the success of her plans.

As soon as she had left the room, Louisa came over to Honorine, and taking her affectionately by the hand, said: "Why, my dear Honorine, why do you refuse seeing your mother's best friend? Perhaps she has been misrepresented to you. Do judge for yourself, there is still time; go down quickly, Mrs. Montfort can hardly have reached the parlor."

This was the advice of a friend, but Honorine did not receive it as such, and only noticed it by an impertinent answer. Honorine fancied she had performed quite a heroic action in rejecting the advice which conscience whispered she ought to follow: but no sooner did she hear Mrs. Blundell's carriage driven away, than she felt the most unutterable remorse, and would have given worlds to recall her. The recollection of her mother vividly flashed on her mind, and it seemed as though it were to that good mother herself she had offered this deep insult. Ashamed of her ingratitude and rudeness, she ran quickly to the window, but the carriage which had brought her friend was already out of sight.

(To be continued.)

AN ECHO.

The song of birds, the distant waterfall,
The leafy whisper of the wood, the hum
Of insect life, rude sounds, and yet they come
In likeness of vibrations, musical;
And thus the poetry of sacred things
Sends up the dew of thought, the better part
Of truth neglected wakes, and waking, brings
A spiritual verdure on the heart.

ties in trade, manufacture, mechanical employment, or any other calling. Prussia professes to allow all the trading privileges of its own subjects to the resident alien, if the state from which he hails does not impose burdensome regulations upon Prussians in particular, or foreigners in general; but for all that, the thing cannot be done until permission has been obtained from the Minister of the Interior. If he wishes to commit matrimony in that liberal land, it is not sufficient that an alien fulfils all the legal requirements of Prussian law: "Foreigners who are desirous of contracting a marriage in Prussia, either with a native or a foreigner, must, in addition to fulfilling the other legal requirements, prove by a certificate, properly attested by the local authorities of their home, that they are permitted by the laws of their country, without hindrance to their state allegiance, to contract a marriage abroad, or that they have received, in accordance with these laws, the necessary permission for the contracting of the proposed marriage."

Portugal, Italy, Holland, Russia, and Würtemberg appear to be the most liberal in their treatment of aliens. All foreigners in the first-named country possess the same rights, and are subject to the same civic duties, as Portuguese citizens, as far as regards any act to be carried out there. By the civil code of Italy, the alien is admitted to the enjoyment of all civil rights accorded to the citizen. In Holland, an alien is eligible for government employment as consul, consul-general, consular-agent, chancelier in missions or consulates; as chief, subordinate, teacher or official in government establishments connected with science, art, or education; as official in the telegraphic and steam-machinery departments; as employee in mines, director of entrepôts, inspector of small-arms, die-sinker at the government offices, and engraver to any department. Aliens who have served their twelve years in the army and navy may be appointed clerks, skippers, or gaugers in the revenue department; watchers, porters, or boom-closers in fortresses; toll-keepers, sluice-keepers, or employees in military hospitals or other departments of the military supply service. In Russia, a foreigner is not only permitted to become a landholder, but as such is qualified to vote for members of the rural assemblies, or to sit as member himself. While generally barred out of the civil service, exceptions are made in favor of professional and scientific men, such as physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, architects, engineers, and professors of art and science, who may acquire any rank attached to their capacities. Aliens, too, can attain any grade in the Russian army; and if fortunate enough to reach that of lieutenant-general, general, or field-marshal, may be appointed senator and member of the council of the empire. Würtemberg alien law is based upon reciprocity. An alien wishing to establish himself in any trade, has only to prove his nationality, and, if required, show that Würtembergers would be allowed in his own country the freedom he desires. This, however, is very seldom insisted upon; and the Würtembergers are justified in saying, like

their brethren of Baden, that, within the compass of private rights, aliens stand upon a footing of complete equality with natives. But the authorities claim the right to summarily expel any foreigner rendering himself obnoxious to the public peace or the government. In Belgium, the right of expulsion is used when an alien fails to show the sources of his subsistence, when he is guilty of scandalous, immoral, or turbulent conduct, or of conspiring against the tranquillity of a friendly state. The French law is still more imperative, the government being authorized at its pleasure to expel any foreigner either travelling or residing in its dominions, and this right of the government "is arbitrary and absolute."

Naturalization is obtainable in various ways, by royal decree, by favor, by domicile, by merit, and by purchase. In France it assumes two forms, known as "la grande" and "la petite." The latter, which does not carry the right of sitting in the chambers, is acquired by letters of declaration, after three years' domicile, providing the individual seeking it has good antecedents and is of full age. "La grande naturalization" is conferred by the government when the recipient of the favor has resided one year in the country, and has earned it by rendering important services to the state, introducing some great industry or useful invention, or founding some great works, agricultural or commercial. Some authorities, however, hold that this species of naturalization no longer exists, since a decree issued in 1852 declared all electors eligible to sit in the Corps Législatif, while the Senate is composed of such citizens as the Emperor pleases to nominate. The law of Belgium is similar to that of France, except that the "grande naturalization" can only be conferred by an act of the legislature; and that if once a declaration of naturalization is made by an alien, he is considered never to have been a foreigner, the act having a retroactive effect, making it date from the period of birth. In Prussia, the police authorities have the power of granting deeds of naturalization to aliens, providing they have led an irreproachable life, and have means of subsistence sufficient to maintain themselves and family, the naturalization extending to the wife and minor children; but if one of them can be shown not to be of blameless character, the whole family are barred from being accepted as Prussian subjects. Spanish certificates of naturalization are to be gained by a three years' domicile, with possession of real property, or the exercise of a trade, profession, or recognized mode of livelihood in Spanish territory. Letters of naturalization are granted by the Portuguese executive to foreigners able to maintain themselves, after one year's residence; and this is dispensed with in the case of an alien married to a Portuguese woman, or one who has rendered, or may be called upon to render, any great service to the nation; but a naturalized citizen cannot become a minister or councillor of state, or be elected parliamentary deputy. An appointment to any public situation under the state carries naturalization with it in Prussia, Würt-

emburg, and Austria. In the last, the rights of citizenship can be conferred by the government upon any alien who has exercised a profession in the country for ten years. Bavarian naturalization is obtainable by simple domicile, upon bringing proof of liberation from personal allegiance to any foreign state, or by royal decree. Hamburg does not even ask the renunciation of native allegiance, but allows all the privileges of citizenship after six months' residence, upon the payment of a small fee. In some of the Swiss cantons the acts of naturalization are granted only by the legislature, in others by the executive, and in most of them the enjoyment of the privileges conferred date from the granting of the act; but in Tessin, a naturalized foreigner cannot exercise native rights before five years have expired; and in Thurgovia the same time must elapse before he becomes eligible for any government office.

Aliens are assimilated to Netherlands subjects when, in virtue of permission from the king, they have established their domicile for six years in the same commune, and announced their intention to claim the privilege to the communal authorities. In Italy, citizenship is a local privilege, answering something to our "freedom of the city;" but naturalization, which confers just the same benefit, and is perhaps a distinction without a difference, can only be decreed by the crown; and then, to be of any effect, the decree must, within six months, be registered by the chief authority of the locality in which the individual concerned intends to abide. With the exception of admission into the council of state, all the rights enjoyed by Swedish subjects are open to foreigners of good repute, sufficient means, and full age, who have resided three years in the kingdom; but the crown only has power to grant them, and before it will exercise the power, the would-be Swede must send in an application setting forth his age, nationality, the date of his coming into the country, his character and religious faith. Should this prove satisfactory, all that remains to be done is to sign a formal resignation of all the privileges and rights he may possess in his native land, and to take the oath of allegiance. Russia does not place many difficulties in the way of foreigners desirous of becoming subjects of the czar. The first thing necessary is domicile, which the alien can get by intimating to the governor of the province of his choice, that he desires to dwell therein, and stating what occupation he followed when at home, and what he purposes to do when settled in Russia. After five years of domiciliation, he can, by merely taking the oath of allegiance, transform himself into a Russian, provided the Minister of the Interior has no objection. In special cases, the period of domicile can be shortened, and that qualification is waived altogether for foreigners in government employment, and ecclesiastics of foreign persuasions. The allegiance, when sworn, does not bind the children of the taker of the oath, if born before the event; but those born afterwards are acknowledged to share the new nationality of their parent.

By the laws of Baden, any one born in the country of a foreign

parent is entitled, within the year after attaining his majority, to claim the rights of a native-born subject, upon declaring his intention to fix his abode there, and actually settling in the country within twelve months of making the declaration. The same facility of acquiring naturalization is accorded to native-born aliens in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, and Russia, the last-named state extending the privilege to all children of foreigners who have been educated or have completed their education, in an upper or middle Russian school. Women who have lost their nationality by marriage, are generally permitted to regain it upon widowhood, by notifying that such is their desire.

If the acquirement of citizenship in a foreign country be a troublesome matter, it is a far less difficult one than obtaining release from one's old allegiance. It is much easier to be on with the new love than to be off with the old one. Surely the different states might come to some common understanding on the subject of expatriation; as it is, law clashes with law, as if the object of the law-makers was the creation of "difficulties" that ought to be impossible. It is hard to understand how any state can allow foreigners to enrol themselves among its subjects, and at the same time deny the right of its own citizens to transfer their allegiance. Such is the case, however, with three at least of the great powers—England, France, and Prussia. Once an Englishman always an Englishman, has hitherto been the doctrine held by England, a doctrine she has been consistent enough to carry out to the conclusion that a native cannot lose his nationality under any circumstances. France and Prussia are not so logical; for while they deny the right of their subjects to expatriate themselves, they declare that by so doing they lose their nationality, awarding as a penalty the very thing the offender has done all in his power to bring about; but with an unpleasant addendum in the shape of a liability to be called to account if he ever ventures to pay a visit to his native land. A Frenchman, furthermore, loses his nationality by entering the service of a foreign power, and if found bearing arms against France, is liable to the punishment of death. A Prussian ceases to be a Prussian by discharge at his own request, by sentence of competent authorities, by leaving the kingdom for ten years without permission, by staying out of it ten years longer than he has received permission to do, or by refusing to obey a summons to return. Discharges are not granted to actual soldiers, to officers or public functionaries, or to those who have served as such, unless they obtain the consent of their former chief. Nor can any man between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five obtain a discharge unless he produces a certificate showing that the application is not made in order to escape serving in the army; and before a Prussian can get permission to emigrate into any state of the confederacy, he must furnish some proof that the state in question is willing to receive him. The acceptance of employment under another government is, in most Continental countries, held destructive to na-

tionality; and in Austria, Bavaria, Würtemburg, and Italy, emigration, properly enough, entails the same consequences. In Russia, special rules exist regarding naturalized foreigners who wish to renounce their naturalization, and return to their native country. Before departing from Russia, they must satisfy all claims against them, whether public or private; and to obtain permission to export their belongings, pay a sum equal to three years' taxes. Those who throw off their Russian allegiance can still remain in the country, upon providing themselves with national passports, within a year, if resident in European Russia, or belonging to a country in Europe; or within two years, if residing in Siberia, or having to obtain such passports in any other quarter of the globe. On the lapse of those dates, without he produces the passport, the foreigner must either leave the country, or resume his Russian nationality.

The desirability of simplifying naturalization laws generally, and bringing them to something like accordance, is beyond argument. The following statistics (which extend a little beyond the limits of the heading of this paper) show what a great number of people are affected by them. When the last British census was taken, there were 2,544,101 British-born folks in foreign lands, of which number all save 67,969 were to be found in the United States. Of these last, France counted 25,844;* Germany, 4508; Italy, 4413; Chili, 4152; Belgium, 4092; Spain, 3879; Russia, 3749; Brazil, 2838; Turkey, 2360; Portugal, 2072; Prussia, 1685; Austria and Hungary, 1172; Switzerland, 1124; China, 1072; Rome, 1054; Egypt, 931; Holland, 827; Greece, 525; Sweden, 411; Denmark, 372; Morocco, 340; Norway, 242; Central America, 145; Japan, 81; Persia, 30; Ecuador, 27; and Siam, 24. At the same time there were living in England and Wales 84,090 foreigners, of whom Germany supplied 21,438; France, 12,989; the United States, 7861; Prussia, 7206; Holland, 5512; Italy, 4489; Norway, 3161; Poland, 3616; Denmark, 2534; Switzerland, 2341; Belgium, 2031; Sweden, 1801; Austria, 1669; Mexico, Brazil, and other South American states, 1641; Russia, 1633; Spain, 1337; Greece, 574; Portugal, 527; Africa, 518; Asia, 358; Turkey, 331; and Hungary, 245. Of every hundred, thirty-six were born in Germany, Austria, and Prussia, sixteen in France, nine in the United States, and thirty-nine in the rest of the world; more than half the whole number being domiciled in London.

But a small proportion of the foreign element among us think it worth while to become naturalized, for only 5385 persons did so in the twenty-one and a half years ending in June, 1868. Of these, 1348 were Germans, 1239 Prussians, 380 French, 324 Poles, 310 Italians, and 305 Austrians; 265 were natives of the Hanse Towns, 209 of Switzerland, 183 of Turkey, 166 of Russia, 156 of Denmark; there were 126 Dutchmen, 125 Bavarians, 119 Swedes and Norwegians, 118 Belgians, 102 Greeks, 89 children of Uncle Sam, 50 Spaniards, 24

* This was the number of English domiciled in France, temporary sojourners not being enumerated.

Portuguese, and 8 South Americans—about three-fifths of the naturalized being of German birth. In the same period, only nine foreigners obtained acts of naturalization, conferring the right of sitting in Parliament, and serving the Queen as privy-councillor. It would be interesting to compare this record with a similar return of British subjects who have transferred their allegiance to other countries; but, unfortunately, the figures are not forthcoming.

MEMORY AND ABSENCE OF MIND.

MEMORY is nearly as much a puzzle as ever. Why in some men memory should be strong and in others weak; why the memory should be stronger at one time than another; why the same man should have a strong memory for some subjects, and a weak one for others; why illness should obliterate some subjects completely from the mind, are problems still undergoing patient and attentive scrutiny.

The memory for figures, or power of mental calculation, is well known to all of us, either by its presence or its absence. Jedediah Buxton, George Parker Bidder, and Zerah Colburn are instances too familiarly known to need detail here. George Watson, the Sussex calculator, could tell the dates of every day since he was a child, and what he was doing on that day; he could show many other strange freaks of memory, but was a heavy, ignorant fellow generally, very vain of his one acquirement.

The memory of languages is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Mithridates, we are told, could converse, in their own languages, to the natives of twenty-three countries which were under his sway. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood, he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German, and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities, he constantly added to his store; until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages, and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portuguese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Lettish, Lappish, as with the languages which he had first learned; while to Arabic he added Persian, Sanscrit, Koordish, Georgian, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1849, Mezzofanti could write eloquently, and converse fluently, in more than seventy languages.

All the other accounts of memory for words are poor compared with this; nevertheless, many of them are sufficiently remarkable. John

Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the Morning Post in four days, and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper which he had read overnight. During the Repeal debates in the House of Commons, thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat two thousand words on hearing them once. Magliabechi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was read and returned; the owner some time afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabechi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician of Massachusetts, about half a century ago, could repeat the whole of Paradise Lost without mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's Æneid, and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.

There are no phenomena of memory more strange than those in which—usually through some illness, or some accidental injury to the brain—some particular facts or classes of facts baffle the recollection altogether. The instances recorded by Abercrombie, Winslow, Wigan, Carpenter, Holland, and other physicians, are too well founded to admit of any doubt. There was a gentleman who, when in disturbed health, uniformly called coals, paper, and paper, coals, quite unconscious of any anomaly in the matter. Another called his snuff-box a hogshead; and it was remarked that, in earlier life, he had been connected with the tobacco trade in the West Indies. Doctor Scandella, an Italian physician resident at New York, was attacked with yellow fever at New York; he spoke only English when first attacked, only French in the height of the fever, and remembered only his own original Italian just before his death. A Frenchman, at the age of twenty-seven, spoke English well; he received an injury in the head, and could then for some time only remember French, believing and asserting himself to be but sixteen years old. At St. Thomas's Hos-

pital an invalid suddenly began to talk in Welsh, a language which he had entirely neglected for thirty years. One lady lost the memory of exactly four years, well remembering events before and after that period; and in another instance the lost years amounted to eight or ten. A gentleman forgot the names of his friends, but remembered their ages, and adopted that as the most convenient mode of referring to them. Another lost so completely the meaning of nouns-substantive, that he unconsciously gave the names of places to things, persons to events, and so on, rendering his talk unintelligible. A lady, similarly under temporary ailment, could not remember the names of any of the ordinary things in her household; she was forced to go from room to room, and point to the articles concerning which she had any orders to give, or any observations to make. A military officer, mentioned by Doctor Winslow, sometimes remembered his own name, but not his address; at other times remembered his address, but not his name. He would occasionally, with a perplexed expression of countenance, accost a stranger, "I am Major ——, can you tell me where I live?" Under his other frame of mind, "I live at ——, can you tell me my name?"

Corroborative instances of a kind more or less analogous are so numerous, that we need only cite a few more as illustrations. There was a man who could remember the first syllable of long words, but no others. A soldier, after receiving an injury in the head, forgot the figures 5 and 7, and everything connected with them. A gentleman in a similar way lost the memory of the letter F. An old French lady could express herself intelligibly in any ordinary conversation; but if a direct question were put to her, her memory seemed to depart from her at once, except in reference to two words; her regular reply was "Saint Antoine." In another case, of a wounded French soldier, he evidently understood the meaning of what was said to him by others, but his memory could only assist him to the uniform reply, "Baba." John Hunter, the great surgeon, called on a friend at a time when indisposed; for a few hours he could not remember anything concerning any person or object beyond the walls of the room he was in; it was a painful time to him, for, without any hallucination, he knew perfectly well that his memory had in great measure temporarily deserted him; he walked to the window, as a possible means of getting back some recollection of the outer world. An artillery officer, in 1785, could read out well when a book was open before him, but could not remember a word of the contents when the book was closed. A Spanish tragic author forgot his own writings; when reminded of them, he declared they must have been written by some one else. A French scientific man could scarcely ever remember the names of his colleagues; he was accustomed to speak of them as the authors of such and such works or papers, or as the discoverers of such and such facts. One gentleman forgot the names of the whole of his children for a time. An agriculturist, a man of extensive business and good intelligence, was

obliged to use a dictionary to understand the ordinary implements of his trade; the sound of each word suggested the shape of the letters, and the sight of the latter suggested the sense; but the sound did not directly suggest the sense. A lady, after an illness, forgot all pronouns, and all inflexions of verbs except the infinitive; when wishing or intending to say, "Stop, my husband has just come," she said, "To stop, husband to come."

Another variety is what may be called perversion of memory, memory running to wildness, generally manifested during or immediately after an illness. One instance is that in which we imagine other persons to be doing or feeling that which is really attributable to ourselves. There was a gentleman who, when thirsty, believed that others experienced the thirst; and after he had coughed, said to a friend near him, "I am sorry you have so bad a cough." Samuel Rogers, when very aged and declining, was riding in a carriage with a lady, who asked him about another lady well known to both; the name seemed a blank to him, and stopping the carriage, he asked his servant, "Do I know Lady M.?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. A gentleman, sitting with his wife in the evening, found his thoughts wandering back to a lady at whose house he frequently spent an evening in former years; ludicrously confounding time, place, and person, he rose up, and, addressing his wife as "madam," declared that it was getting late, and that he must return home to his family.

The forgetfulness arising from sheer absence of mind is different in its nature from any of the above. The man may be in good health, and may be the reverse of stupid, but he is so absorbed in a particular train of thought as to be nearly oblivious to surrounding sayings and doings. Sydney Smith cited two instances of absence of mind which struck his fancy. "I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! What horse? There is no horse, sir.' 'No horse. God bless me,' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.' Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me today; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the House of Commons, and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear.'" An absence of mind more or less similar has often been displayed by men habituated to deep study. Domenichino, the great Italian painter, became so absorbed in his

own picture of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew that he reviled, with the fiercest passion, a soldier who was represented insulting or mocking the saint. Caracci, who was present, was so struck with Domenichino's excited expression of face that he afterwards adopted it as an impersonation of rage. Crebillon, the French dramatist, impatiently said to a friend who entered his study, "Don't disturb me; this is a moment of exquisite happiness; I am going to hang a villanous minister, and to banish a stupid one!" Isaac D'Israeli says: "It has been told of a modern astronomer, that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, 'It must be thus; but I will go to bed before it is too late.' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it." Doctor Stukely called upon Sir Isaac Newton, and was told that Sir Isaac would come to him directly. The waiting was long and tedious, dinner was brought in, and Stukely, feeling hungry, sat down and nearly demolished a tempting roast fowl. Newton at length appeared, and seeing the empty dish, exclaimed, "I protest I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner!" The Count de Brancas, a friend of La Bruyère and Rochefoucauld, was one day reading in his study, when a nurse brought in a little infant; he put down his book, took up the infant, and caressed it admiringly. A friend came in, and Brancas threw down the baby on the table, thinking it was a book, not detecting his error until a loud crying announced it. On another occasion Rochefoucauld crossed the street to greet him. Brancas said, "God help you, my poor man!" Rochefoucauld smiled, and was about to speak, when the other interrupted him: "I told you that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable." Rochefoucauld's hearty laugh at length roused him from his reverie. Men have been known to exhibit such instances of absence of mind as the following: Taking out a watch, looking at it, and then asking, "What's o'clock?" Going to a house where friends have lived, and forgetting that they had removed; going up to dress for dinner, forgetting the main purpose in view, and getting into bed instead; taking imaginary pinches of snuff while talking, forgetting all the time that the box is empty. Dante went once into a bookseller's shop to witness a grand street procession. He became so absorbed in a book that the whole spectacle passed without his noticing it; and when he went home was surprised at being reminded of it. Hogarth, dining one day with friends, rose in the middle of dinner, turned his chair round, sat down with his back to the company, meditated awhile, resumed his proper position, and went on with his dinner. Sheridan, conversing with his sister one day, unconsciously cut up into

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shreds an elegant pair of ruffles which she had just made for her father. A gentleman, invited to dinner, sat in the drawing-room alone for awhile; by the time the lady of the house appeared, she found that he, in a brown study, had picked a hearth-brush to pieces; he had the denuded handle in his hand, while his dress was covered with hairs.

ON THE MISSION.

The life of an assistant in a large parish is a busy one. Whilst the strict order which regulates the parochial affairs and labors prevents confusion, it by no means lessens the number of duties which the priest is called upon to discharge. In extensive parishes in which several curates are stationed, each relieves the other by turns in attending to sick calls, preaching, celebrating the late mass, &c., though all are expected to be ready to take the place of the one in service, if he is prevented by sickness or other necessity from attending to his special work. After his mass, which is said at a certain hour each morning, the assistant, if it is not his "week," is at liberty to employ his time as he thinks fit, subject to the general rules of the house, which, in many instances, require his presence at meals, or, at least, his acquainting the pastor with his whereabouts, if he intends paying a visit. On a "free" day you will find him generally at home, engaged in reading, writing, or else at the house of a brother priest, or making a "round" of visits to the people, or visiting the bookstores, though after completing the "round" he stops visiting the bookstores, as booksellers do not countenance visitors that fail to purchase. He is tempted to smile at the homilies he reads about the dreadful sin of avarice in a priest, for somehow or other the few dollars he receives disappear with a rapidity which a juggler would vainly attempt to imitate. One day after making a round among the poor of the parish he takes the cars home, and opening his purse, he is surprised to discover only a very shabby and absurd-looking ten cent note, though he is sure that his pocket-book was quite plethoric when he went out that morning. He makes an act of contrition for supposing that the stout old lady next him may be a pickpocket in disguise, and his contrition deepens when, the conductor having contemptuously fingered the unfortunate shinplaster, declaring that "it won't do, no how," the old lady slips him a car ticket wherewith to appease the official's wrath.

A little mental arithmetic soon accounts for expenses. There is the widow, with eight children, whose combined efforts to secure a decent pair of pantaloons for the eldest boy, who is promised a job in a dry goods store, have hitherto proved fruitless. Everything depends on the pantaloons, without

which John can't get the situation, and hence all hopes based on him are blasted. Now five dollars would fit him out nicely with jacket and trousers, leaving a handsome balance for cap and comforter. Then there is a sick man convalescing, who has a wife and innumerable children. The doctor has ordered him, with that airy, pleasant way for which the profession is noted, rich, nutritious jellies, wines, &c., for which the grocer asks fabulous prices. If the patient lack these, the undertaker will soon be sent for. What's to be done? The thinning purse again responds. Then the old Catholic soldier, with no legs and only one arm, has been forced by stress of weather to cease his open-air concerts, and his pension always gives out about one week after date of acceptance. Stern necessity will oblige him to sell his organ, or, if rented, to forfeit it, unless "something's done." The purse "does" it. His next encounter is with the woman whose husband has wholly retired from the active pursuits of life, in order to give his undivided attention to those great problems that agitate the political mind of the country. He is found at all hours of the day in the nearest tavern, demonstrating to the satisfaction of the bartender that the political salvation of the land depends on the removal of the liquor tax. The exhausting nature of these discussions calls at frequent intervals for that stimulant to which the greatest intellects owe their most enduring triumphs. He returns in the evening, and with the characteristic eccentricity of genius gently drops clock and looking-glass from the third story window, removes the bureau, tests the quality of the chinaware, and by various antics and yells strongly illustrates the Darwinian theory. The landlord had been there before the priest, and had threatened to eject the occupants of the miserable abode if the last month's rent were not forthcoming that afternoon. The wife, with that patient, sad, weary look which characterizes the good wives of the vilest and most sodden of drunkards, looks at the priest beseechingly and tearfully, acknowledging her unworthiness of his favors for the wretch stretched in drunken lethargy, but pleading for the children who will be homeless and friendless, if he does not intercede. The landlord is a hard man, and who can blame him? She had washed, and done chores, and sewed, and worked so far to keep the children under one roof, but now—. It is the old story of no work, hard times, sickness of the baby, &c. Why not rid herself of the burden of supporting the drunkard? No! O the mystery of wifely love which can transfigure even *him*, and pay to him the offices which she pledged herself to pay when he—not he, but his better self—stood by her side before the altar of God! After telling her to send her spouse to him, a message which she hears with a sorrowful shake of the head, the priest bids her cheer up, and leaves with a very light heart and purse.

But his week of sick calls is the one in which he is brought face to face with scenes of which none of us has a conception: for though we could see the external horror and misery that surrounds death, he alone can enter the gloomy recesses

of a soul which is soon to be either the eternal dwelling-place of God or the haunt of demons. The bell summons him to the parlor in the parochial house, and he finds a breathless messenger who can only articulate that there is a man, Catholic, in a fit, No. —, Blank Street. Hurry, for God's sake! Calmly but in an incredibly short time he has the oil stocks in his pocket and the Blessed Sacrament on his bosom, and murmuring the prayers which the Church prescribes for the priestly visitation of the sick, he hurries to the place, and finds the sick man recovering from his faint. Mentally reproving the dilatoriness that had nearly exposed the person to death without the Sacraments, he says nothing, however, to the helpless and speechless friends that are about the room, but requesting their withdrawal from the chamber proceeds silently to reassure and comfort the unfortunate being whose glossy eyes and vacant look betoken the approach of death. With the old Catholic instinct which survives all the memories of life, and seems to enkindle into fresh vigor, as every earthly power wanes, the sick man recognizes the priest and whispers "Confession." But what a confession! How can that failing mind go back over the track of the long years? How can the treacherous memory recall the evildoings of a lifetime? No matter. The priest, praying for the grace of final perseverance for the penitent, putting suggestive questions, leading gently the wandering mind, comforting, helping, consoling, at last draws the confession to an end, and bestows absolution. A great peace settles on the poor worn face after the soul is strengthened with the bread of life, and anointed with the oil of salvation, and the priest goes away wondering anew at the love which, in its infinite scope and power, admits to Paradise even to-day the penitent thief. But he will also tell you sorrowfully, as the cars are slow and there is no time to hitch up a horse, that he has actually run to a sick call, caring nothing for the amazed looks of quiet pedestrians, or the shouts of the boys, and yet failed to outrun Death. This, too, in cases which threatened no immediate danger, but in which he could not fail to see the hand of God, whose terrible threats against the unrepenting sinner are thus so fearfully executed. The extreme delicacy of the subject, the respect which nature dictates should be paid to the feelings of surviving relatives, and above all the counsel of charity which hopeth all things, even for the most abandoned of sinners, seal the lips of the priest whose ministry calls him to such a scene. But the most startling of sermons could be made out of a few personal reminiscences illustrative of Christ's solemn prophecy, As ye live, so ye die. True, good Catholics sometimes depart without the last consolations of religion. They form the few exceptions—if they can be called exceptions—to the rule that God's providence secures for his faithful servants a happy death, the presence of his minister, the grace of his sacraments, the token of the coming, eternal blessedness.

Frequently the priest receives the consolation of beholding the happy death of one whose sinless

spirit is ready to enter upon its eternal peace. He ministers to a child, a youth, whose soul is still pure and fresh with the baptismal waters; to an aged man or woman whose life breathes the perfume of the patriarchal age; to many whose careers knew only two phases,—work and pray, toil and devotion. Comforted by these evidences of the power of grace, he is better enabled to bear the fearful revelations and the dreadful scenes to which he is summoned.

In order to consult both the convenience of the patient and the priest, a rule is established in some parishes, requiring the relatives or friends of the sick person to notify the priest of the case at an early hour of the day. The rule, however, it is needless to mention, is rarely observed. Two extremes are found. A priest will be frightened by the gestures and exclamations of the messenger who bears tidings of the "death" of somebody calling for the priest, and the latter reaches the spot to find an interesting patient in the shape of a big, burly fellow, with an immense handkerchief wrapped in innumerable folds around his head, doing his best to look sick, but ridiculously failing. Inquiry elicits that his head is nearly off his shoulders with the toothache, and that he thought himself dead entirely. Annoyed enough to cane the patient, the priest reads him a lecture on exaggerations, &c., and frequently hears his confession, for such characters in good health rarely trouble the confessional. Usually, however, it is the careful wife that raises the alarm. The other class defer sending for the priest during the day, but on the change which generally and unfavorably affects the patient, at the hour of midnight, a courier is immediately despatched for the clergyman. Tired with the labors of the day, he is enjoying his repose, when the clangor of the bell above his bed startles him from sleep. He knows what is wanted; and with a patient sigh, dons his clothes, and descends to gather particulars. "Very serious—not expected to live—doctor said, if he changed this way at twelve o'clock, death might come before morning, &c. Better take your overcoat and an umbrella, your reverence, for it is raining a little." The little rain becomes outside a very heavy shower to which sleet and complete darkness are soon added. "Look out for the gutter, sir—ah! what a pity—and you have no boots on? There's a nasty hollow here, your reverence; there you are in it! Did you ever see such a night? It's myself that's sorry, sir, to bring you out, but—then poor Jim! Give me your arm, if you please, sir, for the way is very bad hereabouts. This is the place." He enters a place which seems in bleak dreariness the counterpart of the night without; yet the hovel is soon made all-beautiful by the presence of Him who deigned to nestle in a manger, and, after the priest's departure, the glory and the consecration of such a touch seem to brighten the dark walls and be reflected in the countenance of the dying man. Trying and inconvenient as the midnight sick call is to the priest, it is not without its consolations. As he re-enters his room and betakes himself again to sleep, the

benediction of the angel of the man to whom he carried the Host rests upon him.

After a season, which may be long or short, according to the exigencies of the diocese, the number of priests, and other circumstances, the assistant is appointed to a pastoral charge. He may be commissioned to build a church, the pastorate of which is confided to him, or he may be chosen to govern a flock already gathered into its fold. In either case, he sets about his duties with the promptitude and exactness which his missionary life has taught him. If the great task of building a church is given him, he begins that most unpleasant of trips—a collecting tour. His own people learning of his intended departure from among them, always get up a testimonial, of which, however, he is supposed to be in profound ignorance; though the fact has been communicated to him under the seal of inviolable secrecy. He thinks, however, of the few unpremeditated remarks that must be said on an occasion of presentation, and afterwards declares (to confidential friends) that he could have made a better reply, if he had not thought about it at all, for the richness and magnificence of the gift he received put to rout his few scattered thoughts, and between the effort to remember them and the overwhelming presence of the gift, and the beaming, tearful countenance of the presenters, he could do nothing but repeat in very indifferent transpositions, "Thank you, my dear, good friends!" Nobody, though, knows that the gift goes into the bag which must be filled before the church is built.

Then come in regular succession the battalions of sorrows, discomforts, pinchings, lectures, fairs, excursions, visits, cold shoulders, delays, wars with builders and workmen, squabbles with contractors, meannesses, talks, pleadings, expostulations, sacrifices of all kinds and degrees which the poor priest must face before his church is finished! Why wonder we that his health breaks down, his temperament changes, his heart is sore and weary with his work? Every stone in his church marks a sorrow. It is the monument which speaks more eloquently than the dedication or consecration sermon, of a zeal and perseverance whose source and stay are not of earth.

Or, if he is made pastor of a country mission already in existence, he gathers his few effects and takes an early train, in order to acquaint himself by daylight with the topography of the place, as he is not very familiar with the part of the country in which his church is situated. As he is borne to the spot, his mind indulges in those speculations and plans which naturally suggest themselves to a priest conscious of the importance of his charge and filled with the spirit of zeal. The little improvements he will make—the care he will devote to the outlying parts of his mission, the special devotions he will introduce, and so on, occupy his attention until the name of his destination shouted by the conductor, rouses him from his pleasant reverie. He is astonished to find the hour so late—4 P.M., though he left the city at 8 A.M., and the train too made good time. Surely his church is not so distant.

But that's the name of the place, and, before he can collect his thoughts, he is bidden to step off the platform and look out for his valise. His trunk too is tumbled out of the baggage car in a manner which shows that the baggage-master rises superior to mere earthly care, whilst in the gathering gloom of the afternoon he reads the name of the station over a rambling shed which is dignified by that title.

"How far is it to the Catholic church?" he anxiously inquires of the railway agent who is lounging near. "About two miles up the road. You are not going to walk up, are you? The road is rather rough and broken, even for a wagon. O (with a closer scrutiny), you're the new priest. There's a carriage round the station waiting for you."

Consoled by this intelligence, he accompanies the agent and finds a horse and wagon, both of which have an air of antiquity and mystery. The driver is arrayed in a full suit of clerical garments, including the Roman collar and neck-cloth, the whole surmounted by a high hat which, in its dim outlines, resembles a parlor stove.

"Good evening, your reverence," is the cordial greeting. Jump in—not quite so heavy—for the floor of the carriage is weak, and by the same token so is the baste."

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Father ——?" (the late pastor).

"Not at all, man. I am the sexton, at your service. Father John expected you yesterday, but he could wait no longer—it seems. He told me to tell you how sorry he was not to meet you, and he wrote you a letter, you'll find above." Perhaps it's my clothes that deceaved you. They are a little too long in the legs, sure, for Father John is a tall man, but that says nothing. Whoa, boy." (This to the horse, which certainly needed no check).

"Never touch him with the whip, your reverence," said the sexton deprecatingly, as out of patience with the funeral pace of the steed, our priest wished to stir him up; "there's no tellin' what he'll do—for he's vicious, sir, vicious and mettlesome. He nearly threw me one night for calling him out of his name, and Father John never whipped him. His heart is too good—the priest's I mean. Yes, but he did though—on a sick call. Mars, that's the horse's name, sir; he was called Pete, before the church got him—I disremember how many years ago it was, but Father John said it was a shame to call a baste after an apostle, and he the greatest of them—so he named him Mars—an old haythen, I'm told. Well, the night of the sick call I was talking about—forty miles it was, if it was a yard. That's the night Father John cut the horse with the whip, and he always said it was a miracle, for such time was never made the country round; talk about your prize horses, Flora Temple or Dexter, Mars bate them all that night. From that day to this, none of us dare lay a hand on the horse."

So chatting, they at last reached the rectory, a poor, mean looking place, fronting the graveyard, with the church at right angles. The lowering sky presaging a storm prevented the priest from seeing the utter dreariness and bleakness

of his future home. He descends from the wagon and enters the house, led by the talkative sexton. On the threshold the housekeeper encounters him and kneels to receive his blessing. "She's a good ould soul," whispers Michael to the priest as both follow her into the hall, "but cross and crabbed like." Supper is set before him with a profusion of apologies, for the butcher comes with fresh meat only once a week, and the nearest grocery is eight miles off, and the house is upside down since Father John left. The drive, however, had whetted his appetite and, as he had no dinner, he does ample justice to the coarse fare, relieved of half its roughness by the exquisite cleanliness and neatness with which it is served. He notices, too, the efforts expended on the furniture to restore its long departed newness and brightness; the careful darning of the worn carpets, the scrubbing and cleansing of the decaying doors and windows and floors, and all those evidences of the housekeeper's half religious desire to surround the priest with as much splendor and comfort, as her sorely taxed ingenuity can devise, and her limited allowance for house expenditure obtain.

He finds the place rather lonely. He has no companion with whom to while away the long hours, for Michael is too busy in the stable and about the little patch of ground, and Margaret is too full of culinary cares to waste their time in idle talk, even if the propriety which the priest observes would permit him to talk confidentially or freely with his servants. He sometimes takes a drive through the country, but this source of pleasure is soon closed by the uninteresting character of the scenery, the fewness of his people, and the imperturbable gravity of Mars, who can never be persuaded to violate decorum by a canter. The whip, too, seems to have lost its magical powers, as its application, though at first nearly betraying Mars into a breach of decorum, eventually is received with a placid resignation as absurd as it is exasperating.

On Sunday our priest says mass at 11 o'clock, A.M. The Catholics gather from all parts of the parish, drawn, we fear, as much by a desire to see and hear the new priest as to fulfil the precept of the Church. He delivers his salutatory, and perceives the good impression his words of introduction leaves. Many of the members call to see him in the parlor after mass, and he was about to invite several to dinner, when his eye encountered a warning gesture from Margaret, who, as if anticipating this *faux pas* on the part of the priest, had stationed herself near the door. Michael tells him in the evening that the people are just wild about him, and that old Patrick Murphy, who heard all the great preachers and orators in Ireland, from O'Connell down, declared that his sermon pleased him better than all. This expression of good-will on the part of his flock he takes as the harbinger of success; for let him gain the whole heart of the poor and humble in his church, and his ministry is destined to be fruitful of good.

This is the picture of his life, remain he here one year or ten. The changes in its monotony is when sick calls summon him over roads,

and in storms, to places distant one mile or fifty miles from his house; or when he goes to say mass at an outlying station; or when he runs down to the city to renew a friendship which his isolation is wearing out; or when he passes an afternoon with one of his parishioners; or goes the old round among the poor. It is the life of the large majority of American priests. To us it seems the dreariest of existences; to them it is indeed dreary, but cheerfully and faithfully they live it out, that this sacrifice of all the social comforts, the companionship of friends, the harmless but sweet pleasures of society, will receive its exceeding great reward. Let us stand up in reverence before a life which is passed in voluntary exile, a life which seeks obscurity, even though containing powers and elements that raise men to greatness; a life lighted up by no earthly joy, yet illumined with grace; a life, in short, which the world counts a failure, but which God crowns with everlasting success.

"DEATH, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

Across the dusk, heaped, battle plain,
With flashing lamps, two soldiers come;
The earth is wet with crimson rain,
The moonless night is dumb.

Amid the dead, who sleeps so white,
The cross upon her pulseless breast,
Her face against the falling light,
And her tired hands at rest?

The dreamless dead around her lie,
In straightened furrow—sinuous line,
And by her side rest tenderly,
The healing oil and wine.

From convent walls, by vineyards green,
With blessings in her hands she came,
What time the cannon's lightning's keen,
Wrapt earth and heaven in flame;

When strong men wrestled in the smoke,
And shrieks and tumults filled the day,
And from the heart of France upbroke
One cry of wild dismay.

Into the fight, unblenched she went,
  Whilst stronger natures swerved aside,
Her soul resolved, her heart intent
  To serve the Crucified.

In bleeding images of pain—
  Red harvests of the ruthless sword—
She saw, through tears of pitying rain
  The clients of her Lord.

And, kneeling by them, touched their lips,
  Whispered of peace till all was cold;
Whilst through the gathering eclipse
  The battle surged and rolled.

Then death! From out the thickening gloom
  Flew the destroyer. Lo! she lies,
Upon her cheeks the faded bloom,
  All heaven within her eyes:

An offering holy unto God;
  For when Faith, Hope, shall cease to be,
There shall survive, through ages broad,
  The Angel, Charity.

TOYS AS TEACHERS.

The daily occupations of us all, whether we wish it or not, have important and evident influences on our characters and dispositions. This is the case even with the grown-up man possessing vigorous strength of mind and body, for, according as he habituates himself to various occupations or amusements, so invariably is the bent of his mind and the tone of his character influenced. This effect no doubt varies with individuals, and is stronger with some than with others; but the principle remains true, that the so-called trifling events of our daily life, over which we have complete control, have an important effect in moulding our characters.

If this, then, be true with grown-up persons, it is evident that with children, while the mind is in a plastic condition, easily susceptible of impressions, and readily moulded, every occupation and habit must have still greater permanent influence. The little trifles, therefore, on which each child is constantly engaged, and the way the play-hours in the nursery are spent, must assist in forming that child's character.

On this supposition, the use of

toys cannot be insignificant, inasmuch as, during many years of infancy, a child's mind dwells on the idea of play and playthings with greater interest and attention than on any other subject. Toys and playing are certainly a necessary part of the child's occupation; and, therefore, an appreciation of the most advantageous description to suit the characters of different children, and the best way in which such toys may be used, are considerations worthy of the attention and thought of all who are really alive to the importance of the early training of the young. In fact, it is evident that toys must be considered as educational.

In saying that they should be educational, it is not intended that a child is to look upon his play as a lesson; for if he does so, it will altogether cease to be play. Nothing is more painful than to see a child without life and spirits, and that delight in playtime which is not only natural, but essential to its well-being. It is believed that nothing is worse than to encourage habits of too strict attention to books and lessons during the earliest years of life. If this be done, the bodily health is not kept in full vigor; and although it is possible for some little children of six or seven years to be taught a number of high-sounding subjects, even to be able to repeat strings of facts in geography, such as the lengths of rivers and the heights of mountains, it must be remembered that this is but the temporary addition of atoms to the memory, and is not the healthy development of the mind.

The primary use of toys to children is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which it can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do; and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing-up of children is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is really essential for them; they must be doing something, and, as has been well remarked, even mischief is but misapplied energy. Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoemaker with shoes.

Children are essentially active in every sense; and toys cannot properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course the glitter of a new thing, whatever it may be, lasts for some time; but it will be remarked how they generally

return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can *do something with it.* A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas a new picture-book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared much for after it has been exhibited a few times and has ceased to be a novelty.

While carefully avoiding the mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, may impart a vast amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would, of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principles of the bridge and the use of the keystone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge with the centring, and show him how to put it together: he will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and practically acquainted with some important mechanical laws. Again, a little model of a steam-engine made to work by gas or spirit, which may be bought for a few shillings, is a most attractive toy. Children will watch it for hours. They see the water poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts. When they come to study the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half the difficulty of their first lessons vanishes. If, during his play, the child is so fortunate as to have a really educated nurse or mother, herself acquainted with the outlines of such general knowledge, the child's play may be made, by simple toys, far more educational and interesting than any set lesson, and the result of the instruction far more fixed on his mind than the simplest theoretical idea could ever be by any number of repetitions and learnings by heart.

What is true concerning the box of bricks and the model engine is also true of a number of other toys; that is, they depend for their action on certain laws, with which, by a little skill, children may be made practically familiar without any undue taxing of their minds, and during the time they are engaged in play. Of these may be mentioned the kite, magnetic fish; hydrostatic toys, with water-wells, fountains, &c.; pneumatic toys, such as pop-guns, &c.; tops of all sorts, the kaleidoscope, the magic wheel, &c. All these involve scientific laws which a child may understand familiarly with no more difficulty, if properly put before him, than he usually finds in learning to read.

The feature of the Kindergarten School is that play is really made to a great extent the means of instruction. This idea seems to be capable of greater development than it is at present, even in those excellently conducted institutions. With very young children, particularly in infant schools, the less the instruction partakes of the nature of a regular lesson the better. The importance of early teaching,

among the poor especially, is obvious; and yet the evils of straining the mind and overtaxing the energy of very young children, by too rigid a course of training, are most serious. Toys, when carefully selected, seem to supply the means of avoiding the latter evil, and at the same time of securing the early imparting of knowledge.

Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are little better than a dry spelling-book; whereas with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learning to read and spell in the best possible manner, and in a way he is least likely to forget. The first four rules of arithmetic, again, may be taught almost entirely by means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table, before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which perhaps requires more direct lesson-work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and guiding a pencil imparted, before the copy-book pot-hook and hanger has made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.

Cookery as a regular subject of instruction in girls' schools has hitherto been looked upon as one of those things which, though no doubt desirable, is unfortunately impossible. Toys, however, seem to prove that this is a mistake. Judging from the collection of cooking-stoves which Mr. Cremer has brought together in his International collection of toys in the London Exhibition this year, it is clear that "pretending to cook" is largely played at by children of all countries. These stoves, though in miniature, are made large enough, and are so fitted for gas, as to be capable of dressing a small dinner. It would seem that, by a regular course of instruction in practical play-cooking, a most agreeable and permanently useful *game* might be introduced in all schools, to the immense advantage of all classes.

Not only in direct instruction, however, is the use of toys to be considered educational, but those playthings to which a child is accustomed have no small influence on his general tone of thought. To those who are naturally over-quiet and studious, those toys should be given which are likely to develop the physical powers, such as a rocking-horse, a cart requiring to be drawn about, a wheel-barrow, a set of gardening tools, a drum, and the like. It would be better to encourage such children to this description of plaything, rather than to allow them constantly to amuse themselves, after the bent of their inclinations, with books, puzzles, and other sedentary amusements. For those full of life, and whom it is impossible to keep still for many minutes at a time, the occasional use of the quieter toys which are

to be avoided in the former case is desirable. In France, guns, swords, and miniature war implements are looked upon as almost the only playthings for a boy, and this national taste has undoubtedly had a considerable influence on the national character.

A few words should be said of the doll, which is the most natural and universal toy. It must be owned that the English taste in dolls is better than that of their neighbors on the other side of the Channel. An English doll is almost always an imitation of a child; the French, on the other hand, is a very fashionable young lady, and but too often made to imitate as nearly as may be a class of the community concerning whose ways and style all will agree that little children should be as far removed from, and as little familiarized with as possible. It is true that the French dolls have other uses; they serve first as models of fashion; but what we urge is that children's playthings are in themselves sufficiently important not to be merely out-of-date models of the follies of grown-up persons.

The dressing of dolls may be made a most pleasant mode of teaching a little girl to work. All girls are fond of dressing their own toy-babies, though they soon weary of hemming dusters. By making dolls' clothes exact miniatures of children's garments, so that they will take on and off, agreeable occupation in needlework will be found for a little girl. The child will easily be made to take a pride in having all her doll's wardrobe as neat and well worked as she can; and good habits of care, neatness, and order may thus be inculcated. In this way, as has already been pointed out, play, and useful instruction, and training may be combined through the agency of toys. In watching a little girl play with her doll, an insight may often be obtained into the mode in which the child herself is being brought up. When young, we all imitate more or less the habits and manners of our elders; and in whichever way a child is seen using her doll, whether it be roughly, kindly, or gently, or by making a great fuss over its appearance, such as thinking chiefly of the fashion of its dress and ornaments, so may the characteristic features of the treatment that child herself receives at home be frequently inferred.

The cost of toys cannot be taken as a guide to their usefulness or value. To a certain extent, as in all other articles, it is true that good things cannot be had for nothing, but the most expensive playthings are by no means necessarily the best. Nothing is more desirable than to encourage children as much as possible to make some of their own toys; when they do this, it affords them immense pleasure and amusement. It should also be borne in mind that the fewer playthings a child has in use at the same time the better. Too many at once encourage restlessness and a continual want of change and variety, and prevent habits of attention and contentment being developed. The art of showing children how to play to the best advantage, to make toys, and, in short, to enjoy play as much as possible, though natural to some persons, is frequently wanting to a lamentable extent with many

nurses, mothers, and teachers. A few practical hints on this subject might and should be included in the course of training given to all teachers, and especially to those who devote themselves to infants.

In conclusion, we assert, that if toys are not turned to the greatest account, the fault lies with us adults, who are not capable of making the most of those means and agents for training our offspring which we find ready to our hands.

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

About sixty years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the criminal side, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent queen's counsel, George Bennett, at that time a junior on the Munster circuit, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listener at the trial.

On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger, dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen, and brogues, and with a blackthorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Denis Macarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire;" and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark-featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Denis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin-door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighboring graveyard.

Macarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him that he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin.

Macarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland simple

burial-places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen-stained, and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash-tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary inclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or the rattle of car-wheel.

Macarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"Go on," said Macarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arra, man; go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'; what are ye afeard of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but divil a foot I'll go over that wall till you go over it first," said Macarthy, doggedly.

The man laughed, and looked angry.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if that'll please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhoun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers, an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farm-house, where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, having eaten his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant rank make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of his way. Macarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bid him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public-house, the door of which stood open close by them.

Macarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his cousin liked best, ordered a pot of porter, mak-

ing some excuse for not partaking himself.

When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to set it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink it, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why don't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

"I don't like it," answered Macarthy, getting up, "and I don't like you, nor your ways, and, in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the divil I pitch you and it," said the stranger breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts, and the short information sworn by Macarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put Macarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which Macarthy was the last life.

The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross the stile first, and, following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and, as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that se-

questered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interfered to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose.

The women, who, in the large barn-like room were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary inclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined Macarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asked him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to.

What passed was to the following effect:

"You stated that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck; and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined?"

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before?"

"Never any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?"

"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter towards my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some persons will account, upon natural, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder, Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in

which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is extraordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion.

OXFORD IN 1871.

THE evidence which has been recently given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of University Tests, has naturally turned the attention of thinking men to the present condition of religious belief at Oxford and Cambridge. Some of the witnesses examined made statements respecting the modern tendencies of the philosophical teaching of the Universities, which caused almost a panic among persons of more orthodox opinions: even some Catholics have been startled at the change which appears to have come over the two great seats of learning within the last thirty or forty years. In the present article an attempt is [illegible] to represent, as fairly and dispa[illegible]ionately as lies within the power of the writer, the tone of thought which is generally prevalent at Oxford on religious questions. The task is not an easy one, especially as every resident in the University is prone to judge of all phases of belief from the particular circle in which he himself moves, and to pass over schools of thought which may be exercising a permanent influence, because he himself does not come into personal contact with those who specially belong to them.

No one can deny that within the last twenty-five or thirty years Oxford has completely changed. To trace the various causes which have brought about the change would be almost an endless task. They may, perhaps, be fairly summed up by saying, that men have learned, in a way unknown before, to carry out their opinions to their legitimate and logical consequences; their eyes have been opened to see that the beliefs of the last generation of Englishmen did not rest on a satisfactory basis; that the arguments of Butler and Paley have proved insufficient to resist the corroding influence of skepticism, and that the apologists of the Church of England are unable to maintain for her a tenable position as a living teacher of dogmatic truth. Thirty years ago the Tractarian movement was at its zenith; the High Church party comprised many of the ablest residents in Oxford; the Anglo-Catholic theory still satisfied the aspirations of an earnest piety, and retained a firm hold on those whose undoubted intellectual honesty, vigorous power of thought, and extensive knowledge, gave them a well-deserved influence in the University. Opposed to them were a vast mass of orthodox Conservatives, whose general position was that of a moderate Protestantism, and who regarded the Tractarian party as unfaithful to the Church of England. Besides these two parties, there was a small minority of Liberals, feeble numerically and afraid to express their real senti-

ments, warned by the outcry which had more than once been raised when one of their number, bolder than the rest, had published opinions which did not satisfy the then dominant orthodoxy, even though he had used the most moderate language, and had guarded himself most carefully against misconception. The present state of things is completely different. The dogmatist party in the University, it is true, still forms a majority of the governing body: but living, teaching Oxford has passed over into the hostile camp. The most influential tutors and professors—who are moulding the thought and guiding the opinions of the rising generation, who, through their ablest pupils, will soon make their voices heard in the House of Commons, in the literature of the country, in the class-rooms of our public schools —belong for the most part to the Liberal party.

Now, it is hard to give a correct idea of the position and tenets of those who start from first principles different from one's own; it is hard to avoid a touch of caricature, and to keep clear of one-sidedness and misconception. But the general line of thought among a majority of the influential men is somewhat as follows, although there are of course many exceptions, especially among those whose line of study has not led them to investigate with careful accuracy the basis of the irreligious beliefs—"In this life it is not given to man to attain to a full knowledge of truth. We see through a glass darkly, and the view which each individual obtains is necessarily a one-sided and imperfect one. This is especially the case with religious beliefs, which are really opinions in which we are unconscious of any opposing probabilities, and in which sentiment and imagination come in to enlist our sympathies entirely on one side of the question. There are many subjects on which it is presumptuous even to have an opinion; those, namely, which we ourselves have never had occasion personally to investigate, and in which there is no such consensus among learned men as would enable us to adopt their verdict unchallenged. In some departments of knowledge, men allow that this is the case. In astronomy, for instance, no educated man, unless he were an astronomer, would express a decided opinion about the possibility of the moon being inhabited by beings like ourselves; but unfortunately, in subjects into which any religious question seems to enter, every one claims a right to be heard."

This theory, or something like it, may, I think, be called without unfairness the dominant theory of Oxford at the present time. It has been moulding the minds of the greater part of the more intelligent men who have taken their degree within the last twenty years. It is in the main the theory current in those Common Rooms which are the best representatives of Oxford culture, and it forms the basis of the education imparted in those Colleges which are most distinguished in the class lists, and where all the men have the highest reputation for industry and talent. It has a special attraction for young and generous minds, since there is in it a semblance of liberality which appears to contrast most favorably

with the exclusiveness of dogmatism. At the same time, it is not a theory which will ever permanently satisfy the demands of human intelligence. It is too vague, too misty, too indefinite. The human intelligence cannot rest content with a religion founded on so shadowy a basis: where it appears to do so, it implies either a very exceptional character, from which we cannot argue to the case of ordinary men, or else a very partial and limited interest in things unseen. It is, perhaps, a possible religion for men whose active, laborious life leaves them but little time for serious thought, and it may satisfy those who find all their affections already enlisted in behalf of some object more immediately before them. But even with these it will rarely be able to hold its ground, and the world at large will, sooner or later, have to give place to a more definite and tangible creed.

It is already doing so to some extent in the Universities. During the last few years there has been an ever-increasing number of men who go beyond the position which has been described above, and throw aside altogether the relative theory of truth, substituting for it something more resembling a positive belief. They tell us that the attempt to explain the phenomena of the world on the double hypothesis of the reign of law and the reign of a Supreme Will is distinctly unscientific and inadmissible. They look into the world around, and can discover there no single fact which cannot be explained without introducing the notion of a Supreme Being, and they therefore decline to admit any practical necessity for religious belief. If the old-fashioned moralist attempts to meet them with an appeal to the evidence of conscience as bearing witness to the authority of God, they have a theory, which is at first plausible, to account for each phenomenon, and, by a thousand illustrations, they show us how the necessities of common life, and the selfishness of our nature, have combined to form a habit which is handed on from one generation to another, and strengthened more and more by an enlarged experience, until, at length, it becomes an hereditary instinct, and is dignified by the name of the voice of God. If the defender of Christianity presses them with the argument from miracles, they often admit, fairly and honestly, that they have never had occasion really to investigate the question; or else they account for the supposed miracles of bygone ages by alleging the uncritical mind of the credulous observers, and express the fullest confidence that science will be able at some future period to explain any modern phenomena which are at present believed to be miraculous. These men are not atheists, because they do not reject as necessarily untrue the notion of a first cause; they simply say that the evidence in favor of the existence of a God does not appear to them sufficient to justify any positive assertion on the subject. They are, perhaps, best described by the name of "Independent Moralists," which some of them have assumed as the expression of their convictions.

It may, perhaps, appear strange to Catholics that such men should feel themselves justified in subscrib-

ing their names to the test which has been hitherto required of every one who is elected to a fellowship, or who takes his M.A. degree. But the apparent difficulty vanishes almost entirely in practice, and its easy solution is a remarkable proof of the complete futility of Anglican tests, and of their inability to secure any sort of uniform belief, even among men whose honesty is unimpeachable, and who cannot, without gross injustice, be accused of a conscious fraud. The test which has to be subscribed declares that the person subscribing believes the doctrine of the Church of England to be in accordance with the Word of God. Now this does not necessarily imply any belief that the doctrine of the Church of England is implicitly true. The subscriber may very fairly explain the Word of God as meaning the Bible as received by Protestants, and he might believe that the Bible, although in some sense divinely inspired, yet contains much which cannot be taken as strictly and literally consistent with actual facts.

But what has especially facilitated the subscription to Tests is the period of life at which they are exacted. They are required, once for all, at the time when a fellowship is obtained, or the M.A. degree taken. This generally means about a year or two after the course of studies is concluded, before a man's opinions have had time to take definite and permanent form, and when his traditional orthodoxy has not yet wholly disappeared under the influence of his University training. From that time forward no further test is required of him; for although the University has the power of compelling him to establish his orthodoxy at any moment by imposing the test afresh, yet this is, practically, never done, and would be considered a most invidious interference with liberty of opinion. It is impossible to say that the man at any definite time ceased to be a Christian, since he still, in his own sense, claims the name; it is scarcely fair to say that he is no longer a member of the Church of England, since he still attends her services, and has no wish to join any other religious body; it is, of course, easy to say that he has "lost the faith," but this, in the mouths of Anglicans, simply means that he does not come up to what they consider the standard of orthodoxy. At all events, whatever change has taken place has been so slow, so unconscious, so infinitesimal day by day, so nicely shaded off from the past to the present, that it seems unreasonable and extravagant to expect him to come forward at any definite moment and take a final and an important step, involving great responsibility, as well as considerable sacrifice, because certain opinions, which he never regarded as of very great practical importance, have been giving way before others inconsistent with them.

But the point with which we are more specially concerned is the influence of what we may call generally the modern school of thought over the education imparted in Oxford. If those who belong to it are the most influential men and the best teachers in the best Colleges, we may be quite certain that it will gradually spread its leaven over the whole of the University. It is true

that it does not appeal with much force to any except men whose interests are distinctly intellectual. There are several Colleges where it has even now obtained but little footing, and where orthodoxy holds its own in virtue of Conservative traditions and other influences hostile to change. But even in such Colleges the men who are most successful in the class lists have a tendency to drift away in the direction of Liberalism, and some of the most zealous advocates of what is called progress have been brought up at the feet of some adherent of the old school. We may then, speaking roughly, say that the modern school gives the tone to the whole teaching and examination system of Oxford at the present time. It will do so still more when tests are abolished, because, as Professor Liddon very pertinently observes in his evidence before the House of Lords, tests have prevented teachers in the University from stating, crudely and passionately, to the great injury of their pupils, destructive and irreligious ideas which for the moment they were entertaining, and which, without any restraint of the sort, they would undoubtedly have felt themselves at liberty to set before their pupils. But even under the restriction which has prevailed hitherto, and to which Canon Liddon attributes more influence than it really deserves, the Liberal school is practically dominant in living, teaching Oxford. It is, therefore, of great importance to know on what principles it proceeds, and what are the consequences which flow from the habit of mind prevalent at the Universities, so far as their method of teaching is concerned. They may, perhaps, be summed up as follows:

1. The teacher, if he would be consistent, should not teach his pupils anything except generally acknowledged facts, and the methods by which, out of those facts, hypotheses are to be formed. He should distinctly intimate to his pupils that he does not wish them to accept unchallenged any of the theories which he may assert in the course of his teaching, but to test them for themselves, and reject them when they do not appear to be confirmed by facts. He should make it his aim to encourage in his pupils the valuable habit of private judgment, meaning by this, not individual dogmatism, but the right of each and every man to form his own opinion for himself on any subject, whether of history, morals, or religion.

2. In order to form a really satisfactory opinion on any subject, every previous prejudice should be swept out of the mind; we must start from universal doubt, and thence we should seek to build up the framework of what we are hereafter to accept as true. In many cases we must be content to suspend our judgment, and confess our ignorance, or at most to admit only a provisional hypothesis. Least of all should the student allow in himself a ready deference to authority, or to the previous opinions of others, but should seek to expel such false humility, as being a hindrance to the entrance of truth into the mind.

3. The teacher should be careful to remind his pupils that there are two possible sides to every question, and that in most cases there is

much to be said on both sides; that the great intellectual vices of mankind consist in their refusal to recognize the strength of their opponents' position, and in their assumption that their own beliefs, and none other, are tenable and true.

4. The teacher should express all his opinions merely as opinions, not as dogmas. He should lay stress on the relative character of truth and on the presumptuous nature of any claim on the part of any individual or religious body to a sole and entire possession of truth—a claim which can only be maintained by substituting anathema for argument, and intolerance for scientific investigation.

From this it follows that Catholics, as such, are incapable of the highest education, which consists in building up well-grounded principles from admitted facts, and this process is not a possible one, unless we start with the determination to follow at any cost where reason leads, and where authority clashes with reason to throw authority to the winds. Now the first and foremost dogma of Catholicity is the submission of reason to authority, and therefore the young Catholic, if he is to reap the full benefits of the higher education, must begin by ceasing to be a Catholic.

Perhaps these principles would not be accepted with all their consequences by even a majority of Oxford teachers; certainly they would be disowned to a great extent by the dogmatic party, who recognize with an increasing alarm the steady growth of Liberalism in the University. But they are accepted almost as axioms by the more influential teachers, and are practically adopted even by those who in theory disown them. In order more clearly to establish this, it may perhaps be worth while to give, in some detail, the attitude of Oxford teaching in respect of the Scholastic Philosophy. In stating it, I will do my best to guard against any exaggerations, and I will limit myself to what I believe all, or nearly all, Protestants in Oxford would adopt without hesitation.

"The Scholastic Philosophy," says this theory, "founded, as it was upon Aristotle and controlled by the supervision of the Church, was rather an explanation of a preconceived hypothesis than a philosophy in the strict sense of the term; wonderful for its ingenious subtlety and its minute explanations, it was barren of any solid points of knowledge. It made no contribution to intellectual progress: its only aim being to tread as closely as possible in the steps of those who had gone before, and rather to adapt facts to a stereotyped theory than to modify the theory and try to bring it into accordance with facts. Hence it deserves nothing but a passing notice in a text-book of the history of philosophy, since it does not show us the mind of man struggling onwards towards the light of truth, but stationary and unprogressive by reason of the system under which he lived. Those who wandered from the beaten track and produced some brilliant and independent hypothesis, were mercilessly suppressed. Abelard in a secluded monastery, and Giordano Bruno at the stake,

expiated the crime of originality; and the activity of able men was obliged to expend itself in controversies, of which the most remarkable was that of the Realists, Formalists, and Nominalists; but even here the Church interfered, discountenancing Formalism and suppressing Nominalism by main force.

"The Reformation, whatever its faults and imperfections, set free the intellect of man, and both within and without the Church the result soon made itself apparent. The world of mediæval shadows disappeared before the dawning day, and modern thought little by little ousted one after another of the scholastic assumptions and substituted for them theories in accordance with fact, and arrived at either by a careful induction from nature, or by a legitimate deduction from the intuitions of mind. Of these independent thinkers, the first, and one of the greatest, to whom progress and thought is most deeply indebted, was the Catholic Descartes. Following in his steps, and carrying on the torch which he had ignited, Locke and Bacon shed a new light on the world of thought, and delivered men from illusions which had formerly universally deceived them—Locke by his *doctrine of substance*, and Bacon by his *inductive method*. The importance of these claims a separate notice.

"1. The scholastic doctrine of substance was, that it was an unknown substratum which forms the basis of every individual thing and gives it its objective reality. The modern doctrine, discovered by Locke, is that substance is the sum of the phenomena, *plus* an element furnished by the mind, and in virtue of which the mind regards these phenomena as united in an object having a separate and individual existence. Hence a substance exists only in relation to the intelligence which takes knowledge of it, and the unknown substratum has a subjective existence in the mind, not an objective existence in the external object.

"2. The great principle of modern induction is, that we must build up our theories from a careful induction of facts, instead of explaining the facts by our already assumed theories. We must, in fact, follow like children where science leads us, heedless of long prejudice and resolute against sentiment and imagination, which always cling to the exploded belief of the past. To those who appeal to our reverence for antiquity, we answer that we are the true antiquity, that the world grows continually older, and each generation inherits the wisdom and experience of its predecessors. To those who fear lest the theories which are arrived at by induction should clash with revealed truth, we answer that a theology which fears to meet the evidence of facts, must rest on a very insecure basis. But modern thought has not really succeeded in permeating the Catholic Church. That most conservative institution has kept it fairly at bay, or rather the active and scientific minds which have accepted any of its conclusions have been lost to Rome. Many attempts have been made to reconstruct the Catholic system on a modern basis, but the endeavor has invariably failed, and has often led to the complete eman-

cipation of those who have attempted the fruitless task."

Such is the theory, the statements of which are assumed as dogmas in the philosophical teaching of Oxford. I call them dogmas because they pass current unexamined, and form the starting-point alike of the systems of Dean Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton, of Mill and Lewes, of Morell and Schwegler. They have obtained a complete hold over the mind of the University. The Catholic reader will not be astonished at the rapid advance of skepticism where orthodoxy has to be supported on a theory so eminently calculated to destroy it. He will not wonder that nearly all the ablest men, some of them pupils of the most distinguished divines, trained in a school of Conservatism, and starting with the most unblemished Anglican orthodoxy, have of late fallen away from any kind of religious dogmatism, and accepted the position which they formerly regarded as pernicious and untrue. He will not wonder that the attention of the High Church party has of late been directed more and more to this desertion of their ranks by so many of their prominent followers among the younger men. Blind to the true cause, and to the only remedy, they have selected certain authors and text-books from the rest and have ascribed to their influence the downward tendency. Abolish, they say, that undue preponderance which is given to modern skeptical teachers; implant in students a sound philosophy; put an end to the present superficial system of instruction, which gives so many opportunities for imparting to unsound minds error under the guise of truth, and then you will see faith revive and skepticism decay and almost disappear. And it is in pursuance of this theory that Keble College has been built. It is not to be in any way a clerical college; it is not to turn the attention of its undergraduates to theology rather than to other studies; it is not to exclude even "infidel" books from its class-rooms; but yet it is to be the home of orthodoxy, to which the Anglican will be able to send his son without any fear of his becoming a rationalist or a skeptic. It has been lately compared in the pulpit of St. Mary's to the Ark, in which the faithful are to float secure while the flood of infidelity swallows up the less fortunate members of the older Colleges. It is in other respects a protest against the tendencies of the age: the table is simpler, and economy is specially encouraged; the chapel services are more frequent; there is more of common family life, and, perhaps, more of friendly intercourse between young and old.

Now, in all this the Catholic will see a great deal that is true and admirable, and will be inclined to wish Godspeed to a system which borrows so much from the system of the Church. At the same time, the experiment is one of very dubious success, because the whole spirit of Oxford is destructive to Protestant orthodoxy. When the orthodox Anglicans ascribe to certain teachers, and especially to Mr. Mill, the downward progress of the University, they forget that a teacher is influential only if he represents to some extent in his teaching the temper and opinions of his age and country. If Mr. Mill is dangerous

to the "faith," it is because he represents the direction in which Oxford opinion is advancing, falling in with it and enabling men to realize and put into words what was before only floating in the air. If the movement of opinion had been adverse to his philosophy, he could never have reversed the current, although he might have gained a follower here and there, just as Catholicism gains a few adherents in a Protestant country where it does not reach the masses. It is, then, impossible to destroy the influence of Mr. Mill, unless you can also turn back the stream of thought by going up to the fountain-head and starting from fresh principles which lead in an entirely opposite direction.

As long as the principles of Oxford education are those which I have stated above, so long the stream will hold its present course, and the skeptical school will go on gaining fresh ground day by day, simply because it follows out these principles to their legitimate conclusion, sweeping away any preconceived theories which it may encounter on its way. Every attempt heretofore made by the orthodox school to encounter Mr. Mill or the German rationalists from the Anglican point of view has utterly failed. It may be that here and there the weak points in their systems have been successfully pointed out; but even when this is done, their Protestant opponents merely substitute one form of skepticism for another. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the philosophy which is offered to Anglicans as their means of defence against Mr. Mill, is quite as skeptical in its final results as the doctrines which it is intended to refute. It is very doubtful whether any searcher after truth, whose religious convictions have been shaken by what is called infidel philosophy, has ever really found a satisfactory basis for the reconstruction of his beliefs in the writings of Dr. Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton. Protestant philosophy is barren of any except negative results; and Keble College will strive in vain to find, out of the pages of Catholic writers, any foundation for the dogmatism which it is her mission to uphold.

But it may be interesting to the reader to know how such men as Canon Liddon, and the school which he so ably represents, account from their point of view for the decline of orthodoxy in the Universities. In his evidence before the Tests Committee he indicates an opinion that it is because the study of philosophy at Oxford is not sufficiently thorough, and students are compelled by lack of time to make their own the results of modern philosophy, without being able to subject them to a critical examination under a competent guide. There is, of course, some reason in this, but it displays the strange delusion, which seems almost universal among Protestants, that, by a continual process of criticism, if only carried far enough, we shall arrive at last at a consistent body of truth. And when Canon Liddon is asked why it is that men choose the destructive side of philosophy rather than that which would give positive results, he answers that it is the intellectual fashion of the time, and that "the world of Oxford is affected to a certain extent by the

general mental atmosphere of England and of Europe." He allows that the University ought to correct "one-sided excesses of thought," but he does not explain why it is that the University does not do its duty.

Dean Mansel gives a somewhat similar account of the reason why men fall away from their belief. He attributes it to "the tendency of late years to make modern writers in a great measure the substance of the examination instead of a mere embellishment of it." This has led men into a line of reading which he considers very undesirable, and "into modern controversy upon disputed questions, and, in some instances, into the study of modern writers whose works, though works of great ability and merit, are dangerous if used without a competent guide."

Both of these witnesses appear to regard with considerable anxiety the future of Oxford. Now that tests are abolished we imagine that their anxiety is very likely to be increased tenfold. Considering what are the principles which form the basis of Oxford training, there seems to be little hope of anything except an ever-increasing skepticism. The only means of averting it, the only hope of a permanent return to any form of positive belief is, unfortunately, one impossible in a Protestant University, which must, in virtue of its very nature, continue to work out its destructive principles without any successful attempt at the work of reconstruction.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year has passed away—so soon!
For soon it seems, although my calm life keeps
The sameness of a shadow-line that creeps
Down a blank wall from early morn to noon.
I still am waiting vainly to be taught,
By some dream realized, how much more keen
Is real joy than joy that is but seen
In visions fashioned by too idle thought.
Still, sadly wistful, every year I build
Some scheme by which, before the next is gone,
An eager crowd of hopes may be fulfilled.
Shall I in very fact ever ascend
The dreamed-of heaven, or half content pass on
Until some silent day shall bring the end?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, and her latest English Historian. A narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871.

We are pleased to find this series of masterly critiques collected into permanent form. Their intrinsic worth certainly entitles them to a more stable and enduring existence than that vouchsafed in the pages of a magazine; whilst the importance of the subject they discuss, and their triumphant disclosure of the misstatements of the popular historian of our day, whose dicta are recorded as canons, render the publication in book form extremely opportune. The author has enlarged his original design of simply reviewing Froude into a successful attempt to write the history of Mary Stuart. Few realize the difficulty which her historian must encounter; for England and English literature have conspired for three centuries to blacken her memory and defile her tomb.

The author introduces the subject by some judicious remarks on Froude's character as an historian, and after a rapid but comprehensive review of the earlier volumes of his English history enters into his theme proper. As Froude's chief object is to deify Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and to vindicate the Reformation in England, the impossibility of accomplishing such a purpose makes it easy for the Catholic reviewer to show the weakness, bad faith, worse logic, and general failure of the Protestant historian. But as a certain mystery and vagueness toward the unfortunate Queen of Scots, Froude takes advantage of the obscurity, and finding falsified history and distorted facts already at hand, is not reduced to the awkward and difficult task of manufacturing falsehoods himself, though our reviewer later on detects him contributing to the stock.

Beginning with the birth and early education of the Queen, the reviewer traces her sad and eventful history, stopping at every turn to reply to a charge, correct a misstatement, rewrite a page in her life, expose the duplicity of an historian, vindicate an aspersed character, and uphold, in a word, the warfare which truth must wage against falsehood. The book is not only the biography of Mary, but also the history of the stormy times in which she lived. She, it is true, is made the central figure around which the events are grouped; but many chapters are devoted to the tracing of causes and relations which at first seem to have little bearing on her fortunes; but which, under the luminous criticism and historical philosophy of the author, are seen as powerful influences in her life, and as great aids in understanding her history. The appendix contains several important documents illustrative, in various ways, of the biography; and also the extracts and notes from authors which Froude did not hesitate to garble, trusting to his fame as a writer and his ability as a double dealer. On the whole the book is one of the finest pieces of historical criticism which our literature possesses; and we are proud that its author is a Catholic.

The mechanical execution of the book is neat.

LIFE OF THE REVEREND MOTHER JULIA, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of Nanur. Translated from the French. With the History of the Order in the United States. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871.

We have here the life of the sainted foundress of a sisterhood which, within the comparative short period of its existence, has performed labors and bestowed blessings that rival those of the greatest and oldest orders of religious women. The Sisters of Notre Dame are known in all parts of the world, by their labors in the cause of female education, their indefatigable efforts to better the condition of the humbler classes—the servant girls, unprotected orphan girls, and like worthy objects. The foundress, Julia Billiart, was, as her biography in-

forms us, a poor French peasant girl, who, relying on Providence alone, undertook the great work of founding a religious order. The difficulty of such a labor is in itself great, but Julia found extrinsic trials and difficulties that singly would have proved destructive to her design, were she not aided and protected by divine Providence. Her lot was cast in the troublous days of the French Revolution, when religion was proscribed, religious orders banished the country, and civil and domestic society disturbed in all its relations. Her heroism is shown by one example. The National Assembly had passed a constitution which virtually subjected the Church to the dictation of a few demagogues. The French clergy generally rejected and opposed it, but some weakly yielded to the force brought to bear upon their liberty. The curè of Julia's native village held out against the iniquitous decree, and he was obliged to resign his charge. His successor was a schismatic priest with whom Julia refused to hold any communication. This refusal so enraged the revolutionary populace that they attempted to mob her residence and assassinate her. Her escape was something miraculous. Her other trials and afflictions in founding her order, in such an age and under such circumstances, form several very interesting chapters.

The closing book details the establishment and progress of the Order of Notre Dame in the United States. The volume is a model of typographical neatness.

THE PEARL OF ANTIOCH. A picture of the East at the end of the Fourth Century. By the Abbe Bayle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1871

This is the class of books which we long to see multiplied and circulated in all parts of the country. They form the only antidote to the poisonous influences exercised by the impure and immoral literature which pervades the reading world. We must admit with profound sorrow that our warnings against bad books, bad novels, and sensational stories fall on heedless ears. Our Catholic youth must read stories, and they quickly finish the very small library of good Catholic tales, and then betake themselves to reading novels. We do not believe that they read these books because of their immorality or impurity, but because they can read nothing else, and in the absence of Catholic stories they take the first that offers. We may groan over the degeneracy of youth, their stupidity in not employing their time to better purpose by perusing works of solid information, &c., but the only way to check the evil is to give Catholic youth Catholic romances; to create a healthy sensational literature; to enchain their attention by the exploits of a martyr instead of a highwayman; to reveal love, not as a sensual passion, but as a Christian virtue.

Hence nothing so delights our eye as the sight of such a book as Bayle's Pearl of Antioch. Here we have a story of marvellous interest, full of adventure, rich in scenes and dialogue, involved and masterly in plot, and yet illustrative of the noblest virtues, and instinct with Catholic feeling and thought.

The enterprising publishers have issued the book in a style worthy of its title. In binding, typography, and illustrations, the volume is a "pearl."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPECIMEN PAGES FROM APPROVED TEXT-BOOKS. Published by Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS: What they are, and how to use them. Philadelphia: Simon.

SECOND BOOK OF ANATOMY, &c. By Dr. Cutler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

KELLY, PIET & CO. ANNOUNCE—

Lectures by Archbishop Manning. (In press.)

Martyrs of the Coliseum; or, Historical Records of the Great Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

Florence O'Neill; or, The Siege of Limerick. By Miss Agnes M. Stewart.

LIPPINCOTT WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH—

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Foster.

Thoughts on Paper Currency. By Wm. Brown.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, No. 9.—JANUARY, 1872.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS REMEDY.

THE characteristic error of our age is its rejection and denial of the supernatural. It is the error that is vitiating modern philosophy, distorting science, degrading literature, and undermining government. Philosophy has fallen from her high plane as handmaid of faith to the level of panderer to the wildest vagaries of the human intellect. Led captive by materialism, she no longer defends the spirituality and the immortality of the soul, the essential freedom of the will, or the true idea of the Creator and His relations with His creatures. The various schools of philosophy outside the Church have virtually given up the battle to the enemies of God and man. So too, science, whose province is to show forth the Creator in Nature, has betrayed her trust, and instead of revealing man to us as the brother of the Incarnate Word, exhibits him as a higher development of the ape. In vain do we look in recent literature, in any of its forms, for that lofty spirituality which distinguishes the productions of even the heathen mind. Our poetry is sensuous; our fiction, thinly-veiled immorality; our history, crude speculation; our press and literature, materialistic. The religious principles which underlie all governmental science and civil polity have been supplanted by revolutionary theories destructive of social order, and fatal to all legitimate rule.

That these evils are not imaginary no one acquainted with the prevailing spirit of our times will deny. That they can be traced to the influence of materialism as exerted in the domain of modern thought no one, even partly conversant with current philosophy and science, will question. The English universities, wherein the modern English mind is shaped, openly teach a philosophy which is materialistic in its nature and effects. The American public educational system wholly excludes the religious element in study; whilst the position of the Church in France, Italy, and Germany bears mournful testimony to the power of an error which is pledged to uproot all religion as incumbering the ground.

As a counter-influence to this spirit of naturalism and materialism, the Almighty, in our day, has

given two wonderful manifestations of the supernatural. The first is the Catholic Church, which, though unsupported to-day by a single earthly power, unbefriended by a single government, unaided by a single human force, still maintains its wonderful life. Until within a recent period, France, Italy, Spain, and Austria lent each its aid to uphold the Catholic faith within their realms. The Pope possessed his temporal sovereignty, ruled his fold in comparative security, and found means to support his modest household and official state. To-day, none of those governments recognizes the Church, provides for its maintenance, or encourages its labors. The Pope is a prisoner, and more than ever dependent for his temporal needs on the contributions of the faithful throughout the world.

Yet whilst thus bereft of all natural means to preserve her existence, the Church never manifested her supernatural life and divine institution more clearly or more strikingly than now. With no earthly grandeur or wordly prestige to awaken enthusiasm in his cause, the Pope was never more truly loved, more sincerely reverenced, than he is to-day, when sorrow and trial, humiliation and misfortune, are upon him. Never before was the Episcopacy so thoroughly one; the Church so much herself; the faithful so devoted to her cause and so jealous of her honor. The desertion of princes has been the signal for the gathering together of the people to her side. The departure of a few traitors has only served to strengthen the allegiance of all. In the course of nature, she should have perished before now. Like all institutions dependent on human aid, she should have illustrated the law of dissolution which holds sway when that aid is withdrawn. That she still survives, apparently in undiminished strength, is a problem which materialism is seeking to explain; for some supernatural, providential agency must be upholding an institution which clearly lacks all natural and human supports. The continued and vigorous existence of the Church is thus, in our day, an overwhelming manifestation of the supernatural. Contemplating this sublime work, infidel philosophy and science stand puzzled and silent. The Church remains, the sole survivor of two thousand years. No mark of age is on her brow; there is no token of departing strength; she seems as powerful as when kings encircled her throne, and emperors cast their crowns at her feet. She is thus the contradiction of naturalism. Before this luminous proof of the abiding presence of God in the world, this evidence of the existence of a Power and Might transcending the natural order, both materialism and naturalism shrink back blinded and affrighted.

But there is, in the world, another manifestation of the supernatural—a manifestation the direct reverse of that given by the Church—a manifestation of evil. Partly as a disproof of materialsm and partly as a punishment, God at present permits the infernal powers to manifest themselves on earth. This revelation of hell is Spiritualism. The Church shows forth the divine supernaturalism; Spiritualism, the devilish. The one meets material-

ism with the proofs of the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the merciful and benevolent action of heavenly providence, the ministry of blessed spirits, and the truth of religion and revelation. The other meets materialism with the proof of the existence of a supernatural organization as malevolent as it is powerful; the presence in the world of the powers and principalities of darkness; the foul mission of spirits shut out forever from peace and happiness; a world beyond, which holds communication with this, and in this communication bears testimony to truths and doctrines which materialism scouts and derides. If the unbelieving world is not drawn into truth by the graciousness and sweetness of the Church, it will be terrified into despair by the gloom and horror which Spiritism spreads wherever it takes up its abode.

Out of this evil which he permits, God will draw good. The modern mind has rejected the blessed supernaturalism which the Church unfolds. It must yield a shuddering and profitless testimony to the Satanic supernaturalism which Spiritualism everywhere discloses.

Before directly examining the portentous character of this infernal system or arriving at any tangible conclusions regarding its mission and work, several principles must be laid down, and certain propositions established. Materialism regards Spiritualism as either adroit jugglery or the erratic action of certain occult natural laws. The reason of the denial is not found in a laudable and justifiable incredulity, but in an *à priori* resolve not to believe in anything that transcends the physical laws. Spiritualism is jugglery, because it claims to be supernatural. Its manifestations belong to the sphere of the circus-clown and the vulgar conjuror, because communication with the "spirit world" is simply preposterous, from the fact that there is no such world. This is the tone adopted by the materialistic press in discussing the subject. Thus the *London Saturday Review*, in an article commenting on the report of a society which recently undertook the investigation of Spiritualism in England, indulges in a tirade directed not so much against the report or the committee as against the "degrading superstition" of believing that the alleged spirit manifestations were "even possible."

This persistent denial of the bad supernatural element which unquestionably pervades Spiritualism has blinded thousands to its real character, and drawn thousands of others within its baleful influence, under the delusion that at most it is only the cleverest form of trickery. Even Catholics, who know, or ought to know, the teaching of the Church on the power and ministry of evil spirits, have not hesitated to tamper with the unholy mysteries and subject themselves to the unhallowed influences. The possibility of the actions and scenes said to be enacted in spiritualistic *seances* is only too well established. Aside from the detailed descriptions given in Holy Writ of the apparitions, power, subtlety, and malevolence of evil spirits, the whole course of tradition, the universal consent of the human mind, the presence of magic and sorcery

in all countries and in every age, bear testimony to the action on the world of spirits of darkness and mischief. If we are to reject the constant and universal testimony to, and consent and belief in, the existence and workings of malevolent spiritual beings, certitude, both intellectual and historical, becomes impossible. Despite the fable and illusion which surround magic, witchcraft, and charms; notwithstanding the ignorance which frequently ascribes to diabolic art effects which flow from purely natural causes, there remains a deep-rooted conviction in the human mind that there are spiritual agencies in the world capable of producing results and effects which cannot be explained by physical reasons. We cannot, logically or philosophically, say that this profound conviction, which is as firm in the intellect of civilized and enlightened peoples as it is in that of barbarous and ignorant ones, is false or unfounded; for one of the clearest axioms of certitude is the inability of the universal human mind to accept and hold to falsehood as truth. It is idle, therefore, to explain away Spiritualism on the ground of the impossibility of the revelations which it makes. If the testimony that it gives to the operations of the spirit world possesses the marks of truth, it must be accepted.

What, then, is its testimony? First of all, there are in America alone eleven millions of Spiritualists, each one professing his faith in the general truth of its creed, and appealing to his own experience in confirmation. We cannot for a moment admit that mere charlatanism could hold captive such a number, and inspire them with the faith and trust that they evidently possess. It is moreover false that the vast majority of Spiritualists are weak-minded, ignorant, and gullible fools. On the contrary, many of the brightest minds in the country are subject to its evil power; and it has as full a proportion as other sects have of respectable, intelligent, and sincere believers. When we consider the brainless ridicule to which they are exposed, the social ostracism which they suffer in many quarters, the disgrace which the crimes of their leading "mediums" have brought on the entire body, we are forced to recognize the fearful power of some influence over them, the terrible presence of some overmastering charm, which thus enables them to brave ridicule, loss of caste, and disgrace. It is absurd to suppose that sham, vulgar magic, or still more vulgar jugglery, could exercise such a fascination.

Can the testimony borne by these millions to supernatural manifestations, be accompanied by the conditions necessary to establish the authority of a witness? May they not be deceived? Is imposture out of the question? Once brought to the test of historic criticism, the main facts of Spiritism are unimpeachable; for in the general, consistent, and ingenuous declarations of countless spiritualists, we find all the conditions of trustworthy evidence fulfilled. Nor does the supernatural character of the occurrences witnessed, render testimony inadmissible. The continuity of physical laws, and the undeviating course of nature, is a

sure guarantee that in the violent and total suspension or reversion of their action, a supernatural power is at work. The perception of such suspension is physical, and may be certified precisely as all perceptions and sensations are.

To illustrate this, we subjoin an extract from Emma Hardinge's book on Spiritualism. It is a description of an incident which took place at a spiritualistic circle. The persons concerned in it are of eminent respectability, the narrator being a distinguished lawyer, at present practicing in Nevada. It appears that he and a friend, who was a skeptic, were visiting the house of a wealthy Californian merchant, when they summoned to the circle a murdered friend. He appeared precisely as in life, and in his usual attire, but when his living friend attempted to grasp him, "every article in the house seemed to be set in motion as if by the shock of an earthquake," and the spectre instantly disappeared. On another occasion, the same gentleman at the same house, in company with a numerous party of spiritualists, formed a circle at which there appeared, in material form, a spirit, recognized as that of a person who had died in the vicinity some years before. The apparition is thus described:

"It was scarcely twenty seconds after the raps had ended, when the door-bell rang furiously, and at the same time a bush, growing within a few feet of the window, was shaken so violently as to fix all our attention upon it, in the fear that it would be torn up by the roots. Then we (having our attention fixed on the bush) distinctly, and all together, saw a gigantic human figure, apparently rising and emerging from the bush, issue out into the broad moonlight, pass within two feet of the window before our eyes, and glide off towards the kitchen. By a common impulse, we all rose and rushed to the window, but only in time to see the figure melt out and another rise up, as it were, out of the ground, and immediately seat itself upon a bench before the kitchen door, and full in the glare of the moonlight.

"And here I would fain pause, for I have no words adequate to describe what I then saw; and though its memory will be forever engraved on my brain I can neither communicate in words the least reality of it, nor yet attempt its description without subjecting myself to the charge of the wildest exaggeration. . . . . It certainly bore the human form though in distorted and frightful disproportion. It was of gigantic height and frightfully lean. Its face was hideously long, thin, and distorted, blacker than any idea of blackness I have ever seen before; but its expression I can never portray. I can only say it was an appalling mixture of rage, hate, and despair so shocking that I cannot at any time attempt to recall it without a sickening sensation of horror. It was terrible to look on, horrible to think of, and I hope my mortal eyes will never again be blighted by so hideous a spectre. He wore a large white robe thrown fully around him and partly covering his immense, long lean head; and there he sat, reclining on the bench, full in the moonlight, silent, still, and ghastly in all his appal-

ling ugliness. The face was turned to us somewhat in profile. . . . . After looking on the goblin—for human I can never think it—till the sight overpowered me, I rushed to the piazza door, feeling the necessity for air. I was followed by the ladies, who were almost fainting; but on attempting to unfasten the door, which Mr. J. P. had opened with perfect ease but a few moments before, we found it barricaded. Mr. B., the bravest among us, save Mr. J. P., remained watching the goblin, as did the family up stairs, till they saw it gradually and slowly melt out. They never lost sight of it till it disappeared. As we retreated, the sofas, chairs, tables, cushions, globes, and mathematical instruments were hurled about in every direction with great violence. . . . . Mr. J. P. and his wife now joined me at the door, and after great exertion we succeeded in forcing it partly open, when we found that the heavy iron gate at the entrance of the grounds had been literally torn up out of its sockets, and placed bodily against the piazza door. This must have been done in a few moments, since one of the servants had just passed through and fastened it. It must have been accomplished without noise, though it would have taken several men to achieve such a feat, and we had sat opposite it with the moon shining full on it, the whole period of the circle. . . . . (As for the disappearance of the spectre) Mr. B. stood within eight feet of it, and just as we approached the kitchen door, he saw, as did those above, the creature rise with slow deliberation, standing a moment still, as if to display its enormous height, then, lightly lifting its robe, it seemed to float off a little way, and then instantly in the clear space it became invisible. There were four witnesses of this scene (viz., of the disappearance), and each gave a precisely similar account when questioned separately."

Here then is a description of an occurrence which is manifestly out of the natural order. It is witnessed by a number of persons whose initials and general characteristics are given with sufficient clearness to fix their identity. The place is mentioned (Russian Hill), the house described, and in a note, the additional information is imparted that "it was noted as the haunt and stronghold of spirit noises, meetings, and apparitions, during which hundreds of the townspeople collected nightly about the neighborhood. The occupant was obliged, in consequence, to procure a number of fierce watch-dogs, and a staff of policemen to guard his property."

The scene enacted is not of a character to reflect credit upon Spiritism, an evil and hurtful spirit being the chief actor therein. Such apparitions would be likely to damage the creed which "is destined to perfect mankind." That publicity was given to such an incident in a description than which nothing can be more explicit and truth-seeming by persons known to their community, and enjoying a reputation as honest and veracious men, are points in favor of accepting the narration which the sternest and most exacting of judges could not overrule.

Were this an isolated case, how-

ever, the incredulous might be justified in holding out. But it is only the type of a class of apparitions daily and nightly happening within the spiritualistic circle. The historian of Spiritualism, Miss Hardinge, from whose book we have already quoted, reluctantly chronicles spirit apparitions as fearful as that described above, and admits that such apparitions are of frequent occurrence. Forced to explain away the diabolical nature of such apparitions, she resorts to the vain subterfuge "of there being a still wider field of Spiritualism occupied by beings of an unknown and doubtful character, and mixed up with phenomena of a strange, occult, and repulsive character."

The conclusions reached, therefore, are that supernatural manifestations are possible, that they actually take place, in our day, within the circle of Spiritualism, and that they are in general of a character which marks them as of some wicked and malicious agency. We have shown that the attempt to throw discredit upon the mass of evidence brought forward by spiritists in support of their belief in their communion with supernatural beings, proceeds on an assumption, the admission of which would shake the foundations of historic certitude. We grant that certain phenomena and facts presented by Spiritualism, can admit of a natural explanation; but we hold that the general manifestation is inexplicable, except on superhuman grounds. The theory that occult laws of nature may operate in the production of spiritualistic phenomena is absurd; for physical law is something universal and open. We know enough of the properties of matter to fix the limit of its laws. By the very force of the word law, constant and harmonious action is implied. If the influences that operate in Spiritualism are simply natural laws as yet "undiscovered," why should they be confined to such a sphere and no other? Why have the spiritualists distanced our men of science? Science may explain table-turning, but it cannot account for the phenomena of intelligence and will which tables and other inanimate objects manifest.

But it is said imposture has been practiced in Spiritualism, on the admission of spiritists themselves. There have been spiritualists who have publicly declared that the whole system is a fraud, and that "mediums" are vulgar swindlers, engaged in shearing the simpletons that trust them. Then too, when brought to a strict test, Spiritism fails to work its vaunted wonders. The oracles become dumb. The spirits refuse to appear. These facts, alas, only indicate with greater clearness, the identity of modern Spiritualism with the paganism, or devil-worship of antiquity. Cheat, imposture, contradiction, and lie characterize every Satanic work. The power of the devil is, moreover, limited by and subject to the divine will, which allows its exercise only under certain circumstances. God would not permit the demon to work openly and unrestrainedly the prodigies witnessed by the spirit circle; for the generality of men could not or would not take pains to correct the deception, or inquire into its origin. As to the "re-

canters" of Spiritualism, it is clear that dealings with the other world are peculiarly liable to be counterfeited, and that mountebanks may avail themselves of this facility without in the least invalidating by their jugglery the main truth of the supernatural cause of Spiritism.

Another peculiar feature about Spiritualism, which its opponents have thought destructive of its claims to supernaturalism, is the trivial and unimportant nature of its early manifestations. The entire system, it is said, has been built on a few unimportant phenomena, by no means so elevated or portentous as to denote a supernatural origin. Thus the rise of Spiritualism dates in America from the "Rochester knockings," which disturbed the Fox family in 1848. Next followed noises, as if a number of bodies were violently hurled through the air, the throwing down of heavy weights, the violent disarrangement of furniture, &c. After these phenomena came the graver ones of personal obsession by spirits. Men and women, under seemingly mesmeric influence, would speak foreign languages of which, in their normal state, they knew nothing. After the "knockings," Fox and his family learned how to ask questions of the spirit by means of an alphabet. Miss Hardinge thus describes the discovery:

"Sentences were spelled out by which was learned the astounding fact that hosts of spirits, good and bad, high and low, could, under certain conditions not understood and impossible for mortals yet to comprehend, communicate with earth; that such communication was produced through the force of spiritual and human magnetism in chemical affinity; that the varieties of magnetism in different individuals afforded 'medium power' to some, and denied it to others; . . . that the spirits chiefly concerned in the inauguration of this telegraphy were philosophic and scientific minds, many of whom had made the study of electricity and other imponderables a specialty in their earth life; and prominent among them the name of Benjamin Franklin was frequently given. . . Numerous spirit friends of the family and those who joined in their investigations, gladdened the hearts of their astonished relatives by direct and unlooked-for tests of their presence. They came, spelling out their names, ages, and various tokens of identity correctly, and proclaiming the joyful tidings that they all 'still lived,' 'still loved,' and with the tenderness of human affection and the wisdom of a higher sphere of existence, watched over and guarded the beloved ones who had mourned them as dead, with all the gracious ministry of guardian angels. The spirits recommended the assembling of the friends of the family together in harmonious meetings, which have since obtained the name of 'spirit circles;' and at these the practice of animal magnetism to some of the parties present was suggested, as a means of evoking the phenomenon of clairvoyance."

A committee was appointed to examine into the cause of these strange revelations, but the investigation could find no natural cause for their existence. The superstition

spread from Rochester throughout the Middle and Eastern States, everywhere exciting the profoundest attention and most thorough discussion. Men of eminence in science and letters, among whom may be mentioned Bancroft, Bigelow, Bryant, Willis, and Brownson, subjected the phenomena to the most minute and searching scrutiny, testified to the absence of imposture, and gave their concurrent opinion that the manifestation resulted, clearly, from supernatural influences, clairvoyant and mesmeric powers being inadequate to produce them.

Following these startling revelations came "the coloring of water in closely-corked vials, left standing on a detached table, in sight of all; magnetic drawings and paintings, and spirit music." Spirit hands also appeared. "In 1853, in a sitting where David Home was present, the circle was breaking up, when the spirits present begged the members to remain and seat themselves around the table again. They were then asked how many hands were on the table? and as there were six persons still remaining, they answered 'Twelve.' The instant reply was, 'There are thirteen;' when at a vacant space on the table a *thirteenth* shadowy hand and arm were plainly visible. It had the appearance of silver, and was half luminous. The hand moved backward and forward, took up a bell and rang it, and was finally seized by the writer of the description, when it melted in his grasp."

This side of Spiritualism continued until about the year 1850, when the spirits from wonder-workers became the apostles of a new religion. The consideration of Spiritualism from a doctrinal or dogmatic view is reserved for another article. But it is clear that the system of signs and wonders which we have outlined was to be only preparatory to a system of belief and morals. The gradual increase in the importance and number of the phenomena is another illustration of Satan's mode of action, willingness and consent on the part of his confederates being indispensable to the continuance and extension of his work. A manifestation of his full power would only deter the original rappers from holding further communication with him; whilst the harmless amusement of "knocking" and "spelling out love messages from departed friends" would tempt further experiment. As it is, the character of the spiritualistic phenomena at the present hour has become so clearly supernatural, so manifestly diabolical, that few Protestants and fewer Catholics, at all acquainted with Spiritualism, question the infernal source from which it springs. Should any doubt remain as to the truth of the general statements made in this paper, it will, we think, be summarily dispelled by the analysis which we purpose giving in our next, of the teachings and tendencies of this modern mystery of iniquity.

J. O'C.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Chapter I.

Welcome again, thou hoary-headed guest; welcome, with thy snowy mantle clasped tightly around thee, and thy brow wreathed with a chaplet of holly and mistletoe; welcome with thy cheerful face and kindly smile. Sad hearts have longed for thee, old friends stand ready to greet thee; the young rejoice, and the old feel young again. Many an aged head, long bent beneath the weight of care, rises gladly to welcome thee; many a wearied heart, long chilled and frozen by the world's coldness, warms again with the buoyancy of youth at thy approach. It is Christmas, and the bright-eyed child feels happier, yet knows not why; a vision of plum-pudding, mince pies, Santa Claus in all his mystery and Christmas gifts make his little heart dance with joy. It is Christmas, and the young maiden feels a glow of her childhood as she sees through the vista of holly "the mistletoe bough" and the Christmas tree; and there is a magic in the former that brings a summer smile into the fair face. It is Christmas, and the old man lifts up his head, and oh! what a vision comes to him. Childhood, boyhood, and manhood sweep over him in a dream; his dead mother's hand is once more upon his brow; the fair young girl he wooed, and won, and lost; the bright, glad children, that made his home a paradise; all stand round his Christmas hearth, their shadows making its darkness bright. Christmas, and oh! for the widows who last year were happy wives; oh! for the orphans last year fostered beneath a parent's fond care. Alas! for the weeping mother and the stricken father; there has arisen a cry in a distant land, and its echoes make mournful many a Christmas hearth. They who lately stood there in the pride and flush of manhood are gone to their last, long home. Christmas is a sunbeam sent from God to melt the cold hearts of men. Dear reader, if you are young, rejoice in this happy time; rejoice ere the world has destroyed the freshness and fairness of your life; sing the praises of the Babe of Bethlehem, join in the glorious carols that sound His praise. And ye who are aged and weary, rejoice; open your hearts; join even as when children you joined in singing "Glory be to God on high." Ah! as your lips utter the words, you remember how in your childhood you listened with loving wonder to the sweet old story of the Chaldean shepherds, of the bright star over the stable, of the three kings from the East, and of Jesus, the Godlike Babe, born for you on that cold Christmas night. And fancy shows you again, as it showed you then, the golden stars in the deep blue sky, earth wrapped in its white robe, and the shepherds keeping their watch by night. You can almost see the heavens open, and the angel of the Lord descending singing "Glory be to God on high." It shows you the poor stable, with Joseph and Mary and the little Babe, with its hands outstretched to you. And

oh! though you may have wandered from God, though you may have sunk deep in sin and misery, though the faith of your childhood may have been neglected and almost lost, those little hands are outstretched still, those loving, infant eyes are turned to you with the same sweet, patient smile. Can you refuse them? Ah! no; if there be a lingering love of God in your hearts, if there be one memory of your holy faith left, if there be one recollection of your sinless, happy childhood, go with loving contrition to the feet of God's minister, and there welcome to your hearts the Babe of Bethlehem. It was Christmas eve, and the world's mighty heart throbbed with fresh light and vigor; but nowhere was the glorious festival more warmly welcomed than in the mansion of Lord Trevor. Trevor Hall was situated in one of the northern counties of England, and a stately building it was. It had been first erected by Sir William de Trevor, who came over with the Conqueror, and when one had crumbled away with age, another was added. Almost every style of architecture was in consequence employed, and the result was a picturesque mixture of the modern with the olden times. Here an old gray tower, covered with ivy, recalled you to the age of the Crusaders, while a stately entrance, a long, broad flight of marble steps, a grand hall, supported by fancifully carved pillars, brought you down to Queen Elizabeth's time; and, again, the large, magnificently furnished drawing-rooms, the exquisite little boudoirs of the noble library, belonged to the nineteenth century. The park was famed for its graceful deer, its silvery lakes, and its noble, old oak trees, and the pleasure-grounds for their rich and varied mixture of fruit and flowers.

Nobly in times of war and persecution had the Trevors held their faith. Death, exile, torture, and disgrace had been their lot; but through all they had bravely battled, and it was with a thankful heart Lord Bernard Trevor saw the glorious faith once more rearing its head in Old England.

Trevor was not a large town, but most of the inhabitants were Catholics. Lord Trevor had built a beautiful little chapel, and had liberally endowed both church and school. Early in life Lord Trevor had married a noble Catholic lady, and for many years he had hoped and prayed for a son and heir.

Two daughters were born, and then came a boy, but scarcely had they rejoiced over his birth than they wept over his death. And thus the Ladies Winifred and Agnes became the sole heiresses of their father's noble name and vast fortune. The Lady Winifred was several years older than her sister. She was a beautiful girl. The nobility of her race spoke in every feature. You read it in the pale lofty brow; in the dark flashing eyes; in the chiselled features; in the small haughty lip; and in the graceful, though stately figure. She looked a high-born, high-bred lady —and such she was. Agnes was most unlike her sister, but quite as beautiful. One inherited the father's noble aristocratic bearing and features, the other her mother's delicate loveliness and grace. Oh that I had an inspired pen to tell you the glories of that Christmas-eve!

The snow lay deep upon the ground; it hung in thick fringes on the trees; it covered the clustering ivy; and it looked so fair and pure, one could almost wish it always there. It was a bright, clear, cold, frosty night; the moon shone under the golden stars buried in the deep blue sky. The moonbeams lay like gleams of silver on the snow; they sparkled in the icicles that drooped like diamonds from the branches and the eaves. But inside the mansion, oh! there was Christmas. Every room was decorated with evergreens, until the house seemed like a grand forest; the red berries peeped from the green holly; the mystic mistletoe twined with the laurestinus, and laurel and fir wreathed around the walls and picture-frames. It made one's heart glad to see those beautiful rooms.

One drawing-room was more profusely decorated than any other, for there stood the Christmas-tree. It was a fine fir tree, from the park, and most beautiful its dark green branches looked with the glittering tapers; the golden oranges, the purple grapes, and the gay streaming ribbons. Such treasures lay in that tree!—books, pictures, medals, jewels, toys, and costly rosaries. Everything that could be wished for was there; it seemed to have come from fairy-land, so brilliant and beautiful was that Christmas-tree. The door softly opened, and Lady Agnes gently entered the room. Looking cautiously around, and seeing no one, she advanced, and placed a bracelet of brilliants for her sister on the drooping branch.

Chapter II.

Dear reader, will you go back three years with me? When Winifred Trevor was only seventeen, she met Aubrey Howard, the only son of a noble and wealthy gentleman, whose country-seat was near Trevor Hall. The acquaintance soon ripened into love, and love increased, until it became something like worship.

Aubrey was equal to Winifred in birth, fortune, and education, and he had no doubt, when he applied to Trevor for permission to address her, but that he should obtain his consent. But, to his great surprise, and still greater grief, his proposals were mildly but firmly refused.

"But surely, Lord Trevor, you will tell me why? you will give me some reason? It is cruel and heartless to tell me only this."

"I *will* tell you, Aubrey. Believe me, I suffer as much pain as I inflict, for you are as dear to me as one of my own children; but Winifred is betrothed; she has been betrothed from her infancy."

"And to whom, my lord?" said Aubrey.

"To Sir Wilfred Denham. I and his father were most warmly attached to each other. When his son and my daughter were born, it became our dearest wish to see them united. You know Sir Wilfred's father died some time ago, and on his death-bed he made me solemnly renew my promise that, unless any great impediment arose, my child should become his son's wife. I cannot break a pledge made to the dead."

"But had you any right to make such a promise, my lord? Will it not be better broken than kept?"

"I cannot alter my decision, or recall my pledge. Does my daugh-

ter know of this application to me?"

"She does, my lord; she sanctioned it. She knows nothing of your promise."

"No; nor do I intend her to know it at present. I can trust to your honor, Aubrey, not to reveal what has passed between us?"

"I promise, my lord, but I do not renounce all hope of yet winning Lady Winifred's hand. She is my first and will be my only love, and it is only with life that I shall renounce hope."

A few more words passed, and Aubrey, when he left Lord Trevor's presence, sought Winifred.

He told her her father had rejected him, and told him to seek her no more; but, true to his word, he did not tell her of that to him fatal promise.

Lord Trevor sent for his daughter to his room, and quietly told her Aubrey had applied for permission to address her, but that he had not sanctioned the application.

"And the reason, papa?"

"I cannot at present explain, my child; your extreme youth is one great objection; but, Winifred, I lay my commands upon you to think no more of Aubrey as a lover or a husband. Your affections cannot be very deeply engaged. I think it more a childish fancy than anything else. I can trust you to obey me."

The fact was, Lord Trevor had an idea that girls never were well pleased at having husbands chosen for them; therefore he determined to say nothing at present to Winifred of Sir Wilfred, but to bring them together, and then see.

"That is neither right nor just," said Winifred to herself; "papa, doubtless, has a reason, but he ought, at least, to tell me what it is."

Dear reader, I would fain be spared the task of telling how Winifred and Aubrey tried to forget each other; how she prayed and wept, and how he pleaded. And then how gradually they thought less of the commands laid upon them. How they met by stealth in the park and in the wood. How, by degrees, that fatal sin of disobedience crept in, and then the love of God grew less fervent, the sacraments were less frequented, human love and human passion filled their hearts, and I could weep to tell you how they suffered for their sin.

Then the fatal time came when Aubrey was ordered with his regiment abroad to the war, and he would not leave Winifred until she had solemnly plighted her troth to him. Solemnly and sacredly she pledged her word to become his wife, and to wed none but him; and she added a promise of secrecy, at his request, until his return. God help a human heart given over to the guidance of human passion.

Six months only of the two years had passed when Christmas came, and found the noble and beautiful Lady Winifred a betrothed bride, but a disobedient child. And a short time before Christmas a letter was received from Sir Wilfred Denham, asking permission, on his return to England, to spend a few weeks at Trevor Hall.

Love and remorse alternately held Lady Winifred's heart. Love said, "There is none dearer to you than Aubrey, and you are more precious to him than life; you have done right in giving him that

promise." But remorse said "You, the child of a noble race, the child of a trusting father; you have sullied that name, and betrayed that trust by an act of disobedience."

People wondered that the gay, laughing Lady Winifred had become captious and haughty; that the quick, hasty reply came, instead of the kind, loving word. Her interest in the well-being of others was nearly gone; she mused over her unfortunate love and her disobedience, until her own trials so filled her heart that there was no room for the griefs and woes of her fellow-creatures.

"Winifred," said Lord Trevor, one morning, three weeks before Christmas, "I wish to speak to you here; sit down, my child. I have received a letter to-day from Sir Wilfred Denham. You do not know him. He is the son of a dear old friend of mine. He has been abroad from his childhood, and he is coming to spend the Christmas vacation with us."

"Well, papa, dear, I shall be glad to see any friend of yours."

"I had better tell her at once," thought Lord Trevor; "she must know soon." He continued:

"You must do your best to entertain him. I think it best to tell you that Sir Wilfred's chief object in coming here is to see yourself."

"To see me, papa! How can that be? I do not know him; I have never seen him."

"But he has heard of you, Winnie, dear."

"Do you wish me to understand, papa, that Sir Wilfred is coming here as my lover?"

"I do, Winifred."

"Then, papa, I tell you at once it is useless; I can never receive him as such."

"And why not, Winifred?"

"I cannot and will not, papa," and the large, dark eyes flashed, and the pale cheek flushed as she rose proudly, and stood erect and haughty before Lord Trevor.

"But, Winnie, this is nonsense," said Lord Trevor, laying his hand caressingly on her head. "You cannot dislike a man you have never seen. Tell me, at least, why you object to receive Sir Wilfred."

"I *cannot* tell you, papa."

"I will not insult you, Lady Winifred, by supposing—by supposing—that other proposals I have forbidden you even to think of, have anything to do with this."

Winifred did not answer. This allusion to Aubrey blanched her cheek and lip, and left her pale as death; but with a stronger will to resist for his dear sake.

"I am awaiting your answer, Lady Winifred," continued Lord Trevor.

"I have none to give, papa, except that I never can and never will receive Sir Wilfred as my lover. Oh, father," she added, with a burst of passionate tears, "do not look so sternly on me."

"You can retire, Lady Winifred; only remember, my word is pledged that you shall become Sir Wilfred Denham's wife, and I expect you to obey me and my commands."

"I never will," said Winifred, half aloud, as she haughtily left the room. Yet her good angel had been with her, and, as she stood there with flashing eyes, and the crimson flush of anger burning on her cheek and brow, he had whispered, "Confess all now." But

pride and disobedience closed her ears, and the angel's soft whisper was not heard.

She had changed once; from a laughing, loving girl, she had become a haughty, reserved woman; and she changed again. The traces of the good angel became fainter; disobedience, once so fatally indulged, became habitual. She was moody and silent; the deep grief locked in her own heart oppressed her; she longed to throw herself on her mother's bosom, or at her father's feet, and confess all.

With bitter grief did those loving parents behold day by day their unhappy child: that some great sorrow embittered her they plainly saw, but to all kind entreaties, to all loving words, there was the same haughty, indifferent answer.

The evening before Christmas eve, as Winifred was retiring to rest, Lady Trevor kissed her fondly, and said, "Winnie, darling, are you not going to confession tomorrow?"

There was a softening for a moment of the still proud face, and a milder light in the dark eyes; it was but for a moment, and her mother's kiss had called it. It was not returned, and she answered coldly, "I think not, mamma."

She had never been since Aubrey left.

"Oh, Winnie! and it is Christmas eve."

"I know it, mamma;" and then came to Winifred's mind a picture of last Christmas eve, before the love of her young heart was crushed, and her cup of happiness turned into a poisoned chalice. Then she was truthful, happy, loved, and loving; now she stood before her noble, gentle mother, with a dark cloud over her head and heart. Secretly pledged against her father's wishes and commands, her soul was stained by a crime of disobedience; her lips sealed by a vow of silence; her mind so swayed by love and remorse that it wellnigh lost its balance. Still there arose no cry of grief or pain from that proud, stricken heart.

"Winifred, my child," and her mother's arm was thrown around her, "tell me why you are so changed; have you a secret from me? Is your fancied dislike to Sir Wilfred so great; or do you prefer another? Tell me, darling, I am your truest and best friend."

The white lips almost convulsively moved, but she replied, "I have nothing to tell, mamma."

"Oh, Winnie, my darling child, —nay, do not turn from me; do not look so despairing; make me your friend and *confidante*. For many long weeks you have neglected me; the morning and evening kiss you gave me when a child has been forgotten; do you think you give your mother's heart no pain by this perverse, strange conduct?"

The good angel whispered again, and for a moment there was a strong impulse to throw herself into her mother's arms, and to sob out there her love, her promise, and her misery. But there came a backward vision of the old elm-tree in the park,—of the dark, earnest, loving eyes bent upon her,—of two hands clasping her own in the pale moonlight; then she gave that pledge,—the impulse was conquered, and the strong spirit, bruised though not broken, rose up within her.

She made no answer, and Lady Trevor mournfully drew her arms from around her, and left her with a sigh.

That same night, long after all in the mansion were asleep, Winifred lay awake, watching through the weary hours. Suddenly she saw her room-door softly opened, and Lady Trevor entered. Feigning sleep, Winifred closed her eyes, and did not open them or move even when her mother passed the night-lamp over her face. Thinking her buried in a deep slumber, Lady Trevor knelt by her side. One of her hands lay carelessly thrown over her head: Lady Trevor took it and covered it with kisses and tears. Hot, bitter tears fell on it, and, thinking she still slept, her mother's hand was passed lovingly over her; how it lingered fondly among the rich, raven tresses that flowed around, and gently still her mother's lips were pressed upon her brow. And then, as though the strength within her gave way, Lady Trevor hid her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"My darling one, my precious one, gone from me in heart and soul, my first-born, my loving, gentle Winnie." And from her soul to heaven there went such a prayer as only a mother's lips can frame.

Oh! Catholic mother, whose eyes are now glancing over my page, has this ever been your lot? Have you ever seen your dearest and fairest going astray, without power to help and guide her? Have you ever seen the little one whose steps you tended, whose golden curls have been so oftened pillowed on your bosom, grown into the cold, careless, disobedient child? Have you ever seen the little head whose aching you have soothed for many a weary hour, tossed in disdain or pride at your remonstrance or control? Have you ever seen the little lips you first taught to speak wreathe themselves into a haughty smile at your advice and admonitions? Have you seen the child who has cost you so much care and anxiety, and to whom you so fondly looked in your declining years for comfort and for love, have you seen her go astray from you, neglect you, repay your devotion with indifference, your love with contempt, and your advice with ridicule? Oh! then you know the sharpest pain this world has. Pity this poor mother in her midnight visit to her beautiful but rebellious child.

And oh! my young Catholic sister, if perchance these words should touch your heart, if an unkind word has passed your lips, or an unkind thought dwelt in your mind,—if you are walking in a path from which a mother's hand would fain turn you aside, oh! pause and think, and remember the time will come when God will take that mother from you, and how you will then regret every disobedient, disrespectful word or thought.

The hot tears still lay wet upon the Lady Winifred's hand, the loving kiss still burned upon her brow, when her mother rose, and with a lingering look of sadness and of love, left the room. When the last echo of her footsteps had died away, when the unhappy girl was once more alone, she sprang up and threw back the long hair from her fevered brow; she drew her

shawl around her, and walked to the window, but not even the frost on the cold panes could cool her hot and flushed face.

The world lay before her, so calm and pure, and she was so tossed with passion and grief; the heavy eyes were raised to the clear sky, where shone with their holy light the golden stars; the moonbeams silvered the trees in the parks; she could see the old elm where she had last stood with Aubrey; she looked upon her hand, still wet with her mother's tears, and she turned with a wearied sigh from the window, saying, "Oh, that I had never seen him, or had never broken my father's trust!"

Chapter III.

Christmas eve! Christmas eve! How the cry gladdens every one, and pours into our heart a rich tide of love, and joy, and pleasure. There is rest for the weary, and joy for the poor,—the hard-working, toiling poor, God's own people. Have you never noticed, dear reader, how the poor love Christmas? No matter how wretched the house, or how dirty the window, you will always see a few pieces of holly fixed in the sometimes broken panes.

We left Christmas eve in Trevor Hall, and the Lady Agnes had just fastened upon the Christmas-tree a bracelet for her sister. Then hastening to the dressing-room, she found Lady Winifred preparing for the drawing-room. It was a pretty scene, that nicely furnished dressing-room, with its bright lights and cheerful fire, and the two fair young sisters.

"Are you nearly dressed, Winnie, darling? I hear a great stir in the hall. I think Sir Wilfred Denham has arrived; the drawing-room is half full of guests. You cannot think how the Christmas-tree is admired. Here is mamma."

"Are you ready, my children?" said Lady Trevor.

"Yes, mamma," replied Agnes, "only just one moment longer. Clotilde, fasten this spray better in my hair, and arrange this lace. That will do. Now, mamma, shall we please papa? He said he should expect a *recherche* toilet. We do not look much like sisters, though, do we?" And Lady Agnes threw her arm around her stately sister, and stood with a mischievous, though half-deferential smile before Lady Trevor.

The mother's fond heart warmed as she gazed upon her two lovely children. A contrast they were even in their very beauty. A rich black velvet dress revealed Winifred's white shoulders and arms, and made them look doubly fair; it fell around her, too, in such graceful folds. The white lace waved like a soft cloud, and the glossy black tresses were interwoven with soft gleaming pearls. The fever flush burned on her cheek, and lit her dark flashing eyes, and made her look more beautiful than ever. For an aristocratic queenly girl, Lady Winifred would have stood foremost amongst the most noble. Lady Agnes wore a dress of pale blue satin, the rich laces making the fair arms and neck more than ever fair. A wreath of starry jessamine and silver leaves was fastened around the golden curls that fell in such luxuriant profusion. The

deep blue eyes were fairly dancing with joy, and Lady Trevor smiled as she gazed upon her fairy child. Agnes and her sister reminded you—one of a graceful delicate lily, the other of a beautiful queenly rose.

"We await your decision, mamma; we are quite ready to go."

"Your papa wishes to introduce you to Sir Wilfred before you go into the drawing-room. I will let him know you are waiting for him."

"Now, papa," said Lady Agnes, as Lord Trevor appeared, "do not, please, detain us long; I am impatient to go into the drawing-room."

Lord Trevor looked very proud of his two peerless daughters, as he presented them to Sir Wilfred. A kindly smile of welcome greeting played around the Lady Agnes's lips, as she placed her hand in his, but to Winifred's mind there arose the debasing thought, "And they would have me renounce Aubrey for him." Her words were as cold as her looks, and poor Sir Wilfred was almost frozen. They adjourned to the drawing-room; the tapers on the tree were lit, and an admiring group surrounded it.

Sir Wilfred approached Winifred, saying, "I must really congratulate your ladyship upon your exquisite taste; the tree is most beautifully decorated."

"I am glad you admire it," was Winifred's indifferent reply.

"I do indeed; I consider a Christmas-tree one of the most pleasing of all Christmas customs."

"I quite agree with you."

Sir Wilfred waited some further reply, but none came. I must try something else, thought he.

"I did so much admire the scenery as I rode up to the hall; I never saw anything look more beautiful than the old trees in the park, covered with snow; I really think winter desolation is preferable to summer glory."

"We admire each season in its turn; each has its own charm."

Sir Wilfred sighed; *he* could not find a sunbeam to melt the snow.

"Do you hear much of the war?" he began again.

Ah, that was a dangerous topic; only you did not know it.

"Not very much," she replied.

"Did you know Aubrey Howard? His father's place is somewhere near here, I think; he went out with his regiment some time since?"

Fortunately, he did not look at her, or he would have seen the rich crimson gone, and the fair face deadly pale. Her hands clasped each other, and her lips quivered, though she could not speak.

"His regiment greatly distinguished themselves, I hear?"

"And he?" she said, in a low, quiet voice, though her eyes dilated with a wild fire.

"He is promoted, and covered with military honors."

The despairing, defiant look passed from her face, it was so strange to hear his name again, and from such a source. She looked up for the first time to her companion. He was not a handsome man, but there was something noble and candid in his face: he looked what he really was, frank, affectionate, and simple-hearted. His eyes were fixed upon Lady Agnes, whose sunny face was fairly glowing with smiles and laughter.

"I never saw any one so beauti-

ful as your sister," he said, and then blushed at his own simplicity.

Winifred smiled; she thought it such a novel way of making love to herself, and the smile made her look so radiant that Lord Trevor crossed the room to join her. He thought Sir Wilfred was making wonderful progress; he little knew that the light upon that beautiful face was caused by hearing of Aubrey's success, and her sister's praise. After the presents were distributed from the tree, the yule log was brought in, and they sat round the hearth. Lord Trevor read a Christmas legend, and another gentleman told a Christmas story of a haunted house: so they watched the yule log burn, until they heard the Christmas waits outside. And then there was a hush in the room, as the sweet old Christmas carols floated on the air, and found their way into every heart, and made music there. Then rang out in the clear, cold, frosty air, the bell for midnight Mass. "Christ is born," it seemed to say; "come and adore him."

The distance was so short from the hall to the church, and the night so beautiful, the whole party determined to walk. Sir Wilfred, whose eyes had rarely left Lady Agnes's face, escorted her and Lady Trevor. Their road lay through the broad lawn, where the snow lay thick upon the ground, and through a short path in the woods, where it hung upon the leafless trees. The whole world looked white and sparkling as the moonbeams fell upon the snow; the moon and stars shone brightly, and the earth seemed full of gladness and joy. The church door stood open, as though inviting one to enter and worship the newborn babe.

And oh, how beautiful it looked! how the holly and fir were twined in great masses round the pictures and the cross, and how the laurel hung in great arches over the ceiling and the halls. No white was seen; all was green, bright, fresh green. The altar, with its green wreaths, its Christmas roses, and its bright tapers, looked most glorious; but the most beautiful thing of all was the crib. In a small grove of fir this crib was placed, and it held Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus. True to nature was the blue sky, the white earth, the few leafless trees, the poor stable, with the manger and the ox. True to life was the holy Saint Joseph, with his kind, saintly face and venerable figure; truer still was our dear Lady in all the glory of her beauty, so meek, so humble, and yet so dignified and calm; but truest yet was that dear Babe of Bethlehem, with his loving smile, his tender eyes, and his outstretched hands. It must be a heart of iron that could refuse homage there.

Oh that midnight mass with its pealing music, its fragrant incense, and its thousand lights! *Gloria in excelsis* sang the choir, and the angels caught up the cry, and *Gloria* rang through earth and air, and heaven. *Gloria* rose from thousands of human hearts, and lingered with a sweet sound on loving lips. *Gloria* rose from the bright angels, from the tuning seraphim, and round God's holy throne the sounds floated like a rose cloud resting on gold; and then, oh, reader! that hymn so dear to Catholic hearts, rang throughout the world,

the dear old *Adeste.* Ah! reader, you heard that hymn when you were a little child, pure and sinless, as one of the sweet angels joining in it! you hear it now when you are old and worn in the world's ways, and it brings to you a heart full of good and holy recollections, so full of the freshness of your youth, that you can only bow your head and weep.

You may have, perhaps, kept your childish, loving faith as a precious jewel; you may have followed its dictates, and lived by its rules; if so, rejoice, and join with a thankful heart in that sweet music. You may have lost, neglected, or spurned your faith; you have believed, but not practiced it; you may have served God with cold, worldly heart: oh! if so, as the thought of your happy childhood comes back by all the beautiful memories, kneeling before that Christmas altar give your heart and soul again to God.

Ah, Lady Winifred, your father's anxious brow, your mother's hot tears, your sister's loving prayers, had not power to move you; they had but bound its icy chains faster; but as the sweet old chant came pealing on her ears, as she knelt before that humble altar, as she watched the tender mother and the loving babe, her proud heart softened, and when the last *Venite adorimus* was sung, in a low melodious thrilling voice, she knelt, and the icy fountains gave way at last. Disobedience, pride, and love melted. There was a longing for the old happy peace of her girlhood, for a clear conscience, and a quiet heart. "*Sanctus, sanctus,*" and *Sanctus* sang the angels, and with a glorious burst of melody rang out the *Hosanna.* Then the church was hushed, the incense rose in fragrant clouds over the altar until the tapers shone through its mist like stars. Lower and lower the people bend, warmer and more loving each heart grows, the mystery of all mysteries is accomplished, and then softly floating round like the echo of a distant band of angels, the solemn *Agnus Dei* fills every heart. And then that glorious midnight Mass was ended; but still the Lady Winifred knelt and wept. They waited, but she did not move until her sister gently reminded her Lord Trevor was standing awaiting her. With her veil tightly drawn, she left the church. Sir Wilfred again joined Lady Trevor and Agnes. Winifred gently touched her father's arm, and said:

"Papa, may I speak to you now, before we enter the hall?"

"Yes, Winnie; but will you not wait? We shall be at home in one minute."

"Oh! papa, let me tell you now, while my heart is still full of that beautiful Mass, and I feel humble and contrite. Turn just down this path, I will not keep you long; do not hate me—do not despise me—when I confess what I have done."

"Hate you, Winifred! You are still my child, no matter what you may have done."

"Bless you, papa, for saying that; but I have betrayed your trust, broken my word, disobeyed your commands. I have deceived you, and while you thought me good and true, I have been false and wicked."

Her voice trembled and her lips quivered, but still she went bravely

on. "Papa, I have met Aubrey Howard, unknown to you, and unknown to any one. I have met him, and plighted my faith to him. I vowed to become his wife, and promised never to reveal until he returned what I have told you. Now, papa," and the once proud figure drooped, and bent before him, "tell me the worst, do you not hate me?"

"My poor child, my darling Winifred, how you have suffered," Lord Trevor said, his eyes filled with tears; the sight of that pale suffering face disarmed his anger.

"I have suffered, papa. I have longed all day for night to come, that I might be alone, for I felt your presence kill me, and all night I have longed for day, that I might lose my own thoughts. I wished to tell you, but I dare not; what shall I do?"

"Come home now, Winifred. God bless you that you have told me this. Why you are as white as the snow almost; let us hurry home."

They did, Lord Trevor supporting Winifred, who still trembled violently.

"But, papa, you have not told me yet what I must do."

"Wait patiently, my child, leave all to God; let His will guide you, and pray that you may know it."

They entered the hall, but Lady Winifred did not again join the Christmas party.

"Kiss me, and bless me, father, before I leave you; and, oh! say that you forgive me. I will never disobey you again, my kind, good papa; I will do all you wish."

When Winifred was in her own room, Lady Trevor came to her at her request, and then kneeling at that dear mother's feet, her face buried in her hands, she confessed her fault.

Again that evening Lady Trevor visited her child, but this time it was to assure her once more of her love and sympathy.

There was peace in Winifred's heart that night. True, there was a sorrowful yearning love, but there was no deceit, no disobedience; all was confessed and forgiven.

On Christmas-day, long before the inmates of the mansion were aroused, Winifred was kneeling again before the altar, preparing for confession. There was an early Mass at eight, and Lord and Lady Trevor, with most of their guests, attended, and knelt together before God's holy altar, and received with loving hearts the Babe of Bethlehem. And oh! if you could have been in the breakfast-room where they all assembled, and have heard the Christmas congratulations, you would never have forgotten the scene.

"A Merry Christmas" went all round, and Christmas gifts were exchanged, then came the grand High Mass and the Christmas dinner. Roast beef and turkeys led the dance; plum-puddings and mince-pies followed; grapes and pears figured, as they always do, largely. Christmas afternoon was given to singing and music; and after Vespers and Benediction came Christmas games and stories.

Right good English cheer, and good Christmas in good old English style, was kept there; and amidst all, Lady Agnes danced and sang, her sunny face brightening every room she entered, and con-

stant as her shadow followed Sir Wilfred.

Chapter IV.

I must introduce you, dear reader, formally, to Sir Wilfred's apartment at Trevor Hall. It was a fine large room hung round with rich tapestry and silk hangings. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, and a bright lamp burned on the table. An easy chair stood before the fire, and in this chair sat the good Sir Wilfred. It wanted an hour until dinner, and he had retired to think, solely because it was impossible for him to think in any other room in the house, for Lady Agnes was sure to come dancing in like a sunbeam; and then, no matter how many ideas he had collected, they were all scattered to the winds, and he had to begin again only to lose them once more. Sir Wilfred's thoughts then arranged in proper order,—was something like the following: in fact, his soliloquy was made partly aloud:

"Well—the thing is plain enough—I am in love with the wrong lady. Here I am, pledged by two fathers to marry Lady Winifred, and she very plainly does not care much for me; while that glorious Agnes, with her bright eyes and saucy smile, is a thousand times kinder. Lady Winifred is too grand for me; altogether too much in the magnificent style. Agnes is a sunbeam. I wonder if those two fathers mentioned any name in the particulars, because if they only said 'my son' and 'my daughter,' I may as well be happy with Agnes as miserable with Winifred. She is a splendid girl, though; I will try."

Lord Trevor looked rather surprised when Sir Wilfred asked, the same evening, for a private interview; and he was still more surprised, on going to the library, where he had requested Sir Wilfred to attend, to meet the Lady Agnes trying to escape before he reached the door; and when he caught her hands, to see how she blushed and stammered and ran away.

His surprise reached a climax when he heard from Sir Wilfred a declaration of his love for Agnes, and his conviction that he and Lady Winifred were dissimilar in every way. "I shall love her dearly as a sister, I am sure, my lord," was the conclusion of a long and eloquent speech. Nothing availed Lord Trevor but to give his consent, which he ultimately did, but not without a deal of sage reflection on the caprices of the sex in general and of his own two daughters in particular.

And then, dear reader, when the war was over, Aubrey returned home so honored, and fêted, and caressed, that Lord Trevor, being obliged to honor him as one of the heroes of the day, invited him to the hall. The next Christmas saw a double wedding at Trevor. Sir Wilfred looked the picture of bliss with his bride, the saucy Lady Agnes; and Aubrey, whose handsome, manly face, looked darker with the sun of a warmer clime, thought nothing so peerlessly beautiful as his gentle, faithful Winnie, had ever been seen before. From Lady Winifred's heart there ascended, night and day, a cry of thanksgiving that she had been spared some of the consequences of disobedience.

And so, dear reader, amidst a shower of bride-cake, wedding favors, and orange-blossoms, I take my leave, wishing you with all my heart a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

OUR LADY OF THE CHAIR.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA! it hangs upon my wall,
Where the sunshine makes a glory and the rippling moonbeams crawl;
Where the early morning bathes it in its pure and pearly light,
And the falling shadows veil it at the gloaming from my sight.

A *basso relievo* after Raffaele's design—
With a world of mystic loveliness in every curve and line,
As I sit beneath it writing at my desk, mine eyes *will* stray
From the paper to the picture, a hundred times a day.

The Virgin Mother sitteth in her carven chair antique,
With her arms about the Infant, and the oval of her cheek
Pressed lightly on the silken curls, from which the Child's clear eyes,
Full of a fearless dignity, look out in kingly wise.

Monarch, and yet a Baby, with its dimpled feet upcurled,
Half-hiding in its Mother's breast the hands that rule the world;
As in the awful bosom of the sunny main concealed,
Rare wrecks of golden treasure to the divers are revealed,—
So those wondrous eyes of Jesus in their shadowless expanse,
Reveal a golden mystery to ev'ry reverent glance.

And as the glory of the stars melt dimly thro' the night,
When the radiant moon is flooding all the heavens with her light,—
So in the monlight lustre of the Mother's peerless mien,
The starry-eyed St. John at first (tho' near her) is unseen.

One foot upon Our Lady's stool,—one arm upon her knee,—
Close nestling to the Infant Christ, the son of Zachary,
The lovely little Baptist, in his cloak of camel-hair,
Is far too fair a vision to be long forgotten there.

One might suppose Elizabeth had sent her chosen boy,
(Drawn by the Holy Spirit with a strange, ascetic joy,)
To bid farewell to Mary, beg the blessing of her Child,
Ere he hid himself, young hermit, in the desert lone and wild.

And gazing, wrapt and prayerful, on that earthly trinity—
(The fairest out of heaven),—one almost fears to see
The curtain by the pillar gently shaken and withdrawn,
And the wistful face of John,—a moment lingering,—then—gone.

O mighty privilege of love! which faith can ne'er forget,
To be the kinsman of Our Lord—Our Lady's chosen pet!
O mightier sacrifice of love! which having once beheld,
Embraced and touched the living Christ, could leave Him when He willed.

Forsake the little sacred room (our tabernacle's type),
Whence Joseph's shop looked out upon the orchard full and ripe?
Resign the Mother in her chair,—the Babe upon her knees?
Who but the new Elias could have done such things as these?

O Angel of the Desert! in sweet pity teach me how
To make *my* mansion ready for so pure a guest as thou!
How to build upon my wretched heart a chair, a throne divine,
Where Mary and her Son may sit and govern me and mine!

And 't will be the joy of worship while they steadily control
All the senses of my body,—all the powers of my soul,—
To know that for the future,—health or sickness, joy or care,
The heart's best hopes are anchored in Our Lady of the Chair!

PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY, 1871.

THE ONCE FAMOUS JAIME FERRER, THE LAPIDARY OF BURGOS AND COLUMBUS.

BY J. J. BARRY, M.D.

THE space at my disposal in my De Lorgue's Life of Columbus permitting me only to glance at what was said of the famous lapidary of Burgos, I beg leave to reproduce the whole article here, where, for future reference, it will be better preserved than if consigned to the columns of a secular journal, and for the following reasons:

First, because the views of the discovery of the New World, uttered by this illustrious personage, are too important, too remarkable, not to be rescued from the comparative oblivion to which ingratitude and malevolence would doom them.

Secondly, because the notices of this man in Irving's, as well as in

my De Lorgue's Columbus (he is scarcely noticed at all in any other English work), are too meagre for the honorable mention he merits in historic literature.

Thirdly and chiefly, because at a time when the beatification of Columbus is largely discussed, the opinions entertained of him, and of the origin and realization of his immortal discovery, by such a man as the noted lapidary of Burgos, a contemporary, as well as an enlightened judge in such a case, must be peculiarly interesting to all classes of readers, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. With these preliminaries we will now hasten to our subject.

After mentioning the anxiety and trouble Queen Isabella had about the embarkation for Flanders of her recently married daughter, and the preparations she had immediately after to make for the becoming reception of Princess Margaret, the consort of her son Don Juan, De Lorgues goes on to say:

"In the midst of these occupations and cares, Columbus could not becomingly press the Queen to order immediate preparations for a third voyage of discoveries. It became necessary for him, as at the time of his first expedition, to wait in silence and restrain his legitimate impatience. During the forced inaction of his sojourn, the Admiral could not fail in promptly entering into intimate personal intercourse with a man of that city who had already become, at the request of Isabella, his correspondent before he had left Hispaniola, but whom he yet knew only by character."

This man, whom the Queen was in the habit of inviting to court, and whom the Grand Cardinal of Spain honored with his marked friendship, was a merchant who traded in jewels, and who, besides branch houses in several places, had a magnificent store in Burgos. He was named Jaime Ferrer. His relations with distinguished personages in many countries, his ready access everywhere, his modesty mingled with becoming assurance, and his dignified bearing towards all classes, prove that, besides his personal merit, he was of gentle descent, and that he prided himself on his relationship to his namesake, Jaime Ferrer, the distinguished cosmographer of former times. If this jewel merchant had not been the most respectable and ablest of lapidaries, he would still attract marked notice as a close observer, a traveller, a linguist, a mathematician, an astronomer, a cosmographer, a metallurgist, a scholar, a philosopher, a poet, and almost a theologian. We may also add that he was an independent thinker in the Catholic acceptation of the term.

Jaime Ferrer, hitherto shamefully ignored by the biographers of Columbus, presented in comparison with great lords and high political dignitaries, one of the most remarkable individualities of that day in Spain. Often by the requirements of his business he went to Genoa, to Venice, to seaports in the Levant, to Egypt, to Palestine, and to Syria, frequenting the bazaars of Cairo, of Damascus, of Aleppo, and of Bagdad, trading with Arabian merchants who had come in caravans from Persia or from Korassan, and with others who had come by the Indian Ocean by

way of Mecca. He had acquired notions more precise and extensive respecting the continent of Asia than all other geographers were possessed of. He knew, for instance, that at that time, in the Indies, where no modern missionary had as yet penetrated, there existed Christians, descendants of those who had been evangelized by the Apostle St. Thomas, fourteen hundred years before that time, and that his body would be found there gloriously preserved. And our first missionaries, in fact, found in India, Christians whom they designated by the name of Christians of St. Thomas.

While seeking for gems, emeralds, topazes, and sapphires, the noble lapidary did not confine his inquiries or hopes to precious jewel caskets, or to his coffers of sequins or of ducats. He did not restrict himself to the purely theoretic parts of the sciences. His spiritual tastes and affinities, as much as his love for the Italian language, rendered him the interpreter of the religious thoughts of Dante. From the works of the taciturn exile of Florence, he collected Catholic doctrines veiled under the metaphors or allegories of the poet, and composed a work entitled *Sentencias catolicas del divi poeta Dantę*, Catholic sentences of the divine poet Dante,—a work which has now become very rare. It was printed in Barcelona in 1545.

Jaime Ferrer having trafficked with Mahometans, with Jews, with schismatic Greeks, with semi-idolatrous Persians, with Tartars, with Ethiopians, and with Hindoos, had comprehended the unutterable superiority of Catholicity over all other religious doctrines. He had known well the geography of the whole earth, as far as the teachings and inter-communications of that period permitted, and studied deeply the history of the human race. In truth, the lapidary of Burgos belonged by anticipation to the school of Bossuet, of De Maistre, and of Dentura de Raulica. The pages that have remained to us from his pen would not have been discreditable to either of these illustrious personages. An elevation of thought commensurate with such varied knowledge and acquirements could not remain unnoticed. The episcopate of Spain esteemed very highly this lapidary, whom the Grand Chancellor of Castile honored with his friendship, and in whom all cosmographers recognized a master.

The varied knowledge of Jaimie Ferrer enabled him to appreciate better than all others had done, the sublime grandeur of Christopher Columbus, and to recognize his providential destiny. Knowing the imperfect state of the nautical science of that period, the uncertainty of geography, the impotency of the compass for such a work, he knew how little the resources of science had served him in his enterprise. He loudly declared the discovery rather a divine than a human affair, "mas divina que humana perigrinacion." Nevertheless his unobtrusiveness and modesty would, perhaps, have prevented him from entering into personal relation with the Viceroy of the Indies, if the thoughtful and ingenious Isabella had not given him orders to do so under the appearance of a desire. Having seen the similitude and

affinity of these two intelligences, she took peculiar pleasure in serving as a kind of connecting link between them.

It will be remembered that at the time of the reclamations of Portugal against the papal line of demarkation, the Grand Cardinal of Spain pressed his friend, Jaime Ferrer, to come to Barcelona with his charts and mathematical instruments. More than a year afterwards, notwithstanding the treaty of Fordesillas, the contest not being terminated, the lapidary wrote, in January, 1495, to the Queen, giving his opinion about the geographical considerations calculated to smooth the way for an adjustment of the matters at issue. The Queen wrote from Madrid to the illustrious lapidary, thanking him for his communication, which she held as a service rendered to the state, and inviting him to come to court in the month of May following.

In his letter to the Queen, the lapidary, speaking of Christopher Columbus, says: "I believe that in its high and mysterious designs, Divine Providence has chosen him as its mandatory for this work, which seems to me but an introduction and a preparation for things of which this same Divine Providence reserves to itself the disclosure for its own glory, and the salvation and happiness of the world." (*Coleccion diplomatica doc.*, No. lxviii.)

Ferrer received from the Queen the welcome he merited. The title of *Don* seems to have been accorded to him on this occasion. He was even honorably appointed, in quality of carver, *Trinchante*, in the household of the Prince Royal, the infant Don Juan. When Don Jaime Ferrer had the honor of expressing orally his ideas to the Queen, she desired him to submit them to the great Admiral of the ocean. In his mansion at Burgos, our Catholic thinker managed to have a secluded retreat for his studies, and on the 5th of August, 1495, he took up his pen.

Penetrated with profound respect for Columbus, he did not address his communication to him in the ordinary terms of an official correspondence, as he would have done to any other Viceroy of the Indies. He wrote to him as the revealer of the globe, with sentiments of respectful submission and of Christian liberty.

This letter, which it pains us not to be able to reproduce in its entirety, with its native grandeur, its unlooked for aperceptions, its style of a biblical simplicity; this letter proves once more that since the days of Solomon nothing is new under the sun for human comprehension; and that, in fact, "men of genius are always contemporaries with each other." One would think that the lapidary of Burgos had taken up his pen after having read the DISCOURS SUR L'HISTOIRE UNIVERSELLE two centuries before the time of Bossuet.

After giving in some lines a summary of the civilization called heroic, of the epochs of Saturn and of Hercules, the consequences of the conquest of Alexander the Great, and of those of Julius Cæsar, who, introducing among peoples the principles of law and of morality, in the train of the Roman eagles, unconsciously thus prepared the way for the good news, Jaime Ferrer

shows the Redeemer sending his apostles to the four quarters of the globe, distributing among them the spiritual conquest of the world. He recalls the sufferings, the tribulations, the hunger, the thirst, the persecutions which are destined for these men as their earthly recompense, and he recalls these words of infinite goodness to his friends: *Qui vult venire post me, tollat crucem suam et sequatur me*,—Let him that will be with me take up his cross and follow me.

The posthumous confidant of Dante declares to the revealer of the globe that he contemplates in that which he is effecting a great design from on high.

"Divine and infallible Providence," says he, "sent the great Thomas from the West to the East, to promulgate in the Indies our holy and Catholic religion; and you, Signor, he sends in an opposite direction, from the East to the West, in order that, by the divine will, you should come to reach the East, the extreme parts of Upper India, that the people who have not heard Thomas may know the law of salvation, and that the words of the prophet may be accomplished: Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth: *In omnim terram exivit sonus eorum.*

"I do not think I err, Signor, in saying, that you fulfil the office of an Apostle, of an AMBASSADOR OF GOD, sent by divine appointment to make known His holy name to countries where it yet remains unknown. It would not have been unbecoming in propriety, dignity, or importance that a Pope or a Cardinal had taken in those countries a part in your glorious labors, but the necessity of attending to other weighty and important matters retains the Holy Father and the Cardinals, and prevents them from pursuing such a path. Still it is very certain, Signor, that in view of an object similar to yours, the Prince of the apostolic militia came to Rome, and that his collaborators, those vessels of election, went throughout the wide world, emaciated, harassed, their sandals worn out, and their tunics threadbare, enfeebled by privations, by fatigue, by dangers, and by travelling, during which they often eat of the bread of bitterness."

Don Jaime also declares to Columbus that *he* also ought to expect for himself sufferings and trials, those marks of election and of celestial predilection.

His Catholic frankness, his rectitude of intention, emboldened the lapidary to the point of giving a pious counsel to the AMBASSADOR OF GOD, and to put him on his guard against human infirmity. He says to him that after these great things, when peradventure he will review in his mind the results of his glorious ministry, he will undoubtedly have, like the great prophet, to exclaim from the depths of his heart: "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*,"—Not to us, O Lord, not to us; but to thy name give glory. This courageous recommendation of humility appears nothing less than a revelation of the lapidary's soul; we see in this instance the admirable Christian addressing himself to another Christian he admires.

Don Jaime Ferrer continuing his letter, adds: "Signor, it is very certain that by their nature, tem-

poral things are neither evil nor opposed to spiritual things, when one knows how to use them for the purpose for which God created them." In accordance with this principle, he solicits the revealer of the globe to persevere in his discoveries, and assures him that the great material things he will discover will conduce to the honor of God as well as to the advantage of the whole Christian world.

It is only after these moral and religious considerations, that the lapidary of Burgos, coming to the main object of his letter, says to Columbus: "The Queen has ordered me to write to your Excellency," &c. The end of this missive is not unworthy of its commencement; one sees that its author is penetrated with a veneration almost religious, and that he considers himself as speaking to a saint, to an apostle, to a minister of Providence.

From this epistolary fragment, which, with deep regret, we have been obliged to abridge, we come to the following conclusions:

First. The superhuman character of the discovery of Columbus is declared by the most learned cosmographer of that period,—a man of the most fertile and cultivated intellect, and one of the most enlightened and sincere Catholics of Spain.

Secondly. Three years before the discovery of the new continent, and while Columbus's first essay at circumnavigating the earth was still unknown in Castile, Jaime Ferrer considered it already as realized. It is to be remembered that Columbus did not discover the *terra firma* or main land, until the 1st of August, 1498, and that Jaime Ferrer wrote to him for the first time the 5th of August, 1495.

Thirdly. The lapidary of Burgos is, after Columbus, the first layman who declared as a natural consequence of the great discovery, the junction of the East with the West, and the propagation of the Gospel throughout the whole globe. He is also the first who recognized the true character of the mission confided to the Messenger of Salvation, to fulfil the prophecies regarding distant nations.

Let it not be forgotten especially that this far-seeing genius, when Columbus, after his triumphal return to Barcelona, had as yet met with only honors and homages, already promises him, under the veil of an allusion, cruel trials, and announces to him that he will yet have to bear his cross, in the train of his Divine Redeemer, in the thorny paths of suffering.

For historic justice as well as for the exactitude and faithfulness of the biography of Columbus we have undertaken to write; we have considered it a duty to rescue from secular oblivion this learned lapidary, whom writers of a certain school have ignored or remained silent about. We find in him a witness, that cannot be gainsaid, for Columbus, against the retrospective accusations of his enemies. Besides, nobody among his contemporaries judged more justly than he did of the revealer of the globe, and of the future consequences of his unequalled discovery. We may say without fear of contradiction that Father Juan Perez de Marchina before, Queen Isabella during, and Jaime Ferrer after, the

discovery, were the three intelligences to whom it was given to comprehend most thoroughly the genius and virtue of Christopher Columbus, and the celestial character of his mission.

From these circumstances and the sentiments so loudly avowed by Jaime Ferrer for Columbus, notwithstanding the studied reticence of certain historians on this topic, it cannot be doubted that during his forced sojourn at Burgos, the Admiral of the Ocean had intimate and consoling relations with this lapidary, who, without his knowledge, became his friend, before he publicly declared himself his admirer.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Chapter VII.

As soon as Mrs. Blundell left, Mrs. Montfort, like an able tactician, wrote at once to Mr. Blamont, informing him of that lady's arrival in Paris, and the effort she had made to see Miss Mason. She added, that she had reason to believe Mrs. Blundell's means were very limited, whence she inferred that her great anxiety to renew her acquaintance with Honorine arose from a desire to increase her own income. She concluded by telling him the clever plan she had adopted to prevent the interview, until she should receive his express directions on the matter.

Mr. Blamont was just then particularly engaged in weighty speculations, and gave the subject very little consideration; thinking Mrs. Montfort's conjectures very plausible, he replied, that he quite approved of her conduct; that he did did not wish his ward should form an intimacy with Mrs. Blundell, and that if that lady insisted on seeing her the inverview must be short, and take place only in Mrs. Montfort's presence; adding, that he alone had legal authority over Miss Mason until she attained her majority, and that nothing would induce him to give it up sooner.

He had scarcely despatched this answer when he received a letter from Mrs. Blundell, requesting his sanction and authority to see Honorine, and expressing a wish, that he would intrust her with his ward for a few days during the approaching vacation.

Mr. Blamont felt no difficulty in replying to this letter. A mere man of business, he cared little about wounding the feelings of a complete stranger, whom he, moreover, suspected of interested motives. He replied, that Miss Mason had been confided to his care by her father, who having directed that she should not go into society until the age of eighteen, or form, in the meantime, any acquaintance with strangers, he could not, consistently with his instructions, consent to place her until then under any other care than his own, or that of her watchful mistress. He

hoped Mrs. Blundell would allow his anxious desire of honorably fulfilling his duty towards his ward to plead his excuse for this refusal, and ended by remarking, that the better to prevent Honorine's attention from being distracted from her studies, he wished her to receive very few visits, and had communicated his desire on that subject to Mrs. Montfort. Mrs. Blundell was quite unprepared for this disappointment, but she knew well that no one could contest Mr. Blamont's authority over Honorine. What pained her most acutely, was to find that her affectionate letter remained unacknowledged by the little girl whom she so fondly loved; to whom she had promised to be a mother, and who could not have entirely forgotten her. She did not for a moment suspect that this letter had never reached Honorine. She determined, however, to make another effort, hoping that a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Blamont, and an explanation of the close friendship that had existed between her and Honorine's parents, would induce him to change his mind. She called at Mr. Blamont's, and sent in her card, but was told he was out. She returned several successive days at different hours, but invariably received the same answer, evidently proving that Mr. Blamont had given directions to be denied whenever she called. No alternative now remained but to wait patiently till Honorine's school-days were over; but as she was unwilling to let her think her feeling changed, she determined on writing to her again.

This letter had the same fate as the first. Mrs. Blundell was both pained and surprised at the neglect of her affectionate letters, and judging that any further attempts at correspondence with Miss Mason would be useless, concluded on waiting for a more fitting time and opportunity to prove the sincerity of her friendship.

Chapter VIII.

Louisa Grenville, whose education was now quite finished, left school this year, and an eligible opportunity of usefully and respectably employing her talents soon offered. The Countess of St. Alban, a most exemplary mother, being anxious to secure her services for her daughters, engaged her at a very liberal salary. Honorine remained some years longer at school, Mrs. Montfort each day allowing her more uncontrolled liberty, and trying to render her residence with her more agreeable, that she might be induced to remain the longer. On this point she completely seconded Mr. Blamont's views, he being by no means anxious that his ward should go into society yet; he wished to retard the period of her settlement in life, that he might the longer enjoy the use of her fortune. The animated descriptions of the pleasures of fashionable life which Honorine received from some of her late companions, who came to see her, at length, however, excited her anxiety to participate in them, and she therefore urged her guardian, most perseveringly, to have her introduced. Being more than nineteen years of age her request could not be denied; all that could be done, was to delay her entrance

into society, on the plea that it would be necessary to place her on quitting school under the protection of some steady and respectable friend; and to meet a person suited to fill this important and responsible post, was, it was asserted, a matter of extreme difficulty. Honorine for a moment thought of Mrs. Blundell, but only to reject the idea as inadmissible. Besides the antipathy to that lady excited by the accounts she had received of her austere notions, she felt she had been neglected by her, having heard nothing of her since her first attempt to obtain an interview. In this conclusion, Honorine, as we have seen, was wrong and unjust.

Honorine had been so many years accustomed to the society and flattery of her teacher, that the latter found it easy to manage her according to her own views. She actually led Miss Mason to believe that she was making quite a heroic sacrifice in giving up her establishment for her sake, and devoting her life to her interests. Honorine, on her part, thought she could acknowledge this proof of disinterested and devoted friendship, only by securing to her, with Mr. Blamont's consent, a very considerable pension. Well satisfied with this arrangement, Mrs. Montfort, when resigning her establishment to one of her assistants, reserved the right of resuming it within five years; thus, providing against the chance of her pupil being married, or no longer requiring her society; she, however, took care not to let her know these arrangements.

Mrs. Montfort, wishing to acknowledge the service Mr. Blamont had rendered her in this matter, was perpetually expatiating, in Honorine's presence, on his merit, regularity, probity, and great cleverness in matters of business, and her extreme good fortune in having a person so clever and upright to manage her affairs. These observations led Honorine to think she could not do better than leave her fortune in Mr. Blamont's hands, even when she came of age,—a plan particularly satisfactory to that gentleman, who having embarked largely in weighty speculations, and risked Honorine's fortune with his own, would have been seriously embarrassed, if called on to account for it on her majority, which was now very near, her father having named the age of twenty for its completion. Mrs. Montfort was not aware of Mr. Blamont's embarrassments, but felt certain that Miss Mason's wealth must be a source of great profit to any banker having the uncontrolled management of it, and a view to her own interest induced her to favor a man who had always patronized her, and whose good-will was now more essential than ever. Honorine falling into the snare, requested Mr. Blamont to continue the management of her fortune; and as she dreaded trouble above all things, she was delighted to leave to him the selection of her residence, furniture, and equipage.

The house in which the years of her childhood had passed had been let since her father's death. Mr. Blamont had it now fitted up, and furnished in the most modern style; and, thanks to his care, the abode was in every way suited to

the young and stylish person, who was to take possession of it on her twentieth birthday.

Honorine was as much distinguished for her playfulness and vivacity as for her beauty. Her hand was quickly sought, and all the more eagerly, as the report of her great wealth had been widely circulated. On the one side, ambitious mothers were anxious to secure her favor for their sons; on the other, the extravagant and needy caressed her, in hopes of sharing her fortune; all, in a word, yielded to the influence of the new star. Honorine was so long accustomed to adulation, that she received it now merely as a just tribute to her superiority, quite persuaded that she possessed all the perfection attributed to her by interested flatterers. Still the gratification of vanity was far from rendering her happy; and very frequently her most brilliant triumphs were dimmed by painful humiliations. Often, just as she fixed the attention of a crowded and fashionable assembly, she overheard some one ask, "Who is that young lady?" and then followed the equally audible answer, "That is Miss Mason, the grocer's daughter." Mortifications of this kind were most galling to Honorine. She could not pardon her parents the business they had been engaged in, nor the name they had bequeathed her; she wished she had been born a baroness or a marchioness. Her insatiable pride effectually marred her happiness, which, in truth, had but an apparent, not a real existence. Mrs. Montfort endeavored to persuade her that beauty and wealth like hers were far superior to rank or birth; but her arguments were useless, and Honorine finely concluded on bartering her liberty for a title, much to the disappointment of her selfish friend, who was so deeply interested in retaining control over her. Mr. Blamont always coincided with Mrs. Montfort in discovering objections to the persons who proposed for Miss Mason;—he had good reasons for doing so.

Chapter IX.

The insensible being who plunges into the vortex of pleasure, seeks in vain for that peace of mind which diffuses a charm over life, and maintains its soothing influence to the moment of death. Honorine could not find it in dissipation, where she was pursued by that wearying *ennui* she so anxiously desired to shun. She tried all kinds of worldly amusements, but they only filled her with disgust now that they had lost the charm of novelty; admiration had ceased to please, and she led a life as uninteresting to herself as it was useless to others. She never seriously reflected; she wished, she said, to cull only the flowers of life, and was surprised how frequently her fingers were wounded by brambles and thorns.

There was no end to the luxury and extravagance of her establishment. Her fortune seemed unlimited, and she indulged without restraint in every species of foolish expense. The light-minded and frivolous were jealous of her success, and took every opportunity of mortifying her; while the rational and prudent pitied her extravagance, and gradually withdrew, not

presuming to offer advice which was sure to be rejected: she had many flatterers but no friends.

The Baron Florval, a young man who had lost his fortune by gambling and ruinous speculations, was amongst the most ardent of her admirers, and as his pretensions were strengthened by a title, Honorine quickly decided in his favor. He also took care to secure Mrs. Montfort's influence, and the day destined to seal Honorine's fate was speedily named. Nothing could equal the Baron's transports of gratitude and affection. He protested a thousand times that he only wished she were poor, that he might prove his disinterested devotion. Honorine's self-love rendered her unsuspicious of the insincerity of these declarations, and she flattered herself that the projected union would be the source of unalloyed happiness.

Preparations on both sides were made with all possible haste, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mrs. Montfort and Mr. Blamont, Honorine Mason was very shorly to become Baroness Florval.

The day appointed for signing the marriage articles had arrived; the notary was in the house, and Mr. Blamont was momentarily expected. Honorine was engaged in examining a superb set of ornaments which the Baron had just brought her. A considerable time thus passed away, and still Mr. Blamont did not make his appearance. Surprise at his unaccountable absence gradually yielded to undefinable uneasiness, and after an unreasonably long delay, it was finally concluded, notwithstanding the Baron's remonstrances, that the business must be deferred until the next day.

Honorine's heavy eye betrayed unmistakable symptoms of severe illness. She had for several days felt painfully indisposed, but had not mentioned the circumstance, lest it should delay her marriage; but on this day she could no longer conceal her state. In a faltering voice she informed Mrs. Montfort that she did not feel well; but that lady observed that her illness was merely the natural result of the day's excitement, and would, no doubt, pass away after a night's rest. Honorine had scarcely reached the drawing-room door when the servant handed her a letter.

"Read it, I beg of you," said she to her friend, "for I am not able."

The perusal appeared to agitate Mrs. Montfort exceedingly. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "what sad news! Unfortunate Mr. Blamont."

"What has happened to him?" asked Honorine, feebly.

"Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing; he has been obliged to quit Paris in haste."

Honorine raised her eyes inquiringly to know what she meant, and her officious friend lost no time in giving an explanation; she plainly told her that Mr. Blamont's bank had that day failed, and that he had absconded.

"But Miss Mason's for — fortune!" stammered the thunderstruck Baron, who scarcely knew what he was saying; and rising hastily, declared he would go at once to the Chaussée d'Antin, and endeavor to ascertain precisely what had occurred.

Honorine could keep up no longer, and begging Mrs. Montfort to

come and tell her all further particulars, they parted, the one to pass the first night of suffering she had ever known, the other to consider the probable consequences of the late event.

The information contained in the note was but too correct; a great part of the truth had, however, been suppressed, and it was only the next morning that Mrs. Montfort learned the full extent of Miss Mason's loss. Mr. Blamont had been declared bankrupt, and had fled, to avoid meeting his creditors; the failure of weighty and extensive speculations had caused his ruin, and that of those who trusted him, none of whom, it was said, would ever receive a penny of their money. Mrs. Montfort was not much surprised, for she had long suspected that Mr. Blamont was deeply embarrassed. Judging by herself, she imagined he had not gone away with an empty purse, and that he proposed enjoying the fruits of his dishonesty in a foreign land, and she felt much annoyed that he had not intrusted her with his fraudulent plan.

Honorine was ruined, and this was no doubt vexatious enough to Mrs. Montfort, who must now lose her comfortable position; she was, however, far from being left destitute. The conditions under which she had resigned her establishment, enabled her still to resume it. Besides, she had really been making a little fortune during the three years she had spent in Honorine's house, as the latter not only allowed her a very handsome salary, but made her frequent and valuable presents. Her only object was now to collect everything that belonged to her, adding to her stores several articles she had long coveted; and this end being accomplished, she prepared to take leave as quickly as possible of a person from whom she had no longer anything to expect. Honorine passed a most wretched night, and at break of day sent for a physician. He came at once, pronounced her in high fever, said she required perfect quietness, and promised to call again a few hours later.

While Mrs. Montfort, and her maid and confidant, Julia, were making preparations for departure, Honorine, amazed at not seeing her friend beside her pillow, sent to inquire for her, and to reproach her for leaving her so long alone.

"I am sorry I could not come sooner," said Mrs. Montfort, in a careless tone, quite unusual when speaking to her *dear friend*. Honorine was too ill to notice it, but asked if there was any further news of Mr. Blamont.

"No."

"Has the Baron Florval returned?"

"Oh! I don't think it likely he will return," coolly replied Mrs. Montfort.

"Why?" asked Honorine, with difficulty raising her head, and quickly compelled by pain to lay it down, "is not the contract to be signed to-day?"

"Oh! things are changed now."

"True, my illness may delay—"

"Have you forgotten the failure?" asked her *friend*, impatiently.

"No; I remember, but I hope that may be settled."

"There is no use in deceiving you, Miss Mason; the duty which

devolves on me is very painful, but it is absolutely necessary you should know the truth. Mr. Blamont is a swindler; he has made away with your fortune; in a word, though it breaks my heart to tell you, you are utterly ruined!"

This was too much for poor Honorine; she uttered a cry of despair, and fainted. Mrs. Montfort, more frightened than affected, rang the bell violently. The waiting maid ran in, and with her came the doctor, who inquired anxiously for his patient. Seeing her state, he found great fault with the imprudence of her attendants, especially after the positive directions he had given to have her kept calm and tranquil; but as Mrs. Montfort informed him of the cause of his patient's nervous exitement, his dissatisfaction gradually subsided, and was replaced by total indifference of manner.

"What! quite ruined! What a villainous business! A great number of creditors, I suppose? It is really a most scandalous affair, and I may well say, misfortunes seldom come alone."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Mrs. Montfort, somewhat alarmed. "What other misfortune do you foresee?"

"The calamity I allude to will, I imagine, be as deeply felt by this young lady as that you have just communicated to me, for she was, I believe, as proud of her beauty as of her fortune. There is no use now in concealing that the unfortunate girl has the small-pox, and that of the most virulent character."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Montfort, "I never had it."

"Nor I, either," said Julia; and both rushed to the far end of the room.

"Come, dear madan," said the doctor, jestingly, "I recommend you to go away at once, or you, too, may endanger your beauty, and that certainly would be a pity."

For three weeks Honorine remained in a state of insensibility, as it were suspended between life and death. On recovering her senses, she had only a confused recollection of preceding events; she looked round for her friend, but saw near her bed only a poor, slovenly kitchen-maid, who roughly asked if she wanted anything. Honorine turned away with disgust, and feebly inquired for Mrs. Montfort.

"Oh, she is gone, long ago."

"Where is Julia?"

"She went with her. All the servants are gone, but myself."

These words reminded Miss Mason of her sad position; but as yet she could not understand it in its full extent. Besides, she was so weak that she could not connect two ideas at once, and she asked the servant for a full account of all that had happened. The heartless Nannette bluntly related all she knew, without attempting to soften matters or to console the sufferer. Honorine had never taken any trouble about the morality of her servants, or endeavored to gain their hearts by example or precept, therefore they all left her the moment their own interests were in danger. Mrs. Montfort paid their wages with part of the money she found in the house, and discharged them all except Nannette, who remained to take care of her mistress, calculating on future remuneration.

It would be impossible to describe Honorine's feelings during this recital; still she thought Mrs. Montfort's absence could only be occasioned by fear of the disease; and though her conduct appeared ungenerous, she partly excused her, feeling certain she had sent frequently to inquire for her. She asked how long she had been ill, and what the doctor thought of her case.

"Oh, miss, he said it would be the greatest blessing if the Almighty called you away, for that the remainder of your life would be miserable."

"What sickness have I had?" asked the terrified Honorine.

"Neither more nor less than the small-pox; and I can tell you you will have its marks long enough."

A heart-rending cry burst from the parched lips of the unhappy Honorine; and sitting up in bed with a distracted look, she asked, in a faltering voice, for her looking-glass, that she might see what ravages the disease had made. The alarmed servant begged of her to wait till her face was less red and swollen; the request only irritated her, and Nannette was compelled to obey. Honorine seized the mirror with a trembling hand—looked; but who can express her horror at the sight of that face, hitherto viewed with such complacency? Her handsome, regular features, her fresh, smooth complexion, were replaced by a mass of red and swollen flesh; her eyes, whose brilliancy had excited so much admiration, were now dim, and surrounded by black circles; her lips were thick and discolored; in short, her once lovely face had become so hideous, that she could not endure the sight of it. The loss of her fortune appeared comparatively insignificant; she could have borne poverty patiently—at least, so she fancied—but the loss of her beauty was beyond endurance,—a dreadful, an irremediable misfortune. In her anguish she hoped death might soon terminate her misery, and called on it as her only refuge. But she was destined to suffer much more in atonement for her faults, and her rash and impious prayer remained unheard.

The irritability, which even in prosperity could brook no contradiction, was now considerably increased by adversity. She was continually repining at what she called "the injustice of her fate" and the neglect of her friends. Her ravings were terrific; a relapse ensued, and deprived her of her only remaining stay, for the servant kept away as much as possible, and the gloomy reflections which filled her mind in her solitude reduced her to despair. At last, overcome by the vehemence of her feelings, she sank into a heavy slumber, and awoke not only improved in health, but somewhat tranquillized in mind. She felt a desire for food, and though the repast offered was very frugal, she took it without a murmur. From that time, contrary to her own and Nannette's expectation, she got better, and was soon able to rise.

Chapter X.

After a few days, Honorine's face became less hideous, and she hoped that time and artificial means might remove all traces of deformity. She longed to receive her

friends, and even hoped her marriage with Baron Florval might still take place; for she remembered his repeated protestations that he wished she were poor, to give him an opportunity of proving the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. Impressed with this idea, she desired Nannette to bring her the cards left for her during her illness. There were only two,—one from Mrs. Belmour, formerly Louisa Grenville, and the other from the Countess of St. Alban. Honorine scarcely believed Nannette and the porter when they assured her that no one else had called. To make amends, there were a great many letters; this cheered her a little; but how great her disappointment on finding that they were tradesmen's bills, amounting altogether to a very considerable sum. Where now was she to seek for advice or consolation? Her friends had deserted her when she most needed their assistance, and amongst all who had flattered and fawned in her prosperity, not one thought of her in the hour of misfortune.

But what could Louisa Grenville or the Countess of St. Alban want with her? Doubtless to gratify themselves by the view of her grief and poverty, and thus seek atonement for former insults. Louisa Grenville, though neither handsome nor wealthy, had then, it would appear, made a great match, and now that she was a fine lady, bearing a distinguished name, she wished to display her superiority over the grocer's daughter! But no, she shall not have such a triumph, she shall not insult her former companion by her presence! So reasoned the unhappy girl, and then, with a spiteful jerk, she threw the crumpled cards into the fire. Again her eyes encountered the frightful pile of bills before her. Never having considered the value of money, nor examined the smallest account, she would gladly have had some one to assist her in the difficult task. Quite persuaded that nothing but illness could have kept Mrs. Montfort so long away, she at once wrote to her, mentioning her embarrassments, and asking her advice. She did not know where her old governess had gone, but conceived that by directing her letter to her former residence, it would be forwarded. For several days she vainly awaited an answer. One by one her illusions vanished; finding she had no one on whom she could rely, she collected all her energy, and determined to try and act for herself, deliberately considering what steps she ought first to take. She at length resolved on making out the assignee appointed to regulate the affairs of Mr. Blamont's bank, hoping that she might recover even a trifling fragment of her original fortune; and, in pursuance of this plan, she went out closely veiled, and for the first time in her life, alone. She found Mr. Bennett, the assignee, surrounded with bundles of papers, and absorbed in his discouraging examination. He himself was a creditor to a very large amount, and he sadly explained to her the hopeless condition of the bankrupt's estate, as well as the little chance that existed of their retrieving any portion of their losses.

Honorine returned home exhausted and dejected, wept all day

despairingly, and yielded to the most agonizing reflections. Mrs. Montfort had not answered her letter. What could cause her silence? Could it be that this catastrophe had reduced her friend to similar indigence? No doubt a feeling of delicacy had urged her to quit, lest she might hereafter be a burden to her. Whatever the cause of her absence, she determined to seek out her retreat the next day, so that if both were equally unfortunate, they might at least weep together, and derive consolation and strength from their friendship. Misfortune had roused Honorine's energy; she started early next day, going first to the house where she had been educated. When the carriage stopped at the door, Honorine recollected the kind reception she had met on her first introduction, and all the affection Mrs. Montfort had ever afterwards evinced towards her, and these pleasing reminiscences dispelled the effect of her governess's parting words, the cold harshness of which had left a confused but painful impression. If she be here, she has a home, and will share it with me, thought Honorine, as she approached the house.

"Do you know if Mrs. Montfort be here?" said she to the porteress.

"Yes, Miss."

Honorine waited for no further information; she knew every turn of the house, and before she could be announced, was in her old mistress's apartment.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" said Mrs. Montfort, rising with apparent surprise.

"Am I then so changed?" said Honorine, reproachfully. "Do you not recollect your dear Honorine's voice, Mrs. Montfort?" and she ran to throw herself into her arms.

"Madam," replied Mrs. Montfort, drawing back a few steps, "you have the advantage of me."

"That is the handsome Miss Honorine's voice," exclaimed a little boarder, who was beside her mistress, and who had been a great favorite with Honorine when at school.

"Impossible, my child," said Mrs. Montfort, feigning surprise, "Honorine Mason was——"

"Rich and beautiful once," interrupted Honorine, bitterly; "and Mrs. Montfort's memory was then excellent. Up to this moment I could not bring myself to trust appearances; I wished to see things myself; I have done so, and you have taken care to leave no room for doubt as to the generosity of your conduct. Your lesson, though tardy, will be useful. Depend upon it, I shall not again intrude on you!"

"Do not go away, dear Honorine," said the little girl, running after her, and catching her by the dress; "I would be so sorry you should go away, though I am the only person here who likes you."

Honorine affectionately embraced the innocent child, who had no idea what an additional pang she had inflicted. With tearful eyes and bowed head, Honorine was rapidly descending the stairs, but before she had gone two steps, fresh mortifications awaited her. All her former companions being at recreation, rushed forward to see her as she passed.

"Can that be Honorine Mason?" asked one.

"Oh! how ugly the small-pox has made her," said another.

"How can she afford to wear such an expensive dress?" inquired a third.

"Farewell! proud beauty," shouted a fourth, as the poor orphan hurried away, more anxious to leave Mrs. Montfort's house than she had been to reach it.

After shedding torrents of tears, poor Honorine gave way to the bitterest reflections. What a contrast between her present position and her past prosperity. What a sad difference between the fulsome flattery she had then received and the utter neglect she now experienced. How could she feel otherwise than indignant with the perfidious and ungrateful Mrs. Montfort?

When she reached home her head ached violently, and she was so feverish that she had to go to bed, and could not get up till late next morning. While still suffering from the excitement of the preceding day, she was told that Mrs. Belmour wished to see her.

"Louisa Grenville again! Tell her I cannot see any one," replied Honorine.

Nannette returned in a moment, saying Mrs. Belmour requested to know when she could see her.

"Tell her," said Honorine, impatiently, "I cannot even see my friends. Alas!" she exclaimed, "my friends, where are they? Who is it that now casts a thought on Honorine Mason? Is she not an object of universal derision and contempt?"

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS.

At the risk of being remonstrated with by grave theologians, frowned down by graver historians, and pitied by those gravest of men, the philosophers, I am prepared to defend as a proposition that Christmas, and the Christian holidays in general, prove the divinity of our religion quite as practically as half the arguments with which musty, old, controversial tomes are filled.

"The idea!" exclaims Theologus; "the idea of drawing an argument from a holiday! Why, it would prove every creed divine, for every religion has its feasts!"

"Then, too," chimes in Historicus, "it appears that the Christian festivals—Christmas, in particular—were originally pagan festivities which the Church reformed."

"I see no intrinsic connection," breaks in Philosophus, "between a holiday, a feast, or a fast, and the divinity of the religion which establishes it. And this, for twenty-two reasons, which for the sake of clearness may be subdivided into forty-four, viz., first, because"——

Excuse me, gentlemen, I say, helplessly, but life in general, and Christmas eve in particular, is short. So if we wish to close the discussion within any reasonable length of time, you must let me answer the objections in passing.

I premise that religious festivals in themselves do not prove divine the creed which celebrates them, although they show in a general way the nature of true religion, because religion necessarily seeks expression, puts on an outer vestment, and gives an external sign of its inner life. All religion is thus visible, because it has to deal not only with spiritual but with corporeal man. I know that an objection to this is supposed to be in Christ's words about worshipping the Father in spirit and truth, but this internal adoration, so far from excluding, really implies external and visible worship. "Even bodily adoration is made in spirit," says St. Thomas, "inasmuch as it flows from spiritual devotion and receives its form from it." The religious sentiment of all ages and peoples has sought this expression in rites, ceremonies, liturgies and festivals; nor can we, without doing injustice to the human mind, refer it to blind superstition.

Now, as the visible and external mirrors the invisible, so the character of a festival, the manner of a celebration, and the ceremonies incident to it, reveal the religious idea and sentiment which underlie and fashion it. The feelings which the festival awakens, the recollections that encircle it, the actions it prompts, the general influence which it exercises, are also illustrative of the nature of the religion which holds it. Unless you pronounce these festivals meaningless, which is absurd, you must attach to them the significance of which I have spoken.

"May we not explain them," asks Theologus, "on the ground that men, particularly in early times, were childlike in their love of pageantry and scenic effect, and observed their festivals through no distinctive religious impulse, but simply to be pleased and charmed by the amusements, games and banquets, that formed the accessories of nearly all the pagan festivals?"

You unwittingly help me to establish my point; for if such was the spirit that animated the observance of the pagan festivals, it certainly reveals the materialistic character of heathenism. But not all the religious days were accompanied by the amusements and feasts of which you speak; and you properly say that they were mere accessories, for the main feature of the pagan celebrations was not the banqueting or the games, but the performance of religious rites.

"Religious training and traditional observance, seem to me," remarks Philosophus, "to account satisfactorily for the presence of religious rites and festivals. We all know how instinctively men cling to precedents and relics which the past has established."

The explanation would not reach the main point, the institution and long continuance of such festivals. Nor is it true that the past is held in such reverence, whilst our love of novelty and our restlessness under religious restraint should act as powerfully for the abolition of religious festivals, as a fancied love of the past for their retention.

"Come to the history, sir," says Historicus, sternly.

Well, take the Jewish ceremonial, as it is the most ancient.

Prescinding from the unquestionable divinity of the Hebrew worship, let us see if it can, *per se*, certify the claims it set up to be of heavenly origin. Did its ceremonial possess characteristics, express ideas, and exercise an influence which pointed to God as author? What object was there in the institution of the Judaic feasts? The service of God, the commemoration of the benefit he bestowed on the nation. Truly a sublime idea. The Sabbath recalled the creation, and figured the mysterious rest of the Creator. The passover, the feast of tabernacles, and the other celebrations held at various seasons of the year, had all to do with God, were directed to his honor, and served to recall him and his works to the memory of the celebrants. What was the sacrificial idea? To bear testimony to the supreme dominion of the Creator, and to make an imperfect return to him for the blessings and favors which he imparted. The difference in the form and object of the sacrifices was also illustrative of the divinity of the creed. There were the sin-offering, the peace-offering, and the holocaust, to expiate offences, to obtain new favors, and to acknowledge the divine sovereignty. Morning and evening the smoke of the sacrifice ascended, thus reminding the people of the continued presence of the Most High, and the duty of daily honoring and worshipping him. The details of the sacrifice also indicated the divinity of the creed. Spotless and perfect victims were the only ones accepted, to show that the best of earth belongs to the Lord. The purifications, lustrations, and expiations, prescribed for the persons who had contracted legal defilement, served to show the purity and holiness which the Almighty looks for in his servants. The splendor of the Temple, the grandeur of the ritual, the solemnity of the rites, awakened naturally the reverence and fear with which the throne of the Lord should be approached. The profound veneration in which the ark was held, exercised likewise a powerful influence in forming the religious sentiment. The distinction between clean and unclean animals and food, removed the Israelites from intercourse with surrounding idolatrous nations that made no such distinction. In a word, the entire Judaic ceremonial was designed to promote the glory and honor of the one true and eternal God, and its presence and observance in times when the world was sunk in idolatry is proof sufficient that it was not a human invention, but a divine institution.

Everything about the festivals pointed to the Creator; everything conferred to promote his honor and awaken a fear of his judgments. It is absurd to think that in that remote and heathen age man could have framed such a ceremonial, imposed such a liturgy, or continued its observance through a period ranging over thousands of years.

"Spencer," says Historicus, "in treating of the Hebrew laws, traces most of the Jewish rites to the Egyptians and other idolatrous peoples."

Spencer fell into a very common fallacy. There may be faint resemblances found between Jewish and some idolatrous rites, though in

the main they were heaven-wide different. Many religious observances date from the dawn of creation; sacrifice, for instance. As I said, it is not the ceremonial exactly, but the idea and spirit of the ceremonial, which we must look at. Besides, Spencer does not show that the Egyptian rites, said to have been identical with those established by Moses, originated before his time.

"Many of the Jewish rites," objects Philosophus, "were of a character which show any but a divine origin. Think of God forbidding men to cut their hair close!"

"Oh! there's no difficulty there," replies Historicus, "for the Sabians were wont so to shave their heads as an idolatrous practice; and as the warding off of idolatry seems to have been the main idea in the institution of the Jewish ceremonial, there was every reason for the prohibition of a practice which might have suggested idolatrous thoughts, especially to the mind of a people like the Jews, who were prone to superstition and image-worship."

"There is, however," says Theologus, "an objection against the Jewish system of rites and laws which has not been mentioned, but which summarily overturns our good friend's elaborate argument for 'the divine ceremonial.'" The Mosaic law commands human sacrifices. No one will say that a law which prescribes the immolation of human beings can have God for its author. The thought is horrible. Yet the tenor of the Jewish religion so far from being adverse to a practice than which nothing can be more barbarous or devilish, favors, nay commands it. Abraham is ordered to immolate Isaac; Agag is to be sacrificed; the Madianites are to be apportioned for the sacrificial knife; and in Leviticus, a person "vowed to the Lord," as in the case of Jeptha's daughter, "was to die the death."

"Do ye not so," commands Moses, forbidding human sacrifices, and referring to the Canaanites who offered them. "Do ye not so, for the Lord condemneth all the abominations which that people do to their gods, offering to them their sons and daughters, burning them with fire." Here then is an express prohibition of human sacrifice, so clear and emphatic that the obscure text which our friend Theologus brings forward is wholly inadmissible. A man vowed to the Lord was not slain, but kept for the perpetual service of the temple. Neither Isaac nor the daughter of Jeptha was put to death; though, did the latter suffer from the harshness and rashness of her parent's vow, he, not the Lord, must be blamed. In view of the prohibition of such sacrifices, we must explain the case of Agag and others, on the ground that they were put to death for their sins, or underwent the punishment sanctioned by the military code of the times.

I do not think that I need enter at length on the ceremonial of paganism, for none of you will look to it for evidences of a divine origin. A rapid glance, however, at the principal festivals of heathendom will serve to bring out my argument more fully. If we look merely at the outside of heathen festivals, we are charmed, fascinated, overpowered. Splendid as was the

ritual of Judaism, it seems modest and humble alongside of the pomp and grandeur in which Greek and Roman idolatry flaunted. The spirit of the Greek festivals was intensely and exclusively human. Each was an apotheosis of humanity. The "God-born people," as they called themselves, did not so much honor their deities as themselves. At the Olympic games Jove was forgotten for the daring athlete, the successful poet, the victorious soldier. The gods were part of the national mind, symbols of the national characteristics. Apollo was Greek poetry; Minerva, Greek wisdom. The lower appetites were also deified: Venus was lust; Bacchus, drunkenness and gluttony. This is the spirit of mythology, and its festivals expressed it. Judaism was God, all in all, supreme. Greek mythology was man, all in all, supreme. Hence the very worst and most bestial inclinations and tendencies of human nature flourished and thrived in Greece, pride or the deification of human nature being the root and seed. Of all mythologies, the Grecian was unquestionably the foulest, and its festivals partook of its spirit. Need I describe one of these? I have only to mention the name of the god in whose honor it was pretended to be held, and tell you what natural inclination the god symbolized, and you behold the scene better than I can describe it, for you have its spirit.

The Roman mythology was, in some respects, worse, and in others better than the Greek. The Romans were an imitative people. They originated nothing, borrowing everything, even their religion, from the peoples whom they subjugated. Rome is the ideal of brute force—energy guided by reproductive intellect alone. What she lacked in genius she made up in force. So Roman mythology is an incoherent assemblage of all the gods which the human mind ever invented. We find traces of Judaism in her creed. Nay, our Lord's statue stood among the gods that lined the temples. From this incongruous, unintellectual mythology we turn in disgust! Greece was at least scientific. There is an order and harmony in her deification of herself. This Rome could not do; its mythology was not animated by that cold, intellectual, diabolical pride which appeared in all the Grecian rites and ceremonies.

Hence the Romans cared little about deifying their passions, or calling their vices by pretty names. Their superstition was more reverential, their worship more genuine than that of the Greeks. Their very brutishness, in many of their celebrations, had the merit, so to speak, of being open, unconcealed, bearing its own name.

"Yet," says Historicus, "in both mythologies there were celebrations of a gentle, human, kindly spirit. The harvest was carried in with song and joy. Many of the deities were of singularly beautiful conception. Many of the festivals evoked goodwill and friendship."

You know, dear friend, better than I, that there was not a single festival in paganism of a cheerful nature, into which lust, drunkenness, and excess did not enter and flow out from as source and cause. Ceres, the goddess of the harvest,

was worshipped with rites akin to those celebrated in honor of Venus. There is no denying that the lowest passions of humanity were drawn forth, encouraged, pandered to, by every accessory of a festival in heathendom. The good-will evoked must have been of very dubious character, for among all the institutions of Greece and Rome, there cannot be found one of a charitable or benevolent kind. The good-will evaporated with the fumes of the wine drunk in honor of Bacchus.

When we come to examine the festivals of other forms of heathenism, the gloom of the scene deepens. We have no accounts of the Druidical celebrations, further than that they were dark, bloody, fearful. Human sacrifices were offered, and victims tortured. As if shrinking from the light of day, the Druids held their festivals at night. In fact, there seems to have been no feast, no rite of a sunny, joyous nature, in any of the dark superstitions that brooded over the North. Between them and Asiatic heathenism there seems to be an affinity. Buddhism is synonymous with gloom and terror. Perhaps the American Indians hold as pure a mythology as that of any other tribe of heathen men, chiefly because they have never grown out of childhood, puerility being the mark of all their vices as well as virtues.

Contrast all this with the Christian, Catholic feast—with Christmas, say, and deny, if you can, my conclusion. You remember that I said that Judaism showed forth God, to the comparative putting aside and obscuring of man; whilst heathenism extolled the creature to the complete exclusion of the Creator. Christianity brings both together in their full and beautiful relations. The Incarnation gives the spirit, thought, idea, to the Christian feast. Thus, on saints' days, we glory in the exaltation of human nature, in Christ, the fount and reason of all the supernatural perfection to which our nature in the saints is raised. In honoring them, we honor him. He, not we, deifies men. God is blessed, even as he is wonderful, in his saints. To what does such a celebration stimulate us? Does it awaken pride, ambition, lust, envy, worldliness? Nay, it suppresses them all. We celebrate the triumph of humility over pride, lowliness and self-denial over ambition, chastity over impurity, faith and love over the world.

As to the influence exercised by the Christian feasts, look at Christmas, which enkindles, by the very force of its coming, even the cold hearts of men untouched by Christian faith. The world welcomes the holiday; its very name is like ointment poured out upon wounded feelings, uncharitableness, stinginess, and coldness. What is its idea? The birth of the Saviour, who chiefly and solely deserves the name; whose work abides forever; the visible appearing of the Invisible God; the shining forth of inaccessible light; the veiled epiphany and manifestation of him on whose face Moses could not look and live. Salvation is the theme, the thought, the joy of the day. To us is born a Saviour; and in the great gladness which the day awakens, men of good-will meet in peace. The birthday of our Saviour, what in heathen ritual was like it? Why, the very name was unknown. St.

Augustine had to coin the word *Salvator* to express the character and mission of Christ. See too, how the thought that God came into the world, poorer than the poorest, warms the heart, humbles pride, evokes tenderness and care for all the men whom he came, on Christmas night, to save. If the world last for ten thousand years to come, that birthday celebration will last, that peace dawn, that kindness and good-will bloom. Where are the Bacchanalian revels of heathendom? Dead, forgotten; the wreaths with which the guests crowned their heads withered; the song hushed forever. But the midnight glory which rested on the shepherds of Bethlehem has not faded yet. The Christmas song of the angels still enchants the world.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though vanquished, outcast and reviled;
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid—a maiden's prayer!
And for a father hear a child.

—*From Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion."*

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

THE German legislature has not delayed to make good the threats that were not obscurely implied in the letter of the Emperor William to the Catholic Bishops of Prussia. The Reichstag has not as yet completed its second session, and already it has signalized its hostility against the Catholic Church by an act of persecution.

The anti-Catholic press, which is also to a considerable extent anti-Christian, had been preparing the public mind for the measure. The insolence of the clergy in preferring to accept the interpretation of the Church on matters of faith instead of the dictates of the Bavarian Ministry or the Prussian Chancery, was the theme of continual denunciations. The freedom with which the episcopate maintained the right of Catholic children to an education in conformity with their faith, evoked the indignation of the Liberalist scribes of Germany. Finally, the not ill-grounded expectation that the immorality of the proposed compulsory Secular Marriage Law would find an uncompromising opponent in that Church which is the appointed guardian of morality, seems to have roused the party to uncontrollable wrath. The Catholic Church has been found to stand between Germany and the abyss of materialism and infidelity into which her blood-and-iron politicians are precipitating the country. Her influence over the portions of the population whose faith is sound and whose morals are pure is known and dreaded by the persistent enemies of both. It has been determined, accordingly, to attempt anew to control that influence by the terrors of the penal code.

The Statute Book of Imperial Germany is amply provided already with enactments in support of the powers that be. For the desired oppression of the Catholic clergy a special enactment has been deemed necessary. The notorious Von Lütz, the Bavarian Minister of Irreligion and Mis-education, proposed it in the *Bundesrath*, or Council of the Confederated Governments. Prince Bismarck supported the proposal, both in the Upper House and in the *Reichstag*, or Chamber of Deputies. The second reading was voted by an overwhelming majority, and it has been read a third time and passed.

"Every clergyman or other minister of religion" (thus runs the bill) "who, in the exercise, or in connection with the exercise of his calling, shall openly, before any assemblage of persons in a church or other place set apart for religious worship, announce or discuss matters connected with the state in a manner which may appear to be calculated to lead to a breach of the public peace, shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding two years." The bill is at once insultingly false and dishonestly vague.

When has the influence of the Catholic Church, for this is what the measure implies, been exerted against the public peace—the Catholic Church, which is the firmest support of good government and

the strongest pledge of public security? The charge is a pitiful calumny, and its promoters are aware of it. We used to be told that the Church was too much on the side of governments, too much opposed to revolution and disorder. The calumniators of the faith cannot afford to be consistent.

But the deliberate vagueness of the wording in which the menace is expressed is not the least significant feature of the bill. Any "matter connected with the state," which is announced or discussed "in a manner which may appear calculated to lead to a breach of the public peace," is to be a cause of imprisonment. When the state claims to interfere with everything, and to pronounce upon everything, no matter how foreign to its proper province, what matter may not be held to be "connected with the state?" And no matter connected with the state is to be announced or discussed in a manner "which may appear to be calculated to lead to a breach of the peace." "Which may appear to be calculated"—was there ever such juggling with words? Writers on legislation tell us that a law ought to be precise; that nothing is more unjust and detrimental than vagueness or obscurity. But who is to explain the vagueness and obscurity of this appearance of a calculation of a tendency, for which Catholic priests are to be dragged from the very altar and thrust into the common jail? But the Lütz-Bismarck policy has deliberately left the law in such a condition, for it is not a law which has been made, but a trap which has been set. "He would be a wily priest indeed," writes the correspondent of the *Standard*, "who could see his way to evading the terms of this clause; on the contrary the introduction of the words 'may appear' opens a wide field for any energetic German Whalley to indulge in his hobby at the expense of the priests." It is after this fashion that the new Empire bids for the loyalty of the Catholics of Germany.

It is easy to see how the trick is intended to work. Minister von Lütz, the nominal Catholic, who allows his children to be educated as Protestants, holds that the Vatican Council is in opposition to the state. Prince Bismarck, through his obedient mouthpiece the Emperor William, has expressed a similar opinion. The doctrine of the Vatican Council, the ancient faith of Catholicity, is, accordingly, a matter intimately "connected with the state;" and since to support views condemned by the state and dangerous to the state, is evidently a course of conduct which "may appear to be calculated to lead to" anything a Government may be pleased to imagine, it follows that the Catholic Bishop or the Catholic Priest, "or other minister of religion," who teaches the doctrines of the Catholic Church, can be sent to jail for two years, without even the option of a fine. Again, if the state decrees next year that the Catholic schools are to be infidelized or secularized, any clergyman who ventures to say that infidelity and secularism are anti-Catholic, is at once liable to punishment. A similar penalty will be incurred if the Church persists in saying that Holy Matrimony is

a divine sacrament, and not a "contract of cohabitation."

The German persecutors may proceed with their wretched essays at intimidation. We would ask them to read the history of the past if they would learn what is to be the issue of their paltry tyranny. Do they really fancy that the Catholic Church will be more pliable to the caprices of Bismarcks and Lützes than to those of a hundred dead and vanquished persecutors; or that the dungeons of Spandau are more terrible than the axes of the prætor and the wild beasts of the circus? Do they dream that they will dare even to inflict imprisonment on the pastors of twelve millions of Germans?

GRETCHEN'S GUEST.

THE great town that to-day is full of life and stir was at that time not thought of. Where the sunshine falls now upon the brilliant shops, upon the gay carriages, upon the hurrying crowd, it lay then upon sweet meadow grass, unbroken, save by the passing clouds, or the shadow of the kine in the silent fields, or the robber crows that lived in their stronghold in the ancient forest hard by, and wheeled in daring foray above the newly ploughed land.

The grand market-place and the stately squares, the noble cathedral church, with its shrines, and carvings, and painted windows, was then but a city underground, reposing in quarries and mines, or in the heart of greenwood trees, awaiting the call to its new life. For the town, whither on market-days the peasants' wives rode with their well-stowed panniers, and whither the maidens went decked in all their bravery to mass or fair; the town, with its ten thousand indwellers, its rich abbey, its sleek burgomasters and stalwart men-at-arms, and which has now but a tumble-down, decayed, almshousy sort of an existence; was then more than a league away from the little hamlet that is to-day a city. I was going to say that what it is had nothing to do with what it was; but I retract. It has everything in the world to do with it. With the time when the populous streets were mere forest paths, and when the din of the great town was only the clang of the forge iron, or the splash of the mill-stream.

Your hand, and we will cross the planks that bridge the flux of the past; here, somewhat decayed and insecure, there, slippery, and overgrown with the green deposit of years.

So, now we are over. The hard stony lineaments of the city lose their rigidity in the waning light. They become impalpable with something of dream-wavering, reconstruct themselves into their original combinations of rock and wood, and stand out in solemn

beauty beneath the stars. Pointed arch and flying buttress of the great church melt into dim vistas of forest trees springing towards heaven, with the delicate tracery of the frost carving upon their branches. The roar of the city softens into a hum, and resolves itself into a soothing sound of falling water, as the mill-wheel goes its round. The echo of the clocks that have but now chimed the hour from tower and steeple, circles out into the air, and comes faintly back through the twilight years in the music of the Christmas bells from that old town more than a league and centuries away. And now it grows darker and darker; we can no longer distinguish the track by which we came, for the fast-falling snow obliterates every path. We can no longer hear falling water or Christmas bells through the pleasant night stillness, for the winter storm howls through the pines and around the mill, as if the evil ones had been exorcised by the holy sound, and wailed in their agony of impotent despair.

Little Gretchen lay in her little bed in the mill-chamber on Christmas Eve long ago. In all the mill-house there was not one living creature but herself and the old blackbird that hung in his wicker cage in the kitchen below; for Hans, the miller, was carousing with some of his boon companions at the ale-house in the distant town, and Fritz, his man, had saddled the old horse, and jogged off as soon as his master's back was turned; for he knew very well that he was safe for that night. The blackbird slept soundly, with his head tucked warmly beneath his wing; Gurtha, the wicked watch-dog in the yard, lay dreaming in her house, curled up out of the reach of the drifting snow. Even the people of the hamlet were a league off, hearing the midnight mass in the great abbey church. Only little Gretchen lay awake, with her blue eyes full of tears, as she thought how lonely she was. She had seen, from the mill window, the neighbors all passing in their holiday clothes—some in carts, and some on horses; and the mothers had their children with them, even the little babies in their arms, going to the great church in the town. Then she thought how fine it must be to be going there, to see the lights, and hear the heavenly chanting to the new-born King, and smell the incense, and watch the priests in their purple and golden robes, grander than the emperor himself. But above all, O, far above! to kneel before the shrine of our Lady with the Child, who held out his hands so lovingly; and to say the prayer that her mother had taught her, before she went to heaven!

Her tears flowed fast when she thought there would be no one to carry even her name to the holy feet; and she said mournfully, "Alas! when he shall see all the neighbors there without me, he will be angry, or, perhaps, he will forget me, and he will not think of me for a whole year long!" And she almost felt that she must put on her little mantle, and run to present herself, and ask him to remember her; but although she did not dread the darkness of the road, or the wolves that lived in the forest, she feared her father's anger

For stern of brow and hard of speech was the miller.

So little Gretchen had stood gazing out at the whirling eddies of snow until long after the last passer-by had gone, and she thought as she watched the pure white flakes that never seemed to touch the earth, "Perhaps in those snow robes the good angels fly to-night, and some of them will watch beside our door until the bright sun shines out to-morrow!" And she said, for she was but a little child; "O Heaven birds! if to-night you fly and perch upon the church-roof, ask him to bless Gretchen so far away!" Then there was a pause for a moment, as if they had been really waiting for her message, and presently round and round, faster and faster, they flew past the houses and above the forest, towards the distant town. But soon the white wings had also passed, and the thick darkness came up from the ground shadows, and sat rocking and moaning in the tops of the tall trees; and the winter storm, with its mourning hood of mist and bitter hail tears, came rushing down the hills and over the river, as if it had been driven forth to-night from the rejoicing town, and it seemed as if it howled and raged round the mill, trying, in the blind fury of its giant strength, to pluck it up from its foundations and dash it down to the earth.

Then little Gretchen thought, as she lay in her little bed, of the wehr wolf with the flaming eyes, and of the dark huntsman who rides through the night, to see whom is death; and of the wicked ones with the fair cruel faces and foul trailing serpent bodies, that peer through the tangled branches in the mysterious depths of the forest, to tempt men; and, above all, of the Skeleton Hand that knocks upon the pane before the dead are called. And she thought, "Were I shut up all night by myself in the old church, I should not fear the cold silent ones in their grave clothes, for I should creep close to the feet of the dear Lord, and I should be safe; but, alas! I am now too far away for him to help me, if they come!" So she hid her eyes with the coverlet, and she heard her heart beating so loudly that it seemed as if the Hand knocked without; and as if in the cold darkness some fearful presence, wrapped in the death mantle, drew near in the chamber to her little bed.

Hearken! Over the forest it came from the distant town. The angry conflict of the night died wailingly off, on great mountain ranges as the holy sound followed hard upon it, and smote it. The strong wind, like a fleet runner, from the watch-tower sped upon its way, bearing good tidings of great joy to all the dwellers in the valleys. Blessings were scattered abroad upon the air, and sprinkled each lintel, as they passed, with the sacred influence.

Then Gretchen's tears flowed fast; but they were not for sorrow, nor did she any longer dread the lonely darkness, nor the evil ones, nor the raging of the tempest; for she knew that now the happy birth-hour had come, and she remembered how the patient dumb oxen, sheltered within their stalls from the winter cold, kneel down in humble adoration, and how the birds

fly up to the star mansions to be fed by the angels, and learn the songs of the skies; and how to-night the innocent ones, sleeping on mother's bosoms, or within their cradles, hear voices to which men are deaf; and how the orphaned ones receive the Christmas love-kiss on their slumbering lids.

Then a great peace and joy filled her heart with their harmonies, and she said, "All creatures are bidden to rejoice to-night. I, too, will keep the Master's feast." So she arose, and crept down the mill-stairs to the kitchen below, where the kindling fuel still smouldered upon the hearth. Then she lighted her lamp. She took forth from the chest of napery a cloth that her grandmother had woven in the days of her own youth. She spread the table, and placed upon it all that she could find in the poor household stores—the loaf of wheaten bread and the pitcher of water, and she laid the trencher and cup in the guest place, and drew the old oaken settles to her supper. Then Gretchen set wide open the house door to let the Yule tide in, and she sat down to break bread, and, through her childish tears of loneliness, she saw the light of her lamp, all blurred, fading upon the outward air, and presently rekindle into the light of stars, as it shone around the head of the Child who had come to be her midnight guest.

Oh, the beautiful dawn! Clad in its heaven robes of unspotted snow, with its ice jewels sparkling upon its breast, it came in fair presence down from the mountain top! The great king of the East came from afar with golden gifts to do it homage. The smoke from the home-hearths rose up as from pious censers to greet it; the bells in the distant towers signalled its approach; the voices of the children shouted a welcome into the clear cold air. Even the cocks in the farmyard stood upon tiptoe to make themselves heard. The cattle lowed from the stalls, and the birds, in a fine commotion, flew hither and thither, twittering as if they, too, had been bidden by the Master to his feast.

But Hans, the miler, was in no trim to meet it. Surely he had been drinking of the dark wine of the Evil One, which turns to poison in the veins. His eyes were all red and bloodshot, and sunk abashed from meeting the pure angel of light. His beard was untrimmed, and his clothes were awry, as if those unholy companions had plucked at them with graceless fingers, saying, "Abide with us; are we not brethren?"

Then as he stood in sullen shame, opening softly his door, lest some passing neighbor should see him, a sweet fragrance smote him, that was certainly not alone the heavenly breathing of the young morning. Oh, wonder! what was this? Had he lost consciousness of the time in the fumes of the debauch, and was it the golden summer that the bells rang out so joyously to meet? But no. The mill-stream wore its holiday garb of ice. The snow harvest rose above the silent fields. The frosty air was keen, and where it breathed left winter jewels. And yet! Hans rubbed his eyes. Where yesterday only the bare brown twigs had interlaced each other around the porch, now clustered

the shining green leaves, and the red roses opened their hearts to the day.

Then as one who comes from darkness into light, he stumbled and groped; and it was as if some strong cruel grasp held him back from his threshold; and he would fain have turned and fled to hide himself in the dim recesses of the forest, for a vague terror fell upon him. Then, as he put forth his hand as one who wards a blow, his little maiden stood at the door, and took hold of him and drew him in, as to a city of refuge from the power of the soul pursuer forever; and she led him to the table where the Guest Child had broken bread at the midnight hour, and behold! the lowly vessels ranged upon it were transformed into pure gold, and the water within the chalice was now generous wine that might have been trodden out in the vineyards of the sun.

And now the mists of the past, lifted for so brief a space, gather again, and rise a golden vapory haze, through which, as in some poet's dream, the people walk transfigured in the glow. But always is little Gretchen, as one of the pure shining ones, whom some mysterious sign had set apart from her fellows, just as in old time it lingered on the three who had been up with the Master on the Mount. The miller passes under that marvellous transfiguration into a staid, grave burgher in velvet raiment, befitting his dignities, and with belt well stored with broad pieces for the needy.

So the benediction fell even upon Hans. It touched the beams and rafters of the old mill, and all prospered beneath its roof, as the place which the Lord of all had blessed; and presently upon the spot so honored, was raised, by pious hands, that noble pile which travellers come from far distant lands reverently to visit. And as they are led to Our Lady's chapel, where stands the shrine of the Child and his Blessed Mother, devoutly removed from the old abbey church, they see beneath, carved in the pure white marble, a recumbent figure of a little maiden, with meekly folded hands. And as the light enters through the painted pane, it seems as if saints and martyrs cast down their purple and golden glories to enwrap her in their pomp, and as if the shadow of those outspread hands above, still fell and rested in mystic benediction upon her head. Then, as from distant aisles comes the chanting of priests, and as the great flood of harmony surges through the space, and as the strong young life of the mighty city of to-day is faintly heard, in a blent busy murmur, from the walls without, the sacristan tells the traveller in hushed tones the Legend of Gretchen's Guest.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

'Tis desolate out on field and mere,
And all about the moorlands drear;
The wind's weird voices come and go
With a murmured sobbing, faint and low,
Like the mourners in a burial-crowd;
Each wild-wood creature is in its lair,
For the cold is sharp in the freezing air,
And the earth is wrapped in a snowy shroud.

Faintly shimmers the frozen stream,
And the hoar-frost shines with a ghostly gleam,
For the depths of the vast unclouded skies
Are filled with numberless starry eyes;
Through the beech-trees' leafless branchery
Downward sparkles their solemn light;
In the shadow and loneliness of night
They are watching to see the old year die.

Into the dim realms of the Past
The gray old year is journeying fast;
Without—the moonbeam's pallid glow
Quivers above his icy brow;
Within—the fire burns low and red,
And the hanging holly-boughs and bays
Throw shadows strange in the flickering blaze
On the panelled walls and overhead.

And now from out the crypt-like gloom
And stillness of the quiet room,
Across the red, uncertain light,
Dim shapes are wavering to my sight
In long procession: they speak no word;
There is no sound of echoing feet;
But cold and low my pulses beat,
By the airy sense of their presence stirred.

They are the ghosts of joys long dead,
Of bright hours vanished, and fair scenes fled;
Of hopes that sprung with the springing year,
Only to fall when the leaf fell sere;
And sorrowful memories, pale and wan,
With the clinging dust of departed years;
And my eyes are filled with regretful tears,
And my heart cries out for the days that are gone!

CHINESE SOCIALISM.

"It is a curious fact," said M. Huc in his work on the Chinese Empire, "that the greater part of those social theories which have lately thrown the public mind of France into a ferment, and which are represented as the sublime results of the progress of human reason, are but exploded Chinese Utopias, which agitated the Celestial Empire centuries ago." As far back as the eleventh century, the Chinese nation appears to have presented a spectacle very nearly analogous to that of which several countries in Europe, and France especially, have of late years been the scene. The great and knotty questions of social and political economy which are now in agitation in the West, at that period filled all speculative minds in China, and split into parties all classes of society. Those people who, in ordinary circumstances, seem quite indifferent to the proceedings of their government, on that occasion flung themselves passionately into the discussion of systems which aimed at an immense social revolution, and which kept the general public mind for a long time in a state of desperate excitement. The thing promised and attempted by the reforming party, was a total renovation of the social system — an all-pervading Communism, under the control of a despotic centralization; and after enormous agitation, the prophet or leader of the movement actually gained an opportunity of reducing his experiment to practice, on a scale commensurate with the extent and resources of the kingdom.

The name of this Socialist reformer was Wang-gan-ché, a man famous in Chinese history—a man, too, so far as we can learn, remarkable for talent, intellectual cultivation, and for a force of will which qualified him to take a leading part in statesmanship. He could speak with grace and eloquence; had the art of giving weight to all he said; and knew, moreover, how to throw an air of magnitude and importance over trifling things when his interest might require it. His private life was regular, and modelled after the most unexceptionable pattern of Chinese respectability. This much is recorded of him in the way of commendation. On the other hand, he is represented as being exceedingly ambitious; as "a man who thought any means lawful to gain his ends; self-willed to obstinacy, when he had to support an opinion he had once advanced; haughty, and filled with an idea of his own merits, esteeming only what agreed with his own opinions and views of politics, and desirous of uprooting and utterly destroying the old institutions of his country, to replace them with new ones of his own invention."

He seems to have addressed himself to the work in a deliberate and decided fashion, quietly feeling his way, and covertly preparing the public mind for the acceptation of his novel doctrines. To forward his object, he imposed upon himself a long, difficult, and

even repulsive task; this was to make voluminous commentaries on all the sacred and classical writings, wherein he took occasion to insinuate his own opinions; and to compose a universal dictionary, in which he gave to certain words an arbitrary meaning, to favor his enterprise. By thus ingeniously intruding and enforcing his political notions, he gradually gained adherents, and, in course of time, had raised himself to a position of commanding influence. The Emperor Chen-tsoung, charmed with his brilliant qualities, gave him his entire confidence, and intrusted him with all the powers required for realizing his schemes of social regeneration. The executive offices and the tribunals were soon filled with persons of his own selection, on whom he could rely as active partisans; and the business of innovation and reform was straightway vigorously commenced.

The object of Wang-gan-ché as a reformer, was nothing less than that of procuring infallible happiness for the entire population; and the means by which he thought to effect it, lay in the development and equitable distribution of the resources of the empire, so as to afford to every one the greatest possible amount of material enjoyments. "The first and most essential duty of a government," said he, "is to love the people, and to procure them the real advantages of life—which are plenty and pleasure. To accomplish this object, it would suffice to inspire every one with the unvarying principles of rectitude; but as all might not observe them, the state should explain the manner of following these precepts, and enforce obedience by wise and inflexible laws. In order to prevent the oppression of man by man, the state should take possession of all the resources of the empire, and become the sole master and employer. The state should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with the view of succoring the working-classes, and preventing their being ground to dust by the rich."

Any one on reading this curious manifesto, will detect in it a striking resemblance to some of the writings and harangues of our modern French and English Socialists; though there is no reason to believe that the latter were at all acquainted with Wang-gan-ché, or the political dogmas which he propounded to his nation in the eleventh century. Theories of this kind would seem to be the spontaneous product of speculative minds under various forms of civilization, and may have sprung as naturally out of the disordered relations of one period and people as of another. The same ideas appear and reappear in history, according to certain inherent laws of the human mind, acted upon by similarity of circumstance. A state of discontent, occasioned by a wide discrepancy in the condition of different classes, will produce conceptions of remedy essentially alike, in all ages and in all countries. The only differences that may be expected, are the varied developments or modifications which the ideas receive from differences of race and culture. Thus, in times like our own, when the political tendency is towards democracy,

these ideas will seek to express themselves in democratic regulations; whereas in communities accustomed to a rigid centralization, they will claim a recognition by means of despotic changes. That there should be so marked a resemblance between the doctrines of a Chinese reformer of the eleventh century, and those of European theorists, who claim to be the latest reformers of the nineteenth, is a coincidence which seems to establish the identity of human sentiment and aspiration in all the varied races and social aggregations of mankind. All alike are liable to disarrangements and perplexities in their social organization; and, under the pressure of uncomfortable circumstances, all alike are apt to fly in their bewilderment to Utopian experiments for relief.

It is the peculiarity of our Chinese regenerator, that he alone, among all the Socialists we have heard of, had the great advantage of being able to reduce his experiment to practice. According to the regulations of his plan, tribunals were established throughout the empire, fixing the price of provisions and merchandise; and taxes were imposed for a number of years, to be paid solely by the rich. The tribunals were to decide who was rich and who was poor. The money thus collected was to be reserved in the coffers of the state, to be distributed to aged paupers, to workmen out of employ, and to whomsoever there might be who was judged to stand in need of it. The state, moreover, was declared the only proprietor of the soil; in each district, the tribunals were to assign the land annually to the farmers, and distribute among them the seed necessary to sow it, on condition that the loan should be repaid, either in grain or other provisions, after the harvest was gathered in; and in order that all the land should be profitably cultivated, the officers of the tribunals were charged to fix what kind of crop was to be grown.

"It is evident," said the partisans of the scheme, anticipating the plausibilities of our modern Socialists, "that by these means abundance and happiness will reign throughout the land. The only people who can suffer by this state of things are the usurers and monopolists, who never fail to profit by famine and all public calamities, to enrich themselves and ruin the working-classes. But what great harm will it be to put an end at last to the exactions of these enemies of the people? Does not justice require that they should be forced to make restitution of their ill-gotten gains? The state will henceforth be the only creditor, and will never take interest. As it will watch over agriculture, and fix the current price of provisions, there will always be a supply proportionate to the harvest. In case of famine in any one spot, the great agricultural tribunal of Pekin, informed by the principal tribunals of the various harvests of the empire, will easily restore the equilibrium, by causing the superfluity of the fertile provinces to be transported into those which are a prey to want. Thus the necessaries of life will be always sold at a moderate price; there will no longer be

any classes in want; and the state, being the only speculator, will realize enormous profits annually, to be applied to works of public utility."

A revolution so radical as is here implied, involving the destruction of all large fortunes, however acquired, and the reduction of all classes to a uniform condition, was not likely to be sanctioned or acquiesced in by the owners and friends of property. Some degree of opposition from them, of at least a temporary sort, was only natural and inevitable. We accordingly find, that the property interest for the time being had also its representative among Chinese statesmen, who argued and contended manfully against the Communist innovation. This was an accomplished poet and eminent literary personage, named Sse-ma-kouang, one of the most illustrious men in Chinese history, a wise Conservative, who, standing resolutely on the ancient ways, had sufficient penetration to discern the fallacy of the revolutionary policy. The chronicles of the time relate, that on the side of Sse-ma-kouang were seen all the most distinguished men of the empire, whether renowned for wit, experience, talents, judgment, or rank; but it is obvious that they must have been immeasurably outnumbered by the partisans of Wang-gan-ché, whom, doubtless, the emperor supported in his reforms, because they were acceptable to the general population. A revolution of so sweeping and radical a character could not have been possibly accomplished against the sense and wishes of the nation, even under a despotism like that of China, any more than in France or England; since, in reality, the Chinese government, though an unquestionable despotism, has always been a despotism tempered largely by the influences of popular opinion. It is not to be denied, however, that Wang-gan-ché had to contend with considerable clamor, and perhaps some violent attacks, from the party that naturally stood up for property; and in his conduct under these formidable assaults, though nowise sympathizing with the principles he represented, we fancy we can discern in him a genuine statesman-like steadfastness and imperturbability. Thoroughly persuaded of the soundness of his own policy, he set himself calmly to bear the brunt of whatever obloquy or opposition it might encounter, patiently reading the declamations and satires which his enemies, from time to time, presented to the emperor under the name of respectful representations, humble supplications, and so forth; but being no more moved by them, than as if they had not in any way concerned him. In this total indifference to clamor, he showed himself possessed of one of the most essential of a statesman's qualifications. The partial dissatisfactions occasioned by his novel measures, he doubted not, would be certain to subside as their success became apparent, and meanwhile he could complacently abide his time. "Beginnings," said he, "are always difficult, and it is only after overcoming many obstacles that a man can hope to reap the fruit of his labor. . . . . Ministers, nobles, and mandarins have all risen against me. I am not

surprised at it; they cannot quit the common routine, and adopt new customs. Little by little, they will grow used to these innovations, their natural aversion will die away, and they will end by applauding what they are now so eager to decry."

The completeness of his own persuasion secured his ascendency. Throughout the reign of the Emperor Chen-tsoung, Wang-gan-ché maintained his power; put all his plans in execution; and effected an entire revolution. He even attempted to remodel the national scriptures; causing his own commentaries on the sacred books to be adopted, and ordaining that the signification of the characters should be referred to the great dictionary which he had himself composed. Everything was changed by the genius and the will of this one man; and if Chinese society could have been regenerated by any such method of reconstruction as he devised, there was nothing wanting, so far as the power and resources of the reformer went, to have raised it to a state of absolute perfection. But a centralized Communism was no cure for the evils it was designed to rectify. According to Chinese historians, this great social revolution was utterly unsuccessful; and the nation became, by means of it, more deeply plunged in misery than ever. The express effects of its operation are not on record, or, at any rate, are not furnished by our authority; but of its complete failure, there is sufficient evidence in the fact, that after some years' trial of the experiment, the country returned to its former habits, and society was reconstituted on the old imperfect basis. The defects of the ancient system might be manifold and obvious enough, but they were felt to be less intolerable than those that were produced by a system which levelled all the natural gradations of hereditary and personal acquisition, and tended to extinguish every effort of independent enterprise.

On the death of Chen-tsoung, the empress, who succeeded him as regent during the minority of his son, almost immediately deposed Wang-gan-ché from his place in the administration, and made his old enemy, Sse-ma-kouang, prime-minister and governor of the prospective emperor. The first act of the old conservative was to efface every trace of the government of his predecessor, who, we learn, died shortly afterwards—probably from chagrin and disgust at the overturn of his reformation. Sse-ma-kouang, however, did not long survive him; and the two have since stood side by side in history, to point the moral of their opposing policies. Sse-ma-kouang had most honor at his departure, and his memory was long embalmed in the national admiration and affection. The old annals tell that when he died, the public grief was universal: "the shops were closed; the people went into mourning; and the women and children who could not kneel beside his coffin, prostrated themselves before his portrait in the interior of their houses. These signs of sorrow accompanied the funeral, wherever it appeared, on its way to the native place of Sse-ma-kouang."

To the universality of this sorrowing demonstration, we suppose we must except the disciples and

adherents of the Socialist reformer, who, in all likelihood, were more disposed to rejoice than mourn at the event. It, indeed, opened for them a second opportunity of imposing their system upon the country, and they left no means unemployed by which that object could be accomplished. They insinuated themselves into favor with the youthful emperor, and he, on arriving at age, reinvested them with power. Eleven years after the death of Ssc-ma-kouang, everything he had done was overturned, and himself stripped of all his posthumous titles, and declared to have been the enemy of the kingdom. His tomb was destroyed, and the marble monument bearing his epitaph ignominiously cast down. In the place of it another was erected, bearing an enumeration of all the crimes a lying imagination could attribute to him; many of his writings were burnt; and his name was never mentioned by the ascendant faction, except with hatred and reviling. Meanwhile, the memory of Wang-gan-ché was publicly restored to honor, and his political system pursued with uncompromising earnestness. "In reading the history of these sudden changes of popular opinion," says M. Huc, "we might well imagine it was written of some European nation."

The Socialist economy, however, for the second time proved a failure. Scarcely had three years elapsed before it was finally abandoned, and the name of its originator loaded with execration. And now the Socialist party became the objects of an unrelenting persecution, and were eventually obliged to fly the country. This occurred in or about the year 1129, just at the time when the terrible Ghengis Khan was rising into power in the steppes of Tartary, which were soon to pour forth as conquerors their numberless barbarians. This coincidence is worthy of being noted, as it was to Tartary that the Chinese Socialists, in large troops, betook themselves; where, leading a vagabond and unsettled life, they soon communicated their unquiet spirit to the Mongol tribes, and are believed to have been influential in stimulating them to that dreadful career of devastation on which they shortly entered under the command of their ferocious leader. Already remarkable for their fierce and savage disposition, it may be readily imagined what a monstrous combination was produced by the union of these people with the outcasts of Chinese civilization. What might be anticipated from the ascendency of Socialist principles in Europe, in the present era, it would be impossible to tell; but that their application and development here would be more happy or successful than formerly in China, we cannot, with our present lights, see any reason for concluding. It is true, our modern Socialism is a democratic movement, whilst that of China was a thoroughly despotic one; yet it seems to us that in any effort to realize a Communistic system, the democratic element must gradually disappear before a necessary centralizing tendency, which, however different in the form it takes and in the objects which it proposes to attain, would eventually produce a despotism as rigid as any that has ever existed.

THE CHURCH PROGRESSIVE.

THE Church unquestionably stands at the head of the influences that have civilized mankind. If Guizot's definition of civilization, "the reform and elevation of society through the reform and elevation of the individual," is true, and that it is true the Protestant schools of history admit, then the Church must be regarded as the civilizer by excellence. Home, with its manifold influences, is deemed a powerful agency in the formation of individual perfection, and to the Church, under Christ, the modern world owes all expressed by those tender words—"home," and "the family circle." Heathenism made the family and all its relations subject to the supreme arbitrament of the state. Deformed children were destroyed as prospectively unfit for military service. Infanticide was one of the most prevalent crimes of heathendom. It was the Babe of Bethlehem that saved His little fellows. The stability of the family is based on the indissolubility of the marital tie. This the Church has ever upheld and preserved. By insisting on it, the Church formed society into families and kin, throwing about them defences and safeguards of liberty and happiness, and out of the Christian family the civilized state, such as we have it, arose. Here is the first step in that march of progress in which the Church leads humanity. We often hear the axioms proved by a thousand years of experience that the family is the social unit. It was the Church that taught and realized the axioms which all statesmanship and political science accept as fundamental.

After reforming the family, she reformed the state. Heathen statesmanship proceeded on the assumption that the governed were created for the governors. The Pyramids overshadowed a multitude of toiling slaves who were taught to regard their sovereign as God, the Supreme Disposer of their lives and fortunes. Republican Greece and Rome never were republican in the Christian sense. The Church on the downfall of the Roman Empire took the barbarians in hand, shaped their wild chieftains into stable forms of government, and gave to their disunited clans an organic form. Guizot admits that the Church originated the idea of election, personal freedom, the right of the people to rebel against despotism, municipal independence, and the abolition of slavery. Here then is the Church fashioning the two elements of all progress,—the family and the free state. Without these subsisting in the relations established by her, all progress is impossible. To her, as to source and fountain, all modern progress and civilization can therefore be traced.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS BY THE FATHERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE, NEW YORK. Vol. VI. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871. 12mo., pp. 331.

The subjects treated of in this volume of sermons are, Remembrance of Mercies, The Gifts of the Maji, How to Pass a Good Lent, Pretended and Real Christians, The Sins and Miseries and the Dram Seller, Communion with Jesus, The Holy Ghost the Comforter, The Duty of Upholding the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty, The Living God, The Real Presence, St. Paul the Divine Orator, The Value of Faith, The Supremacy of St. Peter, The Roman Pontiffs the Successors of St. Peter, The Thought of Heaven, The Clergy the Teachers of the People, Humility in Prayer, Preparation for a Good Death, The King's Marriage Feast, Good Use of Sickness, Thoughts for Advent, and Fraternal Charity. They are all characterized by the vigor of thought, unction, and impressiveness that have made the sermons of the Paulists looked for by all classes of Christians. Whilst it seems invidious to point to any one of the discourses as particularly excellent, we cannot withhold our admiration from the ones on Remembrance of Mercies, The Dram Seller, and The Supremacy of St. Peter, and of his successors, the Popes. We have rarely read a gentler, more moving, or more appropriate sermon than the one first mentioned. Referring to New Year's Day, the season for the interchange of gifts and courtesies, the preacher aptly remarks: "I wish you to know whether you are grateful to God or not, to that God who has so loved us and crowned us with mercy and loving-kindness. At a time like this, when you are asking others to remember you, and when you are thinking of all the dear old friends you have had in bygone years, and of the sweet mementoes that came from their hands, or were spoken by their lips, I would compel you to see if you have remembered the oldest, the best Friend of all. Alas! if you must say, He has been the last and the least in my thoughts, that would be sad to hear, and, above all, from the lips of those who, by their very faith, with all its blessed consolations, live so near to God."

The discourse on dram selling is a scathing review of the miseries inflicted on the community by the practice denounced. The sins of the dealer are said to be against the virtues of justice and charity. The following extract will show its force and character: "But they (the dram sellers) know the fact as well as I know it, that scarcely one drop is dealt out by them that is not more or less adulterated; that their so-called wines never saw the juice of the grape; that their brandies and rums and cordials are all composed of proof-spirits, coloring matter, drugs of the most poisonous character and of a deadly strength, and water. I am in possession of a document circulated privately among these manufacturers of 'imported wines and liquors,' which purports to give recipes for making any kind of wine, liquor, or cordial you can name, with the address of certain houses, where the drugs I have alluded to may be obtained."

In the sermons on the Pope, all the great arguments that establish his succession and jurisdiction are well brought out in popular style. The typography and general arrangement of the book sustain the high reputation which the Society has for issuing books in good style.

THE DEVIL; DOES HE EXIST, AND WHAT DOES HE DO? From the French of Father De la Porte. New York: Sadlier, 1871.

Mr. Sadlier, in presenting to the public a good translation of this valuable and interesting little work, has done a service. The book has passed through several editions in French, and, in the words of the Bishop Segur, it has contributed to bring about belief in the personal existence of Satan. The great triumph of the adversary in our time is that he has made men disbelieve in his existence. The author discusses, briefly but compre-

hensively, thirty questions connected with the doings, power, and character of the Evil One, and the means at hand to resist his influences. Several of these questions are at first sight amusing, and next startling; such as, for instance, "Is the Devil the Head of Secret Societies?"

"Every period has its miseries," says the author, in summing up his work; "the misery of our time is the so-called philosophical justification of evil. Our ancestors, too, knew human frailty; but they did not canonize disorder, and when they yielded to the unhappy inclinations of the flesh, they did not place it, with the august name of Reason, on an altar. We have progressed, and the justification of evil brings nowadays its natural consequence, the restoration of Satan, who first committed evil, and inspires it in us." The remedy of the evil is found in the Church, which possesses the salutary aids and graces with which the enemy is vanquished and humiliated.

THE AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST AND DRAMATIC READER, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Schools. By J. A. Lyons, A.M; with an elaborate introduction on Elocution and Vocal Culture, by the Rev. M. B. Brown, A.M. Philadelphia: Butler & Co., 1872. 12mo.

"*Orator fit*—the orator is made," runs the adage, and if it be true, this textbook will show any one how to become one. We believe, however, that oratorical power is mainly a natural gift, and that in its absence no amount of elocutionary instruction will make one more than a correct or pleasing speaker. But whether oratory is natural or acquired, the need of instruction and guidance remains the same. The greatest of orators have been those that devoted to study and practice of oratory the closest attention and the strictest observance of rule and gesture.

Hence we welcome any effort, however humble, to help students in learning to deliver a speech, declaim, or even to read well. We leave the reader to judge, therefore, how cordial and thorough is the welcome we give to Mr. Lyons's "Reader" on discovering that, in addition to a perfect selection of subjects for elocution, the book contains a scientific treatise on Elocution and Voice Culture, written by a reverend gentleman who evidently is thoroughly acquainted with the laws of speech and sound. He treats elocution first from a physical, and next from an æsthetic standpoint, the second part being devoted to an exhaustive treatise on voice culture.

The examples for rhetorical reading and declamation are, in the main, selected from recent speakers and writers, thus avoiding the hackneyed themes with which the older rhetorics are filled.

Pieces that could offend political or religious feelings are carefully excluded, and though Catholic oratory is prominent, it is not in controversical or polemic form. We bespeak for this textbook a hearty reception from all educators who can appreciate its merits. The publishers have spared no pains to issue the book perfect in typography, engravings, and binding.

FLORENCE O'NEIL. A Story of the Siege of Limerick. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

We have here, in book form, the beautiful story which charmed the readers of the *Catholic Mirror* for some time. The story of the City of the Violated Treaty is told with strict adherence to historical truth. It is evident that the author had a wide field in such a subject as the one he chose; for the times in which he cast his scenes were stormy and eventful. The book, with handsome dress, would make a very suitable Christmas present.

A CONDENSED SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Wm. Swinton, A.M. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 1871.

The points of novelty and superiority claimed for this book are, a plan of concise paragraphing, and a new method of topical reviews. These are certainly features which commend the volume to all practical teachers. The tone of treatment is free from partisan bias of sectionalism, politics or religion. The publishers have done their full share in the mechanical execution of the book. We have rarely seen a school book so neatly, attractively, and beautifully gotten up.

SKETCHES OF IRISH HISTORY. By M. F. Curack. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

The distinguished authoress has gathered into this book the substance of half the ponderous tomes on Irish history. The romance and beauty of the early annals of the country are strictly portrayed in the sketches and descriptions given; whilst the gloomier records of the country's later years are relieved by the light cast by the faith of a people who sacrificed all to preserve it.

NED RUSHKEN, OR Who Fired the First Shot? By Sister Mary Frances Clares. Boston: Donahoe, 1871.

This pleasant novelette is descriptive of high life in Ireland. Its best recommendation is that it comes from the pen of Sister Mary Frances of the Poor Clares, the author of volumes which have already earned for her an enviable reputation, both here and in Ireland. Though the book before us is rather small compared with her other works, it is by no means insignificant in matter or manner. The old story of injured innocence, battling alone and without hope against the odium of dark suspicion, the consequence of one series of circumstantial evidence, is interestingly and gracefully told. Pure, earnest truth and the happy influence of religion is a leading feature of the tale. Religion consoles the hero in his trials and sufferings. It lights up the darkness of his disgrace, as by no fault of his own he is branded a felon. The moral of the story is that innocence, despite its accusers, will ever rise glorious in the morn of justice. Fine descriptions and forcible portraiture of scenes and situations also grace this interesting work. In striving to place before the public that which would rank amongst romances, whilst advocating religion and morality, the author has thoroughly succeeded. The publisher has brought out the book in excellent style.

FARDOROUGHA THE MISER, OR THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA. By William Carleton. New York: Sadlier, 1871.

This story of the famous delineator of Ireland is brought out in neat form. We have never specially admired Carleton's writings, nor is the Miser one of his best. Many of the descriptions, however, are singularly lifelike and natural, and the story is of sufficient interest to attract and please the reader.

FAMILIAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MENTAL PRAYER. By the Abbe Courbon. Translated from the French by E. P. B. Edited by W. Gordon of the London Oratory. New York: Catholic Pub. Society, 1871.

Courbon was one of the great masters of the spiritual life that have appeared in the later ages of the Church. His ablest treatise on mental prayer was much prized by the late Dr. Faber. In view of the importance of mental prayer to progress in perfection, every Catholic should secure this excellent book, small and cheap, but rich and great in spiritual wealth.

GUIDE TO THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS. Omaha: 1870.

This is a descriptive pamphlet of the millions of acres of farming and mineral lands owned by the Union Pacific Railroad. It contains handsomely engraved maps, and much information is given, intended to aid persons contemplating emigration.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TO AND FROM THE PASSION PLAY, IN THE SUMMER OF 1871. By Rev. G. H. Doane, Pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

THE FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, No. 10.—FEBRUARY, 1872.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

THE attention of the Church both here and in Europe is at present concentrated on the subject of modern education, and its religious and social relations. In Ireland she has reaffirmed in the strongest manner her condemnation of the infidel principle that religious and moral can be divorced from secular education, and has warned the faithful through their Bishops against the ruin which sooner or later flows from its practical acceptance. In France she points to the revolutionary and ungodly influences which again threaten, and lately so nearly accomplished, the social and political destruction of the country; while in Austria and Italy she re-echoes the warnings of her Chief Pastor on the subject of secular and irreligious interference in the national schools. In Germany she bids the people take heed lest, in their ambition to build up the greatest of modern material civilizations, they lose sight of those fundamental religious principles without which, as corner-stone and arch, the lofty structure will assuredly weaken and fall.

She is worthy of a hearing at least. If her enemies laugh at her warning voice, and ascribe her disapproval of their educational systems to her chagrin at having been driven from the schools and colleges of modern Germany, England, and America, they should remember that she, who has had two thousand years' experience in educating men, is not likely to speak so emphatically, or act so decidedly, without good reason. All Europe once sat at her feet, and reverenced her as teacher and guide. Countless generations learned from her the alphabet of all knowledge,—religious, scientific, artistic, social, political. The scholarship of a thousand years is traced to her. Great students and doctors, whose names and works brighten our modern civilization, owed their degrees to her. She has been in the highest and truest sense the *Alma Mater* of mediæval and modern learning. As an experienced teacher, then, her views on education are entitled to respectful attention. From all those ages of practical and successful educational work, she must be able to speak intelligently and even authoritatively on education and its

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then."
A little while!
The monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"O Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
—The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His Humanity—
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek out-blushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair Hand, in each fair Foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
Around His brows in tenderest lucency,
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling, that the room was filled
With heaven: and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet Presence, lo! a something broke:
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,

A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake, and fell,
And thro' the open windows of the cell
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying in his humble way,
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty—
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
—Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One—
(Praised be His Holy Name!)
Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,
And bore our weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And while in deep humility he lay
(Tears raining from his happy eyes away),—
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.

The Vision only said,
Lifting Its shining head:
"If *thou* hadst staid, O son! *I* must have fled!"

THE PEARL OF CAMPAN.

ONE fine morning in autumn, I was rambling through the secluded Valley of Campan, in the Pyrenees, accompanied by the excellent curate of the district, with whom, in the course of my peregrinations, I had become acquainted, and beneath whose hospitable roof I had promised to spend the night. The scenery was wild and lovely beyond description; and having expressed my admiration of it, I added a wish to know something of the inhabitants.

"They have hearts of gold and wills of iron," said my friend. "Many a touching and noble instance of generosity and self-denial have I met with amongst them. And, for example, look at this man approaching us."

He was a fine-looking fellow, of five or six and twenty, with a military air, and dressed in uniform. The lower part of his face was very handsome, and his dark sun-burnt complexion suited well with the long mustaches. I could not see his eyes, for the visor of his cap was drawn down so as completely to shade them from the light. Having exchanged a cordial salutation with the curate, he passed on, followed by a huge white dog, with thick fur and enormous paws. The animal belonged to a breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, and remarkable for their sagacity and faithfulness.

"Now," said my companion, as soon as the soldier had passed out of hearing, "while we walk along I will tell you a true story, of which you have just seen two of the principal characters."

I prepared to listen with attention, and the curate commenced.

Juan Trigoyen was born in the heart of these mountains, where the peasant has his choice of following one of two occupations—that of a shepherd, or a hunter. Juan chose the latter, as his father had done before him; and a hazardous pursuit it is. Not merely has the mountain-hunter to scale all but inaccessible precipices, and to brave the fury of famished bears and wolves, but he is constantly exposed to be swept away by a torrent, or buried beneath an avalanche. To this latter peril Juan's father had fallen a victim. Crushed beneath a mass of snow, he perished, leaving his son no other heritage than his dog, his gun, and his grandmother Gertrude, an aged woman, unequal to the task of supporting herself. Juan, at this time a fine lad of eighteen, loved his grandmother tenderly; she had always supplied to him the place of his mother, who had died in giving him birth, and he now, with a courage and resolution beyond his years, undertook the sole charge of their maintenance. He had been early trained to the chase, and success now crowned his efforts. The number of izards, eagles, and bears struck down by his hand, testified the sureness of his foot and the certainty of his aim.

Thanks to the value of these spoils, Gertrude knew no privation; but she trembled for the safety of her beloved child, and often said to him, with tears in her eyes: "Stay at home to-day, Juan; you will

perish some time or other, like your poor father; and what should I do left alone, without any one to love in the world?"

Then the lad would answer: "Calm yourself, mother; Providence will watch over me for your sake."

Thus did Juan work hard during the week for his own and his parent's support, and on Sunday I loved to see them entering my little church; Gertrude leaning on the arm of her handsome boy, and both joining in the prayers with the utmost devotion.

Two years passed on, and Juan was returning one day from Bagnères, whither he had gone to dispose of some game. It was winter, and the north wind grew piercingly cold; but the young hunter stepped on briskly, whistling a lively tune. Suddenly a cry of distress struck his ear, but he knew not whence it came.

"On, Cæsar!" he cried, trusting to his dog's sagacity; "seek it out, boy!"

The docile creature set off in the direction of a thick pine grove, and his master followed; the cries became louder, and Juan recognized the voice of a female in distress. He redoubled his speed, still preceded by the dog. At length he reached an open space, and there was Cæsar struggling with a wolf, while on the ground lay a woman, with a huge she-wolf in the act of fastening on her neck. With a shout Juan rushed forward, and at the sound the fierce creature raised her head, and fixed on him two eyeballs glowing with rage and hunger. Without a moment's hesitation, the intrepid hunter seized her by the throat with one hand, and thrusting the other into her mouth, grasped her tongue, and dragged it as with an iron vice. After a fearful struggle, he succeeded in dashing the strangled beast on the ground. This done, Juan looked round to see if his faithful ally had need of assistance. No; *his* antagonist also lay dead, and the hunter had time to attend to the woman, who lay motionless on the ground, having fainted from excess of terror. Her deliverer raised her gently in his arms, put back the rich brown hair that had fallen over her face, and perceived that she was a young and very lovely girl. Taking a handful of the snow which lay on the ground, he rubbed it on her temples, and then succeeded in putting some small bits of ice into her mouth. By degrees she revived, her eyelids unclosed, and she drew a deep sigh.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe with a friend."

"It was you, then, who saved me?"

"Rather it was Providence, who was pleased to employ my hand."

She thanked him with a look far more eloquent than words; and then with confiding simplicity, as she still felt weak, asked him to let her lean on his arm as far as her home. "I was going to the town," she said, "to sell some milk, when those dreadful wolves attacked me, upset my pitcher, and, but for your timely aid and that of your good dog, would surely have devoured me."

The conversation thus commenced did not flag. Juan soon learned that Marguerite lived in the hamlet of Campan; that she was an orphan, and had no property

save a small cottage, one cow, and some hens. She managed to support herself with the profits of these animals and of her spinning. Her perfect candor and her innocent beauty charmed the honest heart of Juan; he thought that, were he possessed of all the treasures in the world, he would like to lay them at Marguerite's feet. On entering the village, the news of their adventure spread quickly; and it was easy to see, by the consequent excitement, how much the young girl was beloved by her neighbors. Both young and old rushed forth to meet her; Juan was overwhelmed with thanks and praises; nor was poor Cæsar by any means forgotten.

"Adieu, Marguerite," said Juan, when he had accompanied her to her cottage-door. "May I sometimes come to see you?"

"To whom should my door be open, if not to my deliverer?" said the young girl innocently, at the same time extending her hand to Juan. He pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

When he reached home, he found Gertrude very uneasy at his prolonged absence. "Oh, my child!" she cried, "where have you been, and what are those stains of blood on your dress?"

Juan smiled. "Don't be uneasy, mother; this blood is not mine, but that of an enemy I killed." And he told her all that had occurred, not concealing the feelings of admiration and love which he felt for her whom he had rescued.

"Thank God, my child," said the old woman, "that your choice has fallen on so worthy an object. I have often heard the beauty and virtuous industry of Marguerite commended. She is called by her neighbors the Pearl of Campan."

It never occurred to the affectionate grandmother, that the fair girl in question could possibly be insensible to the attractions of *her* boy; and, indeed, the event proved that she was not far wrong. Marguerite was of too innocent and frank a nature to play the coquette with him who had risked his life for hers, and the preliminaries for their marriage were speedily arranged.

On the morning preceding that on which their bans were to be published, the sound of a drum was heard in the peaceful Valley of Campan; and the prefect of the district proclaimed the drawing of conscripts for the army. Poor Juan! his was amongst the first of the selected names, and at the moment the shock nearly stunned him. However, he had been taught not to shrink from his duty, and having calmly made the needful preparations, he drew his betrothed aside, and said: "Listen to me, Marguerite. You promised to be mine; I am going away for some years, perhaps forever; it is right that you should be free—I give you back your vow."

"And I," said the girl, "will not take it back. Whether our next meeting, Juan, will be here or in that better world to which, I trust, we are both looking, I will never marry any one but you."

The young man pressed her hand in silence. "But my mother!" he said at length, while two unwonted tears rolled down his cheeks; "she is old, infirm, unable to work for her support"—

"Your mother, Juan," interrupted Marguerite, "is she not

henceforth mine? So long as God gives me strength to work, *our* mother shall not want a home."

And so, with mutual blessings and fond tears, they parted.

Cæsar followed his master to the wars, and Gertrude, on the day of Juan's departure, took up her abode in Marguerite's cottage. The old woman managed the domestic affairs, while the young one carried her milk, butter, eggs, and poultry to market. In the evenings, as they both sat at their spinning-wheels, their conversation naturally turned on Juan: "Where is he now?—what is he doing while we are speaking of him?" Sometimes their anxiety was assuaged by the arrival of a letter, filled with hope and tenderness; but at length one came which increased their sorrow. It bore the stamp of Algeria. Juan announced that his regiment had just landed in Africa, and was immediately to march on the town of Zaatcha, where a number of insurgent Arabs had intrenched themselves. Some sharp fighting was expected, as the rebels were known to be desperate. Under this afflicting intelligence, the two women found their only consolation in religion—in committing their dear one to the care of God. Every day, on her way to the town, Marguerite was accustomed to pause for a few minutes at the spot where she had first met her betrothed, and where, during the happy days of their courtship, he had raised a rustic seat; she used to kneel beside that simple memento, and pray fervently, nor did she ever arise and go on her way without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

Every evening, on her return, her first question to Gertrude was: "Has Juan written?" And the old woman would silently shake her head with a despairing gesture, which seemed to imply: "Juan will never write to us again!"

One day, as Marguerite was returning from Bagnères, she was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. There was no place of refuge nearer than her own cottage; and with her garments dripping, and her eyes nearly blinded by the driving rain, she hastened towards it. What did she see? A blazing lightning-stricken pile, surrounded by a terrified crowd of villagers.

"Mother!" cried Marguerite, darting onwards, "where are you?"

A cry of agony from within the burning cottage was the reply.

"Mother, courage! I'll save, or die with you!" And before the astounded spectators could detain her, she rushed through the flames. A minute, which seemed an age of agonizing suspense, elapsed, and Marguerite reappeared, dragging forth her pious burden, and forming with her own body a rampart against the flames. Scarcely had she allowed the old woman to fall into some of the arms ready to receive her, when the heroic girl sunk down herself inanimate.

"When she opened her eyes," continued the curate, "she was in an apartment in my house, whither I had caused her to be carried. Gertrude and I had watched for three days and three nights by her bed, awaiting the moment of returning consciousness. Her first sensation was that of torturing pain in her face. She raised her hand to it, and felt that it was so enveloped in bandages as to leave only the mouth

and eyes free. A cry escaped her lips. "Oh, I remember the storm —the flames; I am disfigured for life—is it not so?"

Gertrude and I were silent. It was but too true; the devouring element, leaving her body, protected by her wet clothes, untouched, had seized on her face. The beauty of feature and delicacy of complexion, which had procured for her her graceful sobriquet, were totally destroyed.

Until the bandages were removed, which the surgeon did not as yet judge it prudent to do, he could not tell the extent of the disfigurement, but that it would be very great was certain. Our silence, and the tears which we could not repress, acquainted the poor child with her misfortune. She raised her eyes to heaven with a touching expression of resignation. "It is Thy will, my God," she said, "but let not Juan see me thus."

"Juan!" repeated Gertrude; "we shall soon embrace him."

"Is he coming?"

"In ten days—see yourself." She handed a letter to Marguerite, which the latter read with eagerness. It was written by the hand of one of his comrades, and informed them that Juan, who had received a severe wound at the siege of Zaatcha, was now convalescent in hospital; had obtained, as a reward for his services, a cross of merit, his discharge, and pension, and would be with them in ten or twelve days at furthest.

Having finished reading the letter, Marguerite fell into a profound reverie, from which neither Gertrude's fond caresses nor my attempts at consolation could arouse her. "Oh, sir," said she at last, "it is not, indeed it is not for its own sake that I value beauty, but —but how can Juan love me when he sees me in this state?" At that moment the surgeon entered, and having felt his patient's pulse, he began silently to remove the bandages. As soon as Marguerite felt that her wounds were exposed, she asked for a mirror.

"Not yet, my child; not to-day," said the doctor. She tried to raise her hands to feel her face. "Hold her arms down," cried the surgeon to the old woman and myself. We did so, involuntary turning away our eyes from the sight of those swollen and mutilated features, once so lovely.

Marguerite saw and understood our movement. "Is it not so, sir?" she said to me calmly; "will it not be impossible for him to love me?"

Nine days passed on; the wounds were regularly dressed, and were now nearly cicatrized. The tenth day was that of Juan's expected return; but no one ventured to speak of it. Early in the morning, Marguerite rose, and prepared to go out, saying that a walk in the fresh air would do her good. I offered to accompany her.

"No, thank you, sir," she said; "my good mother alone will come with me." And with one hand slightly leaning on Gertrude's arm, while the other held a small package, she went out. They walked towards Juan's rustic seat, but very slowly, for the convalescent was yet very weak.

Arrived there, she knelt down, and after a short silent prayer she turned to Gertrude, and embracing her said: "Bless your daughter,

dear mother, for the last time: you will never see her again."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"The truth. I am going away. You will say good-by for me to him, mother; and tell him that it is my very love for him that forces me to fly."

"But, dear one," said Gertrude, detaining her, "you wrong our Juan; he has a noble heart, and he will love you all the better for these noble scars, when he hears that it was in saving me from a dreadful death you received them."

"He has a noble heart," replied the girl; "and I know that he would marry me, and try to make me happy; but how could I endure his averted looks—his sorrow? No, no; I shall suffer much less in suffering alone."

Just then, a well-known bark was heard, and a large white dog rushed out of the woody path. "Cæsar," cried Gertrude. "Where is your master?"

"Here he is," replied an agitated voice; and holding one end of a cord, of which the other was fastened to Cæsar's collar, a soldier appeared. "Mother! are you here? Where is Marguerite? Why don't you come and embrace your poor blind wanderer?"

"Blind!" exclaimed Marguerite; and fixing her eyes on her betrothed, she saw that his were covered with a bandage. I cannot describe the emotions of all three; suffice it to say, that after an incredible number of embraces, Gertrude and her two children returned to my house, and we passed a delightful evening.

Here the curate stopped, and I thought his tale was ended.

"Well," I said, "I suppose the blind warrior and his betrothed—still, in his imagination, blooming in all her youthful charms—were speedily united?"

"They were," he replied. "It was I who married them; but I have somewhat more to tell you of them. Their cottage, by the willing aid of all the villagers, was soon rebuilt, and they removed into it. Their circumstances were very comfortable, and Juan supported his infirmity—caused, he told me, by the explosion of a mine—with the utmost cheerfulness. His tenderness for his wife seemed to increase every day; and yet she was evidently not happy. She became a prey to constant melancholy, and her health and strength visibly declined. Her old friend, the doctor, visited and prescribed for her, but without avail."

"My art is at fault," he said to me. "Her body suffers, but the seat of the disease is her mind. Do you try to discover what the secret which weighs on her may be, or I cannot answer for her life."

Alas! how could I apply the consolations of religion to a case of which the sufferer persisted in keeping me profoundly ignorant? Once she seemed on the point of opening her mind, but Juan entered the room, and she was silent; nor could I ever afterwards induce her to speak freely. Meantime her bodily condition became very precarious; and Juan, who was now aware of her danger, scarcely ever stirred from her bedside. Old Gertrude, as you may suppose, was scarcely less anxious about her.

One evening, when I was in the cottage, the doctor arrived; and

having examined his patient, pronounced that unless some powerful reaction took place she could not long survive. How solemn were the moments that succeeded this announcement! Poor Juan grasped convulsively the hand of his wife, while large tears streamed from beneath his bandage.

I began to exhort her on the subject of religion; and when I spoke of the mercy of her Maker, she exclaimed: "Oh, I have great need of mercy, for my conscience is burdened with a heavy load. Listen," she continued, addressing us all, "and tell me whether I can hope for forgiveness."

Grouped around her bed, we waited in silent astonishment. Marguerite had raised herself into a sitting posture; her wasted arms, her disordered hair, her sunken features, her hollow eyes, gleaming with a light like that of a lamp kindling up before it is extinguished forever, lent an air of indescribable solemnity to the scene. Placing her hand in her husband's, she said: "Juan, you remember, when we separated, the promise which we made of mutual fidelity? My heart was yours, and yours was mine. Well, the terror of losing that heart caused me to commit a grievous sin. I pictured you to myself with shocked, averted looks at the first sight of her who was once named the Pearl; and in the agony, the delirium of the moment, I cried to Heaven: 'Oh, God! either give me back my beauty, or take from him his eyesight!' The moment the selfish, impious prayer was uttered, I bitterly repented, and would fain have recalled it; but too late, Juan! the wish was granted, and I have never known since one moment's happiness."

"What," cried her husband, "and is this the secret, Marguerite, which is killing you?"

"It is."

"Then live, dearest, and be happy; your prayer was *not* answered."

And tearing off the bandage which covered his eyes, he fell on his wife's bosom, and clasped her in a long embrace.

It appeared that the blindness which had fallen on Juan was of only a temporary nature. Under the skilful treatment of our friend the surgeon, whom he privately consulted, the power of vision began slowly but surely to return. Having, however, heard from his grandmother the whole history of Marguerite's horror at the idea of his beholding her disfigured face, he generously determined to conceal from her his cure, at least for a time. Now, however, it was suddenly revealed; and was it too late? The doctor, motioning us all away from the bed, took his patient's hand, and felt her pulse; a hopeful smile played on his benevolent lips.

"My friend," said he, turning to me, "the age of miracles has not ceased—Marguerite is cured?"

Here the good man ceased, and after a pause, I asked: "And was Marguerite in reality so very much disfigured?"

"You shall judge for yourself."

We walked on, and soon reached a neat and pretty cottage, covered in front with a luxuriant vine. An old woman sat near the doorway spining, and placed on a low chair by her side, a young woman was

nursing an infant. Her figure was remarkably graceful, and her face, although certainly not handsome, was by no means repulsive. It was even easy to distinguish, amid the seams and scars which marked it, the vestiges of great beauty. There was a touching expression of serene tenderness shed over her features, as she looked on her child, which in my eyes amply compensated for the want of regular comeliness.

The curate advanced. "Good-morning, Marguerite," he said.

"Good-morning, sir," she answered, looking up with a beaming smile.

"How is baby to-day?"

"As well as possible," said the happy mother, holding up, and showing her nursling's rosy dimpled cheeks.

"Well, Marguerite," said the good old man, taking the innocent little creature in his arms, and kissing its tender forehead, "I could fancy this is yourself as I remember you on the day that I baptized you. Come, the Valley of Campan has not lost its Pearl, it is restored in the person of your lovely little daughter."

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS REMEDY.

SECOND PAPER.

In our last article we viewed Spiritism in its origin, spread, and work. We now proceed to examine its teaching and influence, which are directly opposed to the well-being of society, and to morality and religion. Justice and logic require us to substantiate this charge by the testimony and declarations of Spiritualists themselves.

The political attitude assumed by Spiritism has never received that attention which its revolutionary character demands. "Let us assume," says the *Spiritual Age*, "a political attitude, and make the world feel that we are no longer to be trampled upon with impunity. Our design is to crush, destroy, and break in pieces all existing forms of government, and build a form which shall be a theocratic democracy. Every man will be his own ruler, and his natural demands his highest law." Whilst this sounds like the ravings of a madman, it is significant as illustrative of the spirit of destruction and anarchy that has possession of Spiritualism. The demand that "Every man shall be his own ruler," evidences the authorship of that tempter, who, of old, promised that his dupes should be as gods. "It is hardly to be supposed," says an article published in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, under the head "Practical Spiritualism," "that an enterprise so startling to the world as the Spiritual movement would have for its grand end anything like the presentation of mere phenomenal exhibitions. The great purpose is of a much broader nature, and of a

more thoroughly practical spirit. Spiritualism is the mother of all institutions for external uses; therefore the mother of the States, and in the combination takes the place of the union of Church and State. It is the purpose of Spiritualism to so educate a class of persons in certain practical functions that they shall become pivots of groups in the coming new social order." Again: "The next government which shall arise over this people, and which is even now drawing nigh from out the angel world, will be a theocratic government—God ruling through mediumistic man. And then as Spiritualism and Celestialism march over the land, the master souls, once denizens of time, will influence men's acts; the Spiritual Congress above will guide in all wisdom and truth the councils assembled here below."

This governmental theory is also unfolded in other spiritualistic writings. In searching for the cause of the preference given to a "theocratic democracy," we are met by the examples in ancient paganism of supernatural interference in the affairs of state. That this interference proceeded from the infernal powers no Christian scholar questions. The oracles of Delphi and of Dodona were consulted by kings and states before a political movement of any magnitude was undertaken. Through these oracles Satan ruled heathendom; and though the ambiguity which frequently surrounded them is regarded by some as proof of their human invention, there is no doubt that, in most instances, these oracles bore striking evidence of supernatural cunning and skill. Modern Spiritualism wishes a political instrument of this kind,—a government ruled supernaturally; and in its demand reveals another affinity with the diabolism of antiquity. What this government will effect is described by a noted Spiritualist at a meeting held in Abington, Massachusetts: "The time is speedily coming when every one who has opposed, scorned, reviled, and persecuted Spiritual Communion will be brought to the altar of sacrifice; will suffer sorrow, regret, affliction. It will be a bitter cup, but a necessary remedy for the present sickly morals and religions of men. It is in the power of the spiritual world to make any poor man rich in one day; to make any rich man poor in one day; to make a well man sick in a moment of time, or to make a sick man well; to take life or to continue it; to make woe in the human heart, or joy and gladness there. Imminent and immediate dangers to earthly prosperity hang over all opposition to Spiritual Communion."

Were these extravagant claims confined to writing we might pass them over with a smile of pity at the fanaticism they show, and the principles they disclose. But every judge and lawyer who has had dealings with Spiritualists, knows that they believe in the subjection of the state to Spiritism, and that, at the bidding of a medium, they perjure themselves in court, violate contracts, and defy the law. Here then is a spirit arrayed against society, and striking at its foundations. Can it be good? Can it be of Him whose inspired Apostle has enjoined submission to the higher powers, not only for fear, but also

for conscience' sake? Is there not, on the contrary, every indication of the influence of those infernal powers whose mission is to spread desolation, disorganize society, and draw the human family into ruin, both temporal and eternal?

One of the tests which most quickly reveals religious error is what may be called the political test. There can be no radical antagonism between true religion and just and true civil government, for God is the author of both. Between religion and the cardinal principles of government there can be absolutely no discordance or warfare. When a creed counsels the abrogation of all civil government; when it denies its authority as such; when it scouts its just laws, error, delusion, and fanaticism are at work. If in this attempt to overthrow legitimate civil government, the creed claims a supernatural warrant, we are to conclude that its supernatural author is Satan; for our knowledge of God, were it limited to the dispassionate dictates of our nature, were it only the teachings of conscience, precludes the notion that He could counsel or sanction the destruction of all civil government, the introduction of civil war, and all the other calamities that the abolition of the political institute would bring on mankind. To this destructive course Spiritualism is pledged.

Not only are society and government threatened, but religion also is to be extirpated. Spiritualism rejects the divine authority of the Scriptures, and characterizes their doctrinal and moral teachings as puerile. Sin, according to it, is "only the casting off of the gross part of human nature, and is strictly in accordance with the will and pleasure of God." Christ is thus ignored: "No person should rely upon any Saviour outside himself. Each and every man is a Saviour, a God. Christ is no more the Son of God than was John Howard or George Washington." The Devil is derided as a figment of a maniac's brain, for the author of Spiritualism has taken care to conceal his identity, and in every way to strengthen disbelief in his existence. But stranger, more horrible than all, Spiritualism denies the existence of God. "What a soul-crushing superstition," exclaims the *Age of Freedom*, "is this idea of an overruling, omnipresent, all-powerful God! Belief in a God is degrading, whatever the character ascribed to him. Where is your God? I can stand up and look him in the face, and affirm that I have a right to 'life, liberty, and happiness,' whether it is his pleasure that I shall enjoy them or not." This point about Spiritism conclusively settles its character. The origin of all morality, the abutment of all order, the force of all oaths and contracts, the great bond of society and law, the source of every good, is faith in the existence of a Supreme Being. If, by an impossible hypothesis, the idea of God could be obliterated from the minds of men, the consequences and effects are simply inconceivable. Spiritualism rejects God, blasphemes Him, and attempts to blot out His remembrance and presence from the world. Is this the religion which is destined to perfect mankind? Can it come from him whose very existence it openly denies, whose attributes it

blasphemes, whose power it sets at defiance? Yet it claims to be, and assuredly is, supernatural. Its supernaturalism then is from below.

Denying God, Spiritualism, as a consequence, must deny His law. We do not wonder, therefore, that justifies immorality and defends sensuality. At a national convention which Spiritualists held a few years back at Chicago, it was provided "that no charge should ever be entertained against any member, and that any person, without regard to moral character, might be a member." For other illustrations of the spiritualistic code of morality, the *Banner of Light* may be referred to. Its report of a speech delivered by a female spiritualist before the Rutland Convention contains the following: "Woman must demand her freedom, her right to receive the equal wages of man in payment for her labor, her right to have children when she will and by whom she will," &c. The author of the *Educator* was directed by the spirits to become the father of all illegitimate children. This shocking violation of morality, sanctioned by the spirits, is thus justified by the *Spiritual Telegraph:* "It is reserved for this, our day, under the inspiration of the spirit world, for a quiet, equable, retiring woman to rise up in the dignity of her womanhood, and declare in the face of her oppressors and a scowling world, 'I will be free.' And no man or set of men, no church, no state, shall withhold from me the realization of that purest of aspirations, inherent in every true woman, the right to rebeget myself, when, and by whom, and under such circumstances as to me seems fit and best."

The *Detroit Free Press* published some years ago a letter written to it by the wife of the spiritualist who founded Free Loveism in this country. An extract runs: "My husband has been a believer in the free-love doctrine for about three years. A year ago or more he left home, ostensibly upon business, but he only roamed around in search of free-love companions; having found a small number of which, he took them to Berlin, Ohio, and founded the infamous den of lust which now exists there. He left me with three little children to provide for, and nothing to do it with but my hands. I have stood for four days in the week over the wash-tub, laboring until my strength has many a time given way entirely, for the sake of a little money with which to feed my children." This is a picture of a home desolated by Spiritualism!

Another illustration of the morality taught by it and we have done. The following is a statement published by Dr. Hatch, the husband of the noted Cora V. Hatch, afterwards Mrs. Daniels: "I have known many whose integrity of character and uprightness of purpose rendered them worthy examples to all around, but who, on becoming mediums, and giving up their individuality, also gave up every sense of honor and decency. Iniquities which have justly received the condemnation of centuries are openly upheld; vices which would destroy every wholesome regulation of society are crowned as virtues; prostitution is believed to be fidelity to self; marriage an outrage upon freedom. . . I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has, during the

past five hundred years, arisen any class of people who were guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the Spiritualists of America."

Thus is Spiritualism arrayed against society and religion. Can it originate from any good source? Is not the assertion that the spirits who hold communion with the living are departed friends—a mother, sister, father—is not such a statement a palpable lie? No human being, acting from himself, could counsel the practices, or proclaim the teachings, which Spiritualism blushes not to counsel and practice. Nature shrinks from the formal, deliberate, boastful approval of crimes and of doctrines that dishonor and debase itself. "For seven years," writes a reformed Spiritualist, the well-known Dr. P. B. Randolph, "I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now firmly persuaded that it was nothing but an evil spirit, an infernal demon, who, in that guise, gained my soul's confidence, and led me to the very brink of ruin." "Five of my friends," he continues, "destroyed themselves, and I once attempted it by direct spiritual influence. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortals moved by these viewless beings! Adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, abortion, insanity—I charge all these upon them!" In view of these appalling facts, is it not idle to ask if there can be anything save unmitigated evil in Spiritualism? Can there be a doubt of the personal agency, temptation, and powers of the evil one, in complete and unobstructed working, in the "darkened circle?"

The flimsy pretext with which Satan strives to cover his work, is, by himself, torn aside. No "departed spirit of a blessed mother" could counsel her son to commit suicide, perpetrate revolting crimes, or request him to wreck his own happiness. The spirits in the circle are devils, not men. No soul can return to earth on an errand without explaining its object, and accounting in some way for its presence. God would connive at a lie if He permitted the evil one to work miracles, utter prophecies, or perform prodigies that could not be recognized as infernal. He has not permitted the Devil to prove even to the Spiritualists the identity of any human spirit. No satisfactory evidence is given in proof of the assertion that the spirit is really what it purports to be. The simple assertion is all that is vouchsafed. Now it is admitted by Spiritualists themselves, Miss Hardinge among the number, that many of the spirits have been detected in "reckless and unmistakable lies;" that "latent evil tendencies are not unfrequently matured;" that "tricky spirits" amuse themselves, in deceiving and hoodwinking mediums; and that "vicious proclivities, particularly of deceit, are perceived in ugly prominence" in many of the "angel band." If it is confessed that the spirits may and do deceive, what belief can be attached to any of their communications, what confidence can be reposed in any of their assertions? From whatever point we view it, Spiritualism thus confronts us as the work and effect of Satan.

Now for the remedy. Who or what can exorcise this spirit? Who except Him that came "to destroy the works of the Devil?" Christ, in His Church, is the mighty Exorcist, the "stronger man who will take away the armor in which the enemy trusts, and who will distribute the spoils." Before the light of the Catholic faith, brightening day by day, over this land, the shadows of Spiritualism will vanish. The Church possesses power over the demons. In her presence they are troubled. They flee before her face. In proportion as she extends her influence that of the demon is lessened. On her altars, He reposes who of old delivered all that were possessed; whose coming into the world broke down the Egyptian idols, and banished Apollo from his shrine. Through His baptism, the soul is freed. His sacraments strengthen men for the contest against the powers of darkness. But His Faith above all is the shield which saves us from the darts of the most evil one. The Church is the only power that can withdraw the unfortunate victims of Spiritualism from the dread fascination of Satan, and place them, "clothed and in their right mind," at the feet of Christ.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Part II.—Chapter XI.

Solitude did not tend to dispel the bitter thoughts continually crowding on Honorine's mind; most painful among torturing reflections was the idea, that not a single being in existence now took the slightest interest in her welfare.

Whilst indulging in this and other equally discouraging meditations, Nannette handed her an immense bundle of various accounts from different tradesmen, who required to know whether there was any chance of their being soon paid, or whether they should be obliged to wait till the house and furniture were sold. Honorine had not yet reflected on the necessity of this step, still, perhaps, doubting the possibility of such utter ruin. It was only on viewing her position in its true light, that she understood clearly the sacrifices she should be prepared to meet. There was one account amongst them which justly surprised Honorine. It was from the cabinet maker who had supplied the greater part of the superb furniture, which Mr. Blamont had purchased and selected, but paid for only in part; the man feeling perfectly secure, had waited patiently, till it should suit the banker's convenience to settle the balance, which amounted to a very considerable sum. He was now Honorine's heaviest creditor, and the circumstance took her completely by surprise. She at once

sent for him to have an explanation. Mr. Devany came quickly; fortunately, he was an honest man, who, though watchful of his own interests, never failed in consideration for those of others. He saw clearly, that in this instance Miss Mason had been doubly victimized by her faithless guardian, and at once offered to take back as many of the articles he had furnished as would pay the debt, and also to allow the original price for them, as they were still quite as good as on leaving his warerooms. His upright conduct inspired Honorine with confidence; desolate as she was, she required advice, and applied for it to Mr. Devany, requesting he would superintend the sale of her house and remaining furniture, so as to enable her to pay all her debts. He unhesitatingly promised to do so, and also to render her any other service in his power.

A short time since nothing could have induced the elegant Miss Mason to hold familiar conversation with a cabinet maker, and now she is compelled to own herself indebted to a person in that position for the first real consolation she had felt since her misfortunes; she was surprised at the effect produced by his kindness, and the confidence inspired by his promises. It would be impossible to form an idea of the comfort she derived from the first words of kindness addressed to her since her reverse, unless, like her, we had been spurned and rejected by all whom we loved and trusted. This consoling train of thought was again disturbed by Jeannette, who, perceiving the desperate state of her mistress's affairs, and convinced the latter had now no chance of becoming Baroness Florval, determined on leaving while she could do so without loss. She asked at once for her discharge, her wages, and the payment of various sums laid out during Honorine's illness.

Honorine was thunderstruck, but concealing her vexation, calmly said she should take a little time to look over the account. The spelling, however, was so extraordinary, that she could make out nothing but the amount at foot, and was quite at a loss to understand how such an enormous sum could have been expended during an illness in which nature had been allowed to act almost unaided. Unwilling, however, to argue the point with the heartless woman, she opened a drawer in her desk to get the sum demanded. To her surprise, it was empty! Careless and thoughtless as she was, she felt perfectly certain that there should have been a considerable sum in it, as, a few days previously to Mr. Blamont's bankruptcy, she received from him 10,000 francs, to make the necessary preparations for her intended marriage. This drawer was fastened by a private spring, the secret of which was known only to herself and Mrs. Montfort. It was impossible to avoid suspecting the latter; her previous acts certainly, in a great measure, justified the suspicion; but as there were no proofs of the fact, Honorine had silently to endure this additional trial. Her situation was now truly distressing, her whole stock of ready money amounting only to five gold pieces, which the claims of Nannette would more than absorb. In this dilemma Honorine had again

recourse to Mr. Devany. She begged he would speedily dispose of some of her jewelry, that she might at once discharge her ungrateful servant. The good-natured man complied with her wish, and also sent her a country girl, who, being used only to plain fare and hard work, would, he thought, be well suited for Miss Mason's present circumstances. She thanked him, and at once hired the girl, secretly hoping that her new servant might become more attached to her than those who had served her in her affluence. She then looked out for a plain lodging, where she might devote herself to study, and live in a style corresponding with her present means. She also selected such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, and disposed of the rest, as well as of all her jewelry, to pay her creditors. Honorine had not yet left her house, and was engaged with these arrangements, when she was told that some members of a family with whom she had been very intimate, had called to visit. Her heart thrilled at the thought of at length hearing the language of affection, and though she could not help feeling that her visitors had been tardy in their manifestations of kindness, she hurried joyfully to the drawing-room to meet them. Instead, however, of their usual friendly greeting, they accosted her with chilling, studied politeness, saying they had only called to inquire the price of some furniture and other valuable articles, of which, they heard, she was about disposing. Honorine's pride was so deeply wounded that she was unable to maintain even the appearance of dignified calmness, and dreading a repetition of such visits, she gave positive orders to admit no one except Mr. Devany. She was not again intruded on, for though several of her acquaintances called to ascertain when the carriages and furniture were to be sold, none troubled themselves about their owner.

"Alas!" exclaimed Honorine in her anguish, "these, then, are the persons whom I welcomed, and whom I was foolish enough to call my friends."

Some hours after this short soliloquy, which had suggested more sensible reflections than she had ever made in her previous life, she was handed the following letter, which came, without any doubt, from a true friend:

"My dear Honorine:

"I have been sadly disappointed at the failure of all my efforts to see you; it would have afforded me so much pleasure to congratulate you on your recovery. My regret at your not being able to see me to-day is the greater, as to-morrow I start with my husband for Italy. Though great the distance that may separate us, rest assured I shall not be the less anxious about everything concerning you, and should you ever feel the want of a friend, remember you have a sincere one in

"Louisa Belmour,
formerly Grenville."

Honorine read this letter several times; she could hardly believe her eyes; she weighed every sentence, but could come to no conclusion, except that each bore incontestable evidence of affection and benevolence. "This, then," she said, "is

the being whom I despised and hated. Can it be possible that, even while I was acting unjustly and unkindly to her, she wished me well, and even loved me? Ah! I remember but too distinctly what she said to me some years since, and how displeased I was with her in consequence. Prophetic words! how fully have they been realized! How painfully have I been taught that riches and beauty are sometimes fatal gifts! When she made the remark, no doubt she adverted to her own mother, by whose sad experience she wished me to profit; and I, foolishly thinking she intended to insult me, rejected the amiable girl's advances, and harshly and rudely refused her friendship when we might mutually have served each other; my wealth might have been useful to her, while her good sense would have taught me to know my faults, and her virtuous example would have stimulated me to correct them. I should be ashamed to see her; having shunned her in prosperity, I cannot meet her in adversity. Honorine threw the letter into the desk, as if to efface the receipt from her memory; but before the day closed, her remorse was again awakened. A few moments later she received another letter, bearing this time the Lyons postmark. She felt sure it must be from Mrs. Blundell; yet, what could a person from whom, in the days of prosperity, she had received only cold advice, have to say in her present circumstance? Conscience whispered that had she listened to that advice, and not refused to see her mother's old and dear friend, she would not now, perhaps, be so unhappy. Quite certain she was going to peruse an unpleasant lecture, and fully expecting a series of reproaches, Honorine made up her mind to submit to the new ordeal, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR HONORINE:

"You will, I trust, pardon my apparent neglect, when assured that I have only just heard of your dangerous illness, and other severe trials. Were it not that I am occupied in attending my only and beloved son, whose illness is of such a nature as to excite painful anxiety, I should at once go to you, and do all I could to cheer and console you. You can easily understand, my beloved Honorine, how impossible it is under such circumstances to leave my cherished child. You cannot, however, I imagine, have any ties or duties to detain you in Paris; come then, dear orphan of my loved Lucy, come to me as soon as possible; my arms are ready to receive you; my heart throbs with impatience for our long-wished-for meeting. Let my house be yours; should my son be spared, your society will add to my happiness; and if I am to lose him, you will soothe my grief, and be as a daughter to me. The Abbé des Roches, my son's tutor, having heard of his illness, came instantly to attend to him. He leaves this to-morrow for Paris, for the purpose of bringing you here, therefore within a few days I expect you both. Every moment appears an age till I embrace you!" . . . .

"Can it be," exclaimed Honorine, tears streaming down her cheeks, "that it is my misfortunes which have produced so great a change in Mrs. Blundell's senti-

ments? This letter breathes the purest and kindest affections; it was not thus that she used to write to Mrs. Montfort. But may not that correspondence have been misrepresented, and in this, as in other matters, have I not, perhaps, been the victim of Mrs. Montfort's schemes?"

A suspicion of the truth flashed on her mind; the more she thought over past events, the more firmly was she convinced of Mrs. Montfort's duplicity, and then revolving in her mind all the particulars of that lady's conduct, from the time she entered her establishment up to their last interview, she could no longer mistake the motives which had influenced her hateful conduct. She now, for the first time, viewed the idols she had worshipped in their proper light, and understood how much happiness she had lost, and how just were the punishments inflicted on her by Divine Providence. But though Honorine at last admitted her faults, and though her mind was a good deal enlightened, she was not yet entirely changed. Her predominant passions of self-love and pride were far from being completely subdued, and to extenuate her own guilt, she attributed her faults to the odious Mrs. Montfort. "I have been following a wrong path," she said, "but it is too late to retrace my steps. The greater my error, the less capable do I feel of humbling myself before those whom I have offended. Were I now to avail myself of their kindness, they might doubt my sincerity, and attribute my repentance to my present destitution." This false shame checked the better feelings of her heart, and Mrs. Blundell's letter was placed with Mrs. Belmour's.

Chapter XII.

Having made up her mind to support herself, rather than accept her friend's generous offer, Honorine hastened to change her residence, so as to baffle the inquiries of the Abbé des Roches. Her preparations were being made; she hired a small lodging in the Rue Picpus, Faubourg St. Antoine, hoping to avoid meeting any of her acquaintance by settling at a distance from their residences, and from the centre of Paris. She would have preferred quitting that city, but that as it had now become a necessity to work for her livelihood, she knew not how to find means of doing so elsewhere. She hastily selected from among some articles of plain furniture, which had belonged to her parents, and had been thrown in a garret as unsuited for fashionably furnished apartments, such as she considered absolutely necessary for her new abode, in which she was quickly installed, having first requested Mr. Devany not to let anything induce him to make known her address.

Her depression was naturally deep and painful on the first evening she passed in this small apartment, which presented so striking a contrast to the splendid mansion she had just quitted. A bedstead without curtains, some straw chairs, a few old-fashioned articles of dark mahogany, the whole illuminated by one small candle instead of a handsome lamp. Oh! it will require time to become accustomed to such a change. Honorine thought it best not to dwell too

long on her melancholy situation, and therefore busied herself in examining the contents of a small chest of drawers, bearing a plate marked with her mother's name. She found great difficulty in opening it, as both the lock, and the key, which was still inserted in it, had become rusty. She was deeply affected at finding several little articles, such as an ink-bottle, seals, &c., which she distinctly remembered having frequently seen in her mother's hands. A small box contained all Mr. and Mrs. Blundell's letters, and these, indeed, breathed the language of pure and true affection. After reading them, Honorine was confirmed in her conviction that a base deception had been practiced on her.

She also found an unfinished letter from her mother to Mrs. Blundell, and concluded that death had prevented the writer from bringing her task to a close. This letter, in all probability, contained the last words Lucy had written; and it was with feelings amounting almost to religious awe, that Honorine perused them. She was particularly struck by the following passage:

"I admit, my dear Matilda, that firm confidence in our divine Redeemer should remove all feelings of terror at the approach of death, teaching us to view it as the passage to that better life purchased for us by the blood of our beloved Saviour. Therefore, as a Christian, I do not fear it; but, Matilda, as a wife and as a mother, can I avoid dreading the moment now so rapidly approaching? Am I not certain that after my death, my husband will know no joy in this earthly pilgrimage? Even his daughter's love will not suffice to console him for the loss of his beloved Lucy. And then that daughter! Alas! dear Matilda, this, above all others, is the thought that shakes my fortitude, and excites my anxiety. Were you in France you would fulfil your promise of watching over her, and my anxious fears would then be considerably allayed. She specially requires a mother's undivided care and attention. Her hasty temper should be checked; but, then, what prudence is requisite in the selection of the means best adapted to correct it? How essential to combine extreme mildness with the firmest determination. When I think of her beauty, her promising talents, and her future fortune, I tremble at the risk of her abusing these gifts. What snares may not avarice and envy lay for her? Perfidious flatterers may lead her to destruction. Ah! my friend, surely it is not wonderful that such thoughts make me shudder at the approach of death?"

"Oh! my beloved mother," exclaimed Honorine, with deep emotion, "how fully has your dreadful prophecy been realized?"

She fell on her knees, and leaning on the desk where her mother's arm had so often rested, she shed a torrent of tears.

During these moments of anguish and remorse, the recollection of her mother, so long dimmed by pride and dissipation, vividly returned, accompanied by a painful consciousness of the contrast between her own life, and the example of that virtuous mother. Again she read the letter, so full of interest to her. At its first perusal the striking feature of her faults had almost

thrown her into despair, and her agitation had prevented her from reading it to the close; it was only on examining it a second time that she discovered this consoling paragraph:

"And yet, my dear Matilda, when I remember that I have dedicated my child to the Holy Mother of God; that in order to secure her more fully the protection of the Queen of heaven, I have allowed her to wear no color but hers; that since her baptism, no matter how weak I felt, no day passed without my saying the rosary for her; in short, when I remember to whom I have intrusted her, and that that loving and powerful mother will watch over her when she has lost her earthly parent, my fears are allayed, and I even reproach myself with them, as an insult to her, whose maternal heart can of all others best excuse a mother's weakness."

Honorine remembered that during her early childhood she had been taught to pray to her heavenly protectress, but that since then she had become careless about it; she could not now avoid thinking that this negligence had caused the Blessed Virgin to desert her, not yet understanding that trials and crosses are to be received rather as marks of God's mercy than as evidences of his anger.

She determined to make every effort to improve, and affectionately kissed her mother's rosary, which she had also found, looking on this unexpected discovery as a favorable omen. She then fervently repeated the "Hail, Mary," and experiencing a degree of calm placidity, to which she had been long a stranger, resumed her investigations. Amongst the furniture which Honorine retained, there was a small book-case which had also belonged to her mother; she examined all the books in it, but accustomed as she had been to nothing but frivolous and light reading, she could not at once enjoy or appreciate these, which were chiefly works of piety. Her attention was, however, attracted by some volumes, more elegantly bound than the others; these were Meditations on the Gospel, by the Abbé Duquesne. Few works could have been more suited to Honorine, who stood so much in need of religious instruction. In the fly-leaf of the first volume were these words, in her mother's handwriting:

"Presented to Lucy Delmer by her father, on the day of her marriage with Ernest Mason. May the divine model proposed to us in this work, and the sacred precepts it contains, ever regulate our thoughts and actions, so that fulfilling the will of God, in all things, we may be the objects of His benediction in this life, to be reunited in His bosom for all eternity."

"Everything here speaks of my parent's Christian sentiments," exclaimed Honorine; "how strange and new those sentiments appear to me! But it is my duty to understand them, and I must try. Oh my father!—oh my mother! obtain for your unhappy daughter even a small portion of that solid piety which was the source of your happiness, and which enabled you to support the trials of this life so patiently. Henceforth this book shall be my guide, as it was yours; each day I will study it, and may the ignorance of my youth be dis-

pelled by precepts which are doubly dear to me from the knowledge that you followed and practiced them."

The sale of Honorine's furniture was to take place the following day; the house had been already valued, and the final arrangements were to be concluded the same evening. She anxiously awaited Mr. Devany's arrival to hear the result of his proceedings relative to the payments and receipts which she had authorized him to arrange in her name. It was on the third day after her removal that this kind-hearted man, having brought her affairs to a close, came to settle with her. The account was not so satisfactory as Honorine had hoped, the sale not having realized anything like the sum expected. Many attended it through curiosity; others would not think of purchasing articles which were still equal to new, and had originally cost an immense price, unless they got them decided bargains.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks there was quite sufficient to pay all Honorine's debts; but after the liquidation of these, there would be little or nothing left for her own wants. Mr. Devany advised her not to pay in full, but to make an arrangement with her creditors.

"No!" said she; "I wish to have done with them at once; perhaps at another time I should be still less able to discharge their claims. As soon as I have no one but myself to think of, I can turn my thoughts to the best means of working for my support."

All her debts were accordingly paid, and there remained to her a surplus only of one hundred francs. Winter was approaching, and the cold was already severe. Honorine calculated that no matter how assiduously she worked, she could not afford to keep either her room or the girl who attended her. The necessity of applying to strangers for aid cost her pride a fearful struggle. Her extreme repugnance to meeting any of her former acquaintances had induced her to limit her search for occupation to the neighborhood in which she now resided, and where she was, of course, unknown. After a considerable conflict she determined to seek a situation in one of the numerous schools in the Marsh and Faubourg St. Antoine, or in one of the wealthy families from whom she had seen advertisements in the daily papers for a governess or companion. Presenting herself as she did, without reference or introduction, she was in some cases rejected almost as an impostor; in others she was kept waiting for a considerable time, and then told to call next day for an answer; on her second call, after a similar delay, she was informed she would not suit. In some instances, a specimen of her accomplishments was required; but her extreme nervousness, and the effect of the cold on her poor benumbed fingers, prevented her doing justice to her abilities as a musician; and she was again unceremoniously dismissed. Each evening she returned more and more disheartened, but was quickly revived by a short, pious lecture, the hope so natural to youth, and the energy of her character. From time to time she prayed, and with prayer hope invariably returned; on one occasion,

as she poured out her heart to God, a new idea struck her, which seemed like a heavenly inspiration. Although she had not cultivated drawing very carefully, yet she had rather more taste and liking for it than for other accomplishments. It now occurred to her that by devoting herself to it as a means of livelihood, she should be enabled to retain her apartments, and be preserved from a recurrence of her late annoyances. She therefore decided on resuming it, and executing copies and original designs for some of the most noted houses in Paris. She at once put this project into execution, and succeeded in getting employment, the remuneration for which was, however, far below her expectations. Her drawings, once so flattered and overpraised, had now to undergo the criticism of selfish shopkeepers, and with it fell the over-exalted opinion she had hitherto entertained of her own proficiency. Nevertheless, she worked on most industriously and perseveringly, hoping by practice to improve.

A few days after, Mr. Devany came to see her, and brought a small sum saved from the wreck of her fortune, which, as her funds were this day particularly low, Honorine received as a gift from Heaven. The good tradesman told her, at the same time, that several persons had sent to inquire her present address; amongst others, the Countess St. Alban, and a respectable old clergyman, who was most urgent to discover her residence. Honorine could scarcely repress her feelings; still she persevered in saying that she had strong reasons for desiring to remain unknown. She entreated Mr. Devany not to betray her, and assured him that by doing so he would deprive her of the comfort she derived from his services, as she would be compelled to change her residence, and conceal its locality from even him. The Countess St. Alban was the person above all others whom Honorine could least endure the idea of meeting; she and her daughter were Mrs. Belmour's most intimate friends, and, therefore, must be fully in possession of her conduct towards that amiable being, and her faults, when contrasted with Louisa Grenville's generosity, must, no doubt, have sunk her still lower in their estimation.

"No!" said she, when again alone, "no, my rebellious heart is not yet capable of enduring pity from those I have insulted. I could not bear to meet any one who might draw a comparison between the present and the former position of Miss Mason. I must remain longer in solitude, reflect, and, it may be, suffer more, before I again mix in the society of the virtuous and wise."

Chapter XIII.

That she might give the more uninterrupted attention to the occupation she had undertaken, Honorine thought it better to retain the servant, who, while she was drawing, could wash and mend her clothes, execute commissions, cook her humble meals, and perform such other duties as the poor orphan had not yet courage to discharge, and would not know how to go about.

One day Jane—this was the servant's name—brought her a bill for

eighty francs, which had just been furnished by a dealer in fancy goods. This man had not heard of Miss Mason's losses till after the sale of her effects, and the division of its proceeds. Hearing that Mr. Devany had been authorized to arrange these matters, he applied to him for her address; but being denied, watched and followed him to Honorine's residence, and having ascertained that Miss Mason lived in that house, he came next day to demand payment. Fifteen francs was all Honorine possessed, but she was in the act of finishing some watercolor drawings which had been ordered. "Jane," said she, with a bursting heart and eyes filled with tears, "tell him I cannot possibly pay this bill now, but in a few days hope to give him the greater portion of it."

"I have waited long enough," said an ill-looking man, who had been waiting on the lobby, and now entered the room. "I must be paid at once, and if you will not do it willingly, I know how to force you." Meantime he took a view of the few articles of furniture in the room, and seemed to calculate whether they would produce sufficient to pay the debt and the costs of a seizure. Honorine tremblingly displayed the fifteen francs, offered him ten, and, to satisfy him about the balance, showed the drawings she was engaged at, promising that his debt should be discharged as soon as she received payment for them. The promise appeased him, and he went away, saying he would call at the end of a week. He returned at the appointed time, and Honorine was ready to keep her engagement; but this unexpected demand nearly exhausted her finances, and obliged her to work still harder to make up the deficiency. Though it could scarcely be expected that a young person in Honorine's circumstances should not bitterly feel the loss of wealth, comfort, and many luxuries, which custom had rendered a necessity; still she led for a short time a calm, and even cheerful life. Her constant occupation left her little leisure for painful reflections on the past, and the fatigue of the day insured her a tranquil night. Her Sundays were spent partly in the church, with her mother's prayer-book, and partly at her own fireside, where she read the meditations on the Gospel, and learned from them to yearn for everlasting happiness. But this interval of repose was not destined to continue; fresh trials awaited poor Honorine. Political disturbances had injured trade; the person for whom she worked declared he was overstocked, and had no further occupation for her; she could not get orders anywhere else, and she was, besides, in debt for the hire of several copies; to seek some other means of existence was clearly unavoidable. Though she never liked needlework, she undertook some from a seamstress, and very soon became clever at it. But diligently as she applied to it, the produce was very small, and insufficient for her wants. It was, besides, an occupation very ill-suited to her actual circumstances, affording no food to the mind, and leaving uncontrolled sway to the imagination. Painful recollections, sad anticipations, perpetually overwhelmed her, and did the more mischief as she had no one to whom

she could communicate her sorrows. These feelings gave rise to the idea of committing the effusions of her overburdened heart to paper, and thus affording to the young, under the form of a tale, the benefit of the lessons which she had learned by sad and painful experience. Having drawn, under fictitious names and in assumed situations, a vivid representation of the attractions presented by the world at her outset in life, the neglect she afterwards encountered enabled her to paint, in still more glowing colors, its ingratitude and deceit. Her trials rendered her eloquent, for who can so truthfully delineate affliction as those who have themselves tasted the bitter cup? Dividing her time between manual and mental labor, Honorine rejoiced to find her work drawing to a close. All she now required was a happy termination to her heroine's career; but this was her greatest difficulty; to her, happiness was but a phantom, and it seemed as though her pen refused to trace its representation. The first part had been written rapidly and naturally, but the conclusion required a studied effort.

Before she had decided this point, poor Honorine was taken ill, and was obliged to desist from her labors. She was confined to her bed for several days, and continued for a length of time in a state of such extreme exhaustion as to prevent her making the slightest exertion. Thinking she was now on the brink of eternity, she seriously reviewed the errors of her life. The expiation to which she had been subjected seemed insignificant, when compared with what she had deserved. Her poverty, her sufferings, now became precious to her, and she firmly resolved, should her painful existence be prolonged, to endure with more perfect resignation all future trials. The prospect of the eternal happiness destined to reward these passing sufferings, strengthened her disenthralled heart, and she arose with renewed courage, determined to study her religion more thoroughly, and, difficult as the task might be, to delay no longer her reconciliation with the Almighty.

Her funds were completely exhausted: not one of the works began before her illness was finished, but during the leisure it forced upon her, new ideas arose, and furnished a conclusion to her tale. As soon as she had finished and carefully revised it, being still too weak to go out, she sent it with a letter to a very respectable bookseller. Feeling quite sure that her work would suit, she begged him to look over the manuscript, and stated that she would call in a few days to learn his opinion. She indulged in pleasing hopes while waiting his decision, which she felt persuaded must be favorable; she fancied how much more remunerative this tale would be than her needlework, and while hurriedly finishing some pieces she had in hand before her illness, was already planning new literary works, the success of which was to place her in an independent position, and establish a reputation for her that would completely obliterate the contempt entailed by her faults and misfortunes. Thus was her poor mind continually seeking illusory consolation, and foolishly clinging to phantoms. She soon,

however, rejected these thoughts as remnants of her old pride and self-esteem, and admitted that she was not yet sufficiently subdued, but deserved further humiliation. On a bitterly cold and gloomy morning, after taking a bit of dry bread for her breakfast, she set out to ascertain the fate of her manuscript. On her way she called to the seamstress with the work she had so long in hand, hoping that her illness would fully excuse her want of punctuality. Her employer, however, was terribly displeased, and would not listen to her explanation; she had lost, she said, the opportunity of selling this article, which was now out of fashion, and peevishly throwing the ten francs, which she had agreed to pay for it, on the counter, sharply told her she had no more work for her.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

WITHIN the last few years much has been said and written concerning the Pope's temporal power—his civil authority over certain states constituting a secular domain or kingdom. This sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff has been, as we all know, of late most violently assailed in theory and in fact, and, at the present moment, our Holy Father Pius IX is actually despoiled of his temporal power. Under these circumstances, the question of the Pope's civil rights has become one of vital importance. The Pontiff himself, and the Bishops of the Church, and many able Catholic writers have proclaimed and vindicated these rights. Their legitimacy and necessity have been established by historical and other arguments abundantly conclusive. I do not intend doing this work again, although I must go over some of the same ground in connection with the object which I have proposed to myself in this paper. In all controversies, whether between Catholics and non-Catholics, or among Catholics themselves, it is of great moment that the *state of the question*—the *status quæstionis*—should be accurately defined. The neglect of this leads to confusion of ideas, mutual misunderstandings, and often very serious errors. Champions of a good cause frequently commit great mistakes, regrettable enough in themselves, but more so on account of the advantage they afford to the adversaries of truth.

In endeavoring to settle this question, we need not particularly address ourselves to those whom we agree in considering as real adversaries of the truth—whether they be excusably so or not. We are not fighting with them. But we have no occasion to whisper. We may let them overhear us, and we may gain a good deal by this even in our contest with them. It has been said before now, and said truly, that with regard to the more serious matter of the conversion of Protestants, they may often be influenced more by hearing sermons addressed to Catholics than by con-

troversial discourses. "It seems to me," says Canon Oakeley, "that the best kind of controversy in popular preaching is that which, by giving a clear statement of true doctrine, indirectly condemns its opposite."*

I will, first of all, cite from ecclesiastical documents three passages, in which the necessity of the Pope's temporal authority is asserted, in two instances by the Pontiff himself, in the third by a large number of Bishops.

Pius IX in an encyclical letter dated the 18th of June, 1859, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Church, speaks as follows: "We publicly proclaim that a civil princedom is necessary to this Holy See, that it may be able to exercise its sacred power without any impediment; which civil princedom, indeed, the artful enemies of the Church of Christ are striving to take away from the same (Holy See)," &c.

Again in Apostolical Letters of the 16th of March, 1860, he says: "Since the Catholic Church, founded and instituted by Christ the Lord to procure the eternal salvation of men, has, by virtue of its divine institution, obtained the form of a perfect Society, it ought consequently to possess such liberty that in the exercise of its sacred ministry it should be subject to no civil power; and because in order to act freely, as was just, it needed defences corresponding to the condition and necessity of the times, therefore, by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence, it happened that, when the Roman empire fell and was divided into several kingdoms, the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ has constituted the head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil princedom, whereby in truth it was most wisely provided by God Himself that, amidst such a multitude and variety of temporal princes, the Sovereign Pontiff should enjoy that political liberty which is so necessary that he may exercise his spiritual power, authority, and jurisdiction throughout the whole world, without any impediment."

The Bishops assembled at Rome in 1862, in an Address to the Holy Father, dated the 9th of June of that year, express themselves thus: "We recognize the civil princedom of the Holy See as something necessary, and manifestly instituted by the Providence of God, nor do we hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things this civil princedom is altogether required for the good and free government of the Church and of souls. It was assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiff should not be the subject, nay not even the mere guest, of any prince, but that, residing in a kingdom and dominion of his own, he should be his own master, and in a noble, tranquil, and venerable liberty should defend the Faith and rule and govern the Christian commonwealth. . . . But to say any more on this so important subject hardly becomes us, who have often heard thee not so much discoursing as teaching with regard to it. For thy voice, as a sacerdotal trumpet resounding through the whole world, has proclaimed that 'by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence it happened that

* The Priest on the Mission, p. 46.

the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ had constituted the head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil princedom.' By all of us, therefore, it is to be held as most certain that this temporal rule did not fortuitously accrue to the Holy See, but by a special disposition of God was assigned to it, and during a long series of years confirmed and preserved to it, with the unanimous consent of all kingdoms and empires and almost by a miracle." This address may be looked on as coming from the whole Episcopate —morally speaking—if we take into account the number of those who signed it at Rome, and of those who gave their adhesion to it from a distance. It may also be considered as expressing the sentiments of the Pope, who fully accepted and approved it.

Having premised these authoritative declarations, I will proceed to consider what is meant by the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, and also the nature or reason of it.

§ I.

Necessity has various degrees and phases. One thing may be strictly necessary to the *existence* of another, as for instance food is for the preservation of animal life on this earth; or it may be necessary only to well-being, as certain comforts are, without which we can absolutely live. Then, a thing may be necessary in particular circumstances, as medicine or change of climate is for the life of some. Again, a means may be necessary for a special end, unless its place be supplied by a different means, equally or more effectual. I may need a horse to make a quick journey, but a railway train will serve me even better. Necessity may be essential, springing from the nature of things, as creation and conservation are for the existence and continuance of contingent beings; or it may be dependent on an order which could be changed. Thus food, though, as I have said, strictly necessary to animal life on this earth, will not be so for man's bodily existence after the resurrection, and could be dispensed with now if such were the will of God.

Is the secular sovereignty of Christ's Vicar on earth necessary for the *existence* of the Church? Would the Church fail were that sovereignty to cease altogether? Would the Church, at least, so languish without it, as to be in a state of imperfection inconsistent with the promises of Christ regarding this His chosen Spouse? Is the temporal power necessary for that well-being which has been manifestly guaranteed to the Church? Is it thus necessary at least *in the present Providence*, taking the phrase *present Providence* not in a very wide, but in a rather restricted sense? Would the final extinction of the temporal power, if permitted, involve, on the part of God, an obligation resulting from His fidelity to His promises, to extend permanently His intervention beyond the limits of what we call, as I have said, in a restricted sense, his present Providence or the present order of Providence? I will not venture just now to answer in the negative; but I confess I do not see a clear obligation of answering in the affirmative. When I speak of *obligation* I allude to the statements on the

subject, made by the present Pontiff and by so many Bishops, statements which, I fully admit, do carry an obligation with them, and which I would not for a moment contravene. That the temporal power is, in a true sense, *necessary*, there cannot be a rational doubt, and this necessity is such as to impose the duty of maintaining that power, on Catholics in general, according to their respective conditions.

Again, I am not forgetting that the Church existed for a considerable period before the Vicar of Christ was a secular sovereign; whence it would seem to follow that the temporal power could not be strictly necessary to the Church, and therefore that it is irrational to hesitate on that point as I have done. Most assuredly the temporal power is not *essential* to the Church, nor did any one that I know of ever say it was. But, without being essential, it might be strictly required for that perfection which Christ is conceived to have promised to His Church as arrived at her maturity. Thus, for instance, there may be a degree of actual Catholicity or universality which, after she had once acquired, the Church could not fall from, consistently with the promises of our Lord, though the Church as truly *existed* before the attainment of that degree as it does now; and further, this amount of Catholicity approaches nearer to being essential than the temporal power even seems to do.

To proceed now with our inquiry. If the temporal power be not strictly and indispensably necessary to the Church, in what sense is it still *truly* necessary? I answer: The temporal power is, in the present order of Providence, decidedly necessary for the *well-being* of the Church, not a superlative well-being, not an extreme prosperity, but a simply congruous condition not more than satisfactory, so that to fall from it would involve a state of some degree of want and distress, though not dissolution or ruin. We say of a man considered with relation to his position in life, whatever it may be, that he has a *competence*, meaning that if he had less he would be straitened, though perhaps he would retain his position. So we may say, the temporal power belongs to the *competence* of the Church. Without the temporal power the Church would not be satisfactorily provided for. She would be unduly straitened.

The Papal and Episcopal declarations which I have cited establish not only the expediency, but the *necessity* of the Pope's temporal power, its necessity, at least, for the well-being of the Church, and that a well-being not of supererogation, but such as is due to the Church, and ought to be possessed by the Church. What is then to be thought of those professing Catholics who pretend that the extinction of that power would be *beneficial* to the Church? Taking into account these declarations, and at the same time the action of the Pope and the sense of the Church manifested in many ways for ages, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a view falls short of heresy, at least of constructive heresy. I do not mean to imply that it is contradictorily opposed to a dogmatic definition on the utility of the temporal power, but that it obviously charges the Church with a very serious error,

doctrinal and practical; for if that view be right the Church is grievously and mischievously mistaken concerning its own condition, and has been so for ages, and such an imputation cannot be cleared of heresy. The denial of the necessity of the temporal power in that mitigated sense of necessity I have endeavored to explain, though not liable to the same charge, is undoubtedly unsound and un-Catholic. Such views on the part of Catholics may be variously accounted for. In some they may be the effect of culpable deception coming from others or from themselves. This as well as other causes is often helped by a certain obliquity of mind akin to partial derangement. Then there is in many a reckless presumption, which makes them adopt, on the most sacred subjects, opinions which strike them as reasonable, without any proportionate examination, and especially without consulting authority. Of course if the Church speaks clearly enough *for them*, being Catholics, they will not hold out; but they easily forget to inquire what the Church has to say, and persuade themselves too at times that the Church *cannot have said* anything that will interfere with their ideas. Vanity, likewise, frequently enters. There is something high-minded and independent in rising above prevalent doctrines. A certain spurious liberality, too, has its share in the work. It is pleasant to tell a Protestant that you are no more a friend of that antiquated institution—the temporal power—than he is. Though, by the way, there are sensible Protestants who, while they object to our religion, think those who profess it are right in maintaining the Roman Pontiff's secular authority. Another element of opposition to this authority is a feeling of jealousy towards the Church, as if she had no business meddling with worldly things. Let the Pope and Bishops and Priests look after the sacraments and the preaching of the gospel. That is their sphere. What have they to do with government? This is an affair of nature and the natural man.

But all these adversaries of the necessity of the temporal power should remember among other things, that the Pope too is a man, and that his priesthood does not disqualify him from understanding and doing the work a layman could perform. On the contrary, the special studies of an ecclesiastic are largely concerned about those principles of morality which ought to be the basis of secular government. I fully admit that temporal sway is not, as a general rule, the business of the ministers of Christ, and it is very undesirable that they should be extensively engaged in affairs of this nature. But in a particular—a singular—instance, where there are special reasons recognized by a long series of Popes, and, I may say, by all the present Bishops and the immense majority of Catholics generally, where there are, I say, special reasons, the temporal government of a small state by a Bishop, who is supposed to be an intelligent man, and who if not an ecclesiastic would probably be considered better qualified than many lay sovereigns, is certainly not a subject of rational complaint.

The Church of Christ is a vast organized independent Society, in-

stituted for spiritual and religious ends, with laws and a legislative power of its own, with authorized magistrates and officers and tribunals, having too from God temporal rights as to the possession and acquisition of worldly goods, and possessing actually temporal goods necessary or useful for its maintenance and administration. This Society is spread over the earth and divided into many sections, partly, though not necessarily, corresponding with the natural and with the civil divisions of countries, but still one Society. Of this entire Society the Roman Pontiff is the supreme Head on earth, having and exercising jurisdiction over all parts of the Church. His power is of divine institution. He is in the strictest sense *by Divine right* Ruler of the Church. All Catholics recognize his sovereign authority in faith, morals and discipline. He can and does make laws for the whole body; he enacts, repeals and modifies ecclesiastical statutes, whether general or local; he grants dispensations even where no one else can; he confers, withdraws, restricts spiritual jurisdiction throughout the world. He is the Supreme Judge not only of controversies concerning faith and morals, but also of ecclesiastical causes, which come before him either in the first instance or by way of appeal. The whole of this intervention is based of Divine right, and is at the same time actual and practical in the highest degree. Now, in the exercise of the Pope's duties we have to consider several circumstances which will be found to have a bearing on the question before us.

1. The Pope has to keep up a constant intercourse with all parts of the Church by letters and documents.

2. The Pope has to keep up a constant or very frequent intercourse with all parts of the Church by means of persons, either sent by him to various places, or summoned by him to his place of residence, or coming to him to treat of causes or other affairs which cannot be otherwise satisfactorily arranged. The place in which the Pope resides permanently is, in a very true and practical and necessary sense, the capital of the Christian World. This is and has been the case with regard to Rome, not merely because the Pope is Bishop of Rome, but because the Pope has usually resided at Rome. During the comparatively short period when the Popes resided at Avignon, though still Bishops of Rome and retaining the temporal dominion of Rome, and for part of the time of Avignon also, we may say that the capital was in a certain sense divided.

3. The business to be done in the government of the whole Church cannot be done without a variety of public offices and officials, tribunals and judges, commissions, &c.; in a word, without a large staff and large accommodation for the various departments. The Pontiff too must have a permanent council to advise him on the dogmatic and moral questions on which it is his duty to pronounce.

4. The fulfilment of his office necessarily entails on the Pope

very considerable expenses. Abstracting even from state and pomp and from the exercise of hospitality, so obviously congruous in his position, the machinery, so to speak, of central ecclesiastical government necessarily involves a large outlay

5. The Pope's action extends itself to every country, and this action is by no means unimportant or little felt. He necessarily has to treat with sovereign princes, for the sake of themselves and of their people, and he has to treat with the people too, who are their subjects. The questions to be settled and the arrangements to be made are often of great moment in the eyes of the various states concerned. In such transactions it is necessary that the Pontiff should be a free agent, and that he should be believed and known to be a free agent. Even when the Pope is independent, as he has habitually been for many centuries, there are jealousies enough to be dealt with. How much more so if he were not!

These few circumstances which I have stated contain pretty obvious and strong reasons why the Pope should be a temporal sovereign. He must be either a sovereign or a subject of some secular prince. Suppose Rome actually ruled over by King Victor Emmanuel II, as unfortunately it is at this moment. Set aside the violent state of things which prevails there just now; set aside the insufficiency and baselessness of the pretended guarantees which are spoken of; set aside the absurd phantom of independence which the Pope is asserted to possess, whilst he is in reality a prisoner in a palace which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is not recognized by the Piedmontese authorities as his. Suppose the Pope legitimately a subject of the so-called Italian monarch. Suppose him treated as such, treated honestly, treated kindly. He is then a subject civilly of Victor Emmanuel. He is at the same time Head of the Church. Before going further, there seems to be an incongruity in this combination. The condition of a subject of one king does not go well with that of Spiritual Ruler of the vast body of Christians who are subjects of the Pontiff, and with whom he has to deal as such. Then, he has to hold communication at least by letter with the Sovereigns and Bishops and people of the various countries, whatever be their political relations towards the Italian king. He may, besides, get into differences with the Italian king on ecclesiastical matters, as he may with any other, and these differences will easily be of more moment in themselves than what might occur between the King and a Bishop, and independently of this greater importance, if they lead to a persecution of the Pope, it will be an infinitely worse matter both for that particular kingdom and for the Church than if another Bishop were maltreated.

The second circumstance among those I enumerated was the personal intercourse of the Pope with men of all nations, with Bishops, Priests, Laymen, and even Sovereigns or their representatives. No doubt an Italian or English nobleman may receive occasional visits

from foreigners whose admission into the country is not objected to by the government; but if he held a position not given him by government, not dependent on government, and in virtue of which, as a matter of right, he could insist on receiving at pleasure men of whatever rank and from whatever country, it would be a very strange state of things and often not a little embarrassing.

The third circumstance of those enumerated was the staff of official persons necessary for the Pontiff's spiritual government, with their offices and tribunals. The Pope must have chief ministers and subordinate ministers and judges, in a word all the machinery required for the exercise of an extensive, supreme, and complicated rule. A simple subject of the Italian king must have surroundings of this nature; he must have a large governmental system at full work in the capital city of the kingdom, or in *a* city of the kingdom whether it be the civil capital or not. This is undoubtedly a very peculiar combination, rather an anomalous condition of affairs both for Pope and King.

The fourth circumstance of those enumerated was the necessary revenue of the Pontiff. Where is it to come from? Is the Pope with his *Curia* to be maintained by the secular government of that one country? Such an expense would be a serious item in the budget, for the support of a central authority with which that government has no more to do than any other. However, if the government were able and willing, and perpetually able and willing to afford such a subsidy on a generous scale, well and good. But supposing that the Italian government did not come down so handsomely, where else is the Head of the Church to look for his support and that of his administration? Is it to the contributions of the faithful throughout the world? This might do for a short time. But it would not answer for the Pope to be, as a rule, maintained by subscription. Contributions of this kind are by their nature uncertain, especially when coming from great distances and not capable of being satisfactorily enforced.

The last circumstance which I have set down is the necessity of the Pope's being independent and being known to be so. If any office demands liberty of action it is that of Head of the Church. From the nature of the interests involved and the position the Pontiff holds in reference to those interests, his perfect freedom is of vital moment. It is also necessary that all the princes and people with whom he treats should believe him to be free. Otherwise their confidence in him and their very respect for his acts will be imperilled. Now, so long as the Pope is a subject of the king of Piedmont or any other king, his independence is not permanently assured, and is not in fact complete for any given time. It is quite possible to conceive the Pope as a subject placed for awhile in an apparently and, to a certain extent, really favorable position. There may be, especially at the beginning, a certain respect real or pretended for the Pope himself and for existing compacts; but even at this stage, without an open rupture, how much embarrassment,

how much vexatious interference are in the power of a government towards one living within its territory! There will very soon be an end to independent action, and still more to the belief in other countries that it exists. Nay, when harmony does subsist between the Pope and the King, when the Pope is in all good faith left free, will other governments and peoples be assured that such is the case? Will the Pope himself be without anxiety regarding what may happen, will he have a thorough sense of independence? Let us look at governments such as they are and such as they have been. I have no hesitation in saying, and I have no fear of being contradicted by any thorough and at the same time well-informed Catholic, when I say, that no secular government of modern times, and, I will add, of any times, has ever long continued to be such that the Pope could be reasonably content to live under it, or the Faithful throughout the world could be reasonably content to see him its subject.

Some would say that though the Pope ought to be independent, he need not have any notable extent of territory. The city of Rome alone or with a narrow border around the city would suffice. Let him be supreme temporal ruler within these limits. He will then be the subject of no king, and can have about him all the appliances he needs for his government of the Church. There are, I conceive, obvious reasons to prove the insufficiency of such a provision.

First: the sovereignty of a miniature state, such as that suggested, is both too exceptional and too contemptible to be consistent with the Pontiff's position. The boundaries apparently signified by the terms used would not leave room to the Pope for a fairly long drive within his dominions, nor to him or his wealthier subjects for villas, nor to his people for the growth of crops and the feeding of cattle for the support of the inhabitants of the city. The very markets would be supplied from some other kingdom, and so on. Let it not be said that I am raising up a fictitious difficulty for the pleasure of overturning it, namely, imagining a restriction of territory that is not dreamed of. No such thing. We all know there are those who would leave the Pope a nominal sovereignty, and give him less ground than I have specified in my hypothesis, which is in truth liberal compared with what has been proposed even by those who are more generous than the Piedmontese government, which has seriously talked of independence and sovereignty within almost microscopic limits. But supposing the Pope had to himself a small province, such a realm would not be befitting his dignity. If the Pope is a sovereign he ought to have a real kingdom, small it may be, but large enough to hold its place among independent states.

Again: the Pope's temporal dominions ought to be sufficiently extensive to supply a competent revenue for his expenses without any excess of taxation. These expenses must be considerable, though taking all things into account they have been in fact moderate, while the burdens of the people were easy to bear, and very far lighter than those placed on them at this moment. In

order that the Pope may be congruously supported in his dignity, and may be able to defray the charge of his civil and ecclesiastical departments, he requires a revenue that cannot be derived from a very small state. As I have already said, the habitual dimensions of the Papal territory have varied comparatively little since the eighth century, so that it would seem their measure had been pretty nearly determined by the same special Providence to which the sovereignty itself is to be attributed.

I pass by the enormous usurpation committed in the seizure of Rome, and of what remained to the Pope of his states until last September. I will suppose that the power pretended now to belong to the so-called king of Italy and his government and parliament is legitimate, and will merely call attention to the actual and prospective posture of affairs in that supposition. The king is said to have faith and a certain amount of conscience, which makes him very uneasy; but he is a weak man, more or less a puppet in the hands of whatever ministers he can get. These ministers are unscrupulous and leavened, as is the parliament in a still greater degree, with revolutionary principles; whilst bad as the whole legislature is, it is controlled by a faction still worse than itself. The Mazzinian party would willingly do away with kings as well as popes; but tolerates, and to a certain extent supports, for the moment, a system which cannot quite yet be satisfactorily overthrown. The King—for all that he is worth—and the government, and the parliament, pretend to some regard for the Pontiff, and have been constructing plans for what they call his independence, and still less intelligibly a sort of sovereignty. The *guarantees*, as they are termed, form a leading feature in this plan. Now what is to be said of these guarantees? Just three things: first, that they are thoroughly inadequate: secondly, that such as they are, they may be any day repealed or curtailed by the authority whence they proceed: thirdly, that even while they retain a legal existence, they are sure not to be observed. In the meantime, as an earnest of the blessings the Pope is to look forward to in his new temporal position, all kinds of insult and obloquy are heaped upon him in Rome itself, with, at the very least, the connivance of the Italian authorities. A great deal of language has been used at Florence, from the king down, which viewed in itself may be justly qualified as hypocritical, but which taken in conjunction with other words spoken and deeds done there and at Rome, seems to fall away from that character, if hypocrisy implies an earnest attempt to deceive.

Let any naturally honest man, Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan, say whether the Pope will be independent under Italian rule, independent in the way in which the interests of the Catholic Church demand. Of course, among those to whom I appeal, there are many who think there should be neither Pope nor Popery in the world, and not a few who believe that even while these things do exist, the worse off they are the better, though this latter opinion is far from being shared by all the adversaries of our faith.

But the question before us regards not the truth of Catholicity, but the need of the Pope's independence for the Church, and what kind of independence it should be. In treating this question, I have made the most favorable suppositions as to the possibly generous mode of proceeding of a temporal sovereign towards the Pope who should be his subject; suppositions which, if their realization could be permanently secured, might make the views of our opponents in a certain degree plausible. But it would be hard to expect their realization even for a time, and still harder to obtain a security for its continuance. In the practical instance of the present day, the beginning is so bad that we need not look to any future deterioration to ground an argument against the state of things. The present position of the Pontiff under the sway of Sardinia, passing by the injustice of the usurpation, affords an emphatic illustration of what may be the effects of the Pope's loss of his temporal power.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman,—what are they?
The right to labor, love, and pray;
The right to weep with those who weep,
The right to wake when others sleep;

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear,
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair;

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to *that* within the veil;

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless;

The right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love, and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days;

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys
And wing its flight for Heavenly joys;

The right to live for those we love,
And suffer much that love to prove;
The right to brighten homes of earth
With pleasant smiles and gentle mirth.

Are these thy rights?—Then use them well,
Thy holy power no voice can tell;
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast *enough* to answer for!

Are these thy rights?—Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given;
Life's duty done,—thy rest in Heaven.

THE BEGGAR OF THE CHURCH STEPS.

Not long since an old beggar, named Jacques, was in the habit of placing himself daily at the gate of a church in Paris. His manner, tone, and language showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow-paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as the persons attached to the parish.

Every morning, for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life.

Only one thing was known. Jacques was never seen to set his foot within the church; yet he was a Catholic. At the time of the religious services—when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion; when the incense, ascending above the altar, rose with the vows of the faithful towards heav-

en; when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled Christians—the beggar was always seen mingling his prayers with those within the church. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune or profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the Church he might have been taken for some great criminal, condemned in penance for sin to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass like a shade through the midst of the living.

A certain priest used to repair to that church every day to celebrate Mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of a good private fortune, his great joy was in bestowing abundant alms on all who were in distress. The beggar had become endeared to him, and every morning the Abbé Paulin de Saint C—— accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income to the poor beggar.

One day Jacques did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbé, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his usual charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The priest was astonished at the sight he beheld: there was a strange mixture of luxury and misery in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the bolster; two pictures, richly framed and covered with crape, were placed on a whitewashed wall; a crucifix in ivory of beautiful workmanship was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with Gothic carvings; and among a few worn-out volumes lay a Mass-book, with silver clasps—all the rest of the furniture announced frightful misery.

The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with accents full of gratitude the latter cried out—

"Father, you are, then, kind enough to remember an unhappy man?"

"My friend," replied the Abbé, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones. I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar. "My death is approaching: my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience!—have you any great sin to repent of?"

"A crime—an enormous crime: a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation: a crime beyond pardon."

"A crime beyond pardon! that is impossible. The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime—what has he to hope for? Pardon? There is none for me."

"Yes, there is," cried out the priest, with enthusiasm; "to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. My dear brother, if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine goodness: it will not abandon you."

"Hear my story, then," rejoined the beggar, "and you will admit that my crime is so great, I should not dare to hope for mercy.

"The son of a poor farmer, honored with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be *valet-de-chambre* to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition: I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I had just reached my twenty-fifth year, when the first revolution broke out in France. My mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period, my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation.

"I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from crime. The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in the castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in obscurity. I followed them as a child of the house.

"Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France; nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together tranquil and unknown.

"Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer is myself.

"The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. The trial commenced. The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found who was their confident, who perverted even the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness,—I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son, an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and curse his assassin, if he ever knew him.

"Resigned, and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the 9th Thermidor.

"A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified, and his zeal was rewarded. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful injustice

of those times had its course. This wicked informer, I am he.

"At the close of the day, by torchlight, the fatal cart transported that noble family to death. The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a heroic and Christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears, and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. As it was late, the executioner, tired with his task, intrusted this to an assistant. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the assistant on the way begged the aid of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man is myself.

"The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles still deposited here around me are the witnesses of my guilt. After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul.

"No project, no enterprise, no labor of mine was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming. So poignant, that despairing of Divine goodness, I never dared to implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, dear father, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters; here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, these veiled portraits were all taken from my victims. Oh, how long and profound has my repentance been! but how powerless. 'Father, do you believe I can hope for pardon from God?'"

"My son," replied the priest, "your crime, no doubt, is frightful; the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims. A whole life passed in tears is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are infinite. Rely on the inexhaustible goodness of God. I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by new life, rose from where he lay, and knelt down and continued his confession.

The Abbé was about to pronounce the powerful words which loose the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait. Before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruits of my crime. Take these things, sell them, distribute the price to the poor."

With hasty movements the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold," said he, "behold the august images of my master and mistress."

At this sight the Abbé Paulin let these words escape him: "My father!—my mother!"

Immediately the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of these objects, seized upon the soul

of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell prostrate upon the bed. His face covered with his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar overpowered, not daring to lift up his eyes to the son of his master, his now terrible judge, cast himself at his feet, bedewed them with his tears, and repeated in a tone of despair:

"My master!—my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out—

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! Father, dispose of my life! What vengeance will you take?"

"Vengeance!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words; "vengeance! Unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beybnd pardon? I knew it well that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye. There is no forgiveness for me; no more pardon; no forgiveness."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached to the soul of the priest, recalling him to his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of a son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strongest accents of emotion:

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grants you His pardon. Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family.

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet; the latter stretched out his hand to raise him up. He was no more!

AN HUMBLE HEART.

THE Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest humble heart,
An humble heart, His residence! pronounced
His second seat; a rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
Of noble, far the noblest of our lives!
Whose worth unrivalled, and unwitnessed, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And Peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER was born in the castle of Xavier, in Navarre, on the 7th of April, 1506, and, according to the best informed authorities, the blood of kings flowed in his veins. At the age of eighteen he was sent to the University of Paris, then the most celebrated in Europe, where he entered on the course of philosophy. There he distinguished himself by the most assiduous application and the most brilliant progress.

Ignatius Loyola was then residing in Paris. He and Francis saw each other, and there began their acquaintance. Nevertheless, Francis was far from appreciating the merits of Ignatius. Day after day the latter repeated to Xavier these words of our Lord: "What shall it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" At last these words sank into Xavier's heart, and on the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, he, with five other companions, stood before Ignatius, and in his presence made a vow to abandon all his earthly goods and proceed on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; or, if this journey could not be undertaken, to go and throw himself at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, and declare his willingness to serve the Church in whatsoever region of the world it might please his holiness to appoint.

Towards the decline of the following year, Xavier set out from Paris with Le Fevre, Laynez, Salmeron, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, and three other theologians, whilst Ignatius, who, for particular reasons, had preceded them, awaited them at Venice. Thence they proceeded to Rome, where they were to remain till the pilgrim ship was ready to sail for the Holy Land, according to custom. Meanwhile war was declared between the Turks and the Venetians, and this circumstance prevented them embarking for Palestine. Xavier reconciled himself to this disappointment, and now devoted himself to the performance of every sort of good works. In order to discharge them more worthily, he set about preparing himself for priesthood, and as soon as he was invested with the sacred character of the ministry of Jesus Christ, he redoubled his zeal, spending all his time preaching, distributing alms, visiting the sick, and by every means within his reach solacing their souls and bodies.

In the meantime, John III, king of Portugal, being desirous to procure missionaries who would carry the light of the faith to India, had applied for this object to the pontiff, through his ambassador. The pope referred the matter to Ignatius, who named Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese, and Nicholas Bobadilla, a Spaniard. But as the latter had fallen sick, it was Francis Xavier who was chosen to replace him.

"Xavier," said Ignatius to him, I have named Bobadilla for the Indians; but Heaven names you today, and this I announce to you on the part of the vicar of Christ. Go,

from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of Mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no school-boy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by St. Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds; but we have not many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him, by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created, for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting everywhere such knowledge as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca,—if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom."

Xavier having learned that the Japanese were very numerous, docile, and susceptible of the truths of Christianity, he determined to go and kindle the faith in Japan. Vainly did people try to dissuade him; vainly did they affirm that Japan was 1300 leagues distant; that its seas, abounding in shoals, were infested by pirates, and that the terrible winds called typhoons dealt destruction over their whole extent. "Truly," remarked the holy missionary, "I am astonished at your seeking to deter me from going to save souls, when you yourselves do not fear to encounter all these perils for the sake of temporal gain. Surely a merchant should not be more courageous than a missionary!" August 13th, 1549, he landed at Cangoxima, the native place of Paul of Holy Faith. Nearly all the Japanese were idolators. Some of them adored the stars, some the ancient kings, called *Gamis*, and others prostrated themselves before devils, whom they represented in the most terrible forms. Others of them believed in the transmigration of souls. Xavier proceeded prudently. He conversed with the Bonzes (the doctors and teachers of those people), and assured them that he wished them well. But the Bonzes no sooner saw the results produced by his preaching, than their kindly dispositions were turned into deadly hatred, so that Xavier was obliged to quit Cangoxima, where he left many Christians fully resolved to lose their lives rather than abandon their faith. Thence he proceeded to Firando, where in less than twenty days he baptized a vast multitude of infidels. He intended going to Meaco, the capital of Japan, but on his arrival at Amanguchi, the principal city of Naugato, he was so much affected by the widespread corruption of the place, that he could not bring himself to pass it by without preaching Jesus Christ. He stayed there a month,

and the only result of his labors was cruel persecution.

After a painful journey in the midst of snows and rains, over mountains and deserts, he reached Meaco in the month of February, 1551. Here his preaching was not blessed with the results he desired, but he opened a highway for his brethren who in subsequent years were to establish Christianity in these regions. Returning to Amanguchi the conversions became day by day most numerous. "Never," said he, "did I taste such consolations, as at Amanguchi. Oh, that the youth now studying in the academies of Europe could only know the delights I have experienced in converting an idolatrous people! If they did, they would come at once to share in the blessings of the holy work." He remained in Japan about four months, and left it in 1551.

On the 2d of December, 1552, aged forty-six years, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator, joyfully repeating those beautiful words of the Psalm, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, let me not be confounded forever!"

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.

NONSENSE: it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which joys and successes, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you: it is always worth while to remove prejudices; for to show the fallacy of aught that is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to "live at the bottom of a well."

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers, and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one—all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deposed; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen; he would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary

guest at hand for exigencies, than be placed under the cloud of the dreaded thirteen. Ask him why; he can only say it is "unlucky." Ask him why it is unlucky; he can only say, "because it is." In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age; another, the current year of the Christian era; another, the year in which he was born; another, the number of pounds in the greatest prize; another, a number revealed to him in a dream.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either as lucky or unlucky days; sometimes only in the thoughts of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published two centuries ago, something midway in character between Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and the *Young Man's Best Companion*, in which it is said: "Six dayes of the year are perilous of death; and therefore philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink: that is to say, January 3, July 1, October 2, April 30, August 1, December 21. These six dayes with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly the latter three, for all the veins are then full. . . . If any child be born in these three latter dayes, they shall die a wicked death." In an old Roman calendar, on the 13th of December prognostications of the weather were drawn for the whole year. Another old weather-book asserts that the feast of St. Barnabas and the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude are often tempestuous days. A writer of the Elizabethan times enumerated no less than sixty "unlucky" days in the year; the month of January was especially unfortunate in the matter; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the doleful catalogue. The ancients had their *dies albi* and *dies atri*—"white days" and "black days." St. Augustine, in commenting on a passage in St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to those persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative positions of the planets, or to the year being leap-year, &c. There are many old works produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin, enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky: these are January 1 and 7, February 3 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 3 and 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 13, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10; all kinds of miseries—swords, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, drinking to death, treachery, malaria, serpent's venom, scorpion's sting—are associated with these days. To our perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethan writer. A treatise was published in 1687 with the sole purpose of proving that the 14th of October is a lucky day; because

"our magnanimous magnificent sovereign, James II, was born upon that augural day; because that day

> Gave the Norman duke
> That victory when he England's sceptre took;

because Edward III safely landed on that day after his tempestuous voyage from France; because the siege of Calais by the French king was frustrated on that day; and because on that day, in 1557, a treaty of peace was signed between Rome, France, and Spain. When a date is said to have some connection with a particular state of the weather, the assertion is worthy of a little more attention; since modern meteorologists have found themselves justified in looking out for meteors on certain days in August and November, and since the sun's place in the ecliptic may have much to do with the weather: therefore, when it is stated that the feast of St. Barnabas, and that of St. Simon and St. Jude (June 11th and October 28th) are likely to be stormy days; or when it is stated by Dr. Forster in his *Perennial Calendar*, that the 15th of September is fine in six years out of seven—the assertion may possibly rest rather upon science than upon superstition.

Particular days of the week, again, have had their lucky and unlucky attributes in the minds of some persons. Stow remarks that Thursday was connected with many disastrous events in the career of Henry VIII and those of his line. A book published during the reign of Charles I, discoursed on the unlucky characteristics of three Mondays in the year, namely, the first Monday in April, as that on which Cain was born and Abel was slain; the second Monday in August, as that on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the last Monday in December, as that on which Judas was born. In the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, under the heading of Logierait in Perthshire, the inhabitants of the parish are spoken of as being prone to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. "The day of the week on which the 14th of May happens to fall, for instance, is deemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year. In fevers, the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than on other days of the week; if easier on Sunday, a relapse is feared." In the parish of Kirkwall, the same authority states that many of the inhabitants "will neither go to sea in search of fish, nor perform any sort of work at home" on certain days of the year. In Caithness, "no gentleman of the name of Sinclair will put on green apparel, or think of crossing the Ord upon a Monday. They were dressed in green and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the cause of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious. If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is preferred by sea." Supposing these statements to be true, in reference to the time when Sir John Sinclair collected the materials for his valuable work, it would be interesting to know whether the subsequent period has been marked by any changes in the popular belief in question.

But Friday is the unlucky day *par excellence*, according to the opinion

of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays in connection with events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible forever afterwards. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into its cause or authority; we know that the cat breaks everything, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on a Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. The *Statistical Account of Scotland*, already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, "few persons would choose to be married on a Friday." Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday; and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon forevermore. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. In 1848, it was whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudice, a shipowner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday; the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the Amazon West India mail-steamer left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2d, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the Birkenhead troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the Amazon joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated

with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair-play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: "O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!" but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from a newspaper, showing that our great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day: "On Friday, August 21st, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America; this the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, February 22d, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16th, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent." We have not verified these dates; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premiums: all we ask is—*fair-play for Friday.*

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"WHERE shall we sail to-day?"
Thus said, methought,
A Voice—that could be only heard in dreams:
And on we glided without mast or oars,
A fair strange boat upon a wondrous sea.

Sudden the land curved inward, to a bay
Broad, calm; with gorgeous sea-flowers waving slow
Beneath the surface—like rich thoughts that move
In the mysterious deep of human hearts.

But towards the rounded shore's embracing arm,
The little waves leaped, singing, to their death;
And shadowy trees drooped pensive over them,
Like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes.

So still, so fair, so rosy in the dawn
Lay that bright bay: yet something seemed to breathe,
Or in the air, or trees, or lisping waves,
Or from the Voice, aye near as one's own soul—

"*There was a wreck last night!*"
A wreck?—and where
The ship, the crew?—All gone. The monument
On which is writ no name, no chronicle,
Laid itself o'er them with smooth crystal smile.

"*Yet was the wreck last night!*"
And, gazing down,
Deep down beneath the surface, we were 'ware
Of cold dead faces, with their stony eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One stirred with stirring sea-weeds: one lay prone,
The tinted fishes glancing o'er his breast:
One, caught by floating hair, rocked daintily
On the reed-cradle woven by kind Death.

"The wreck has been," then said the deep low Voice,
(Than which not Gabriel's did diviner sound,
Or sweeter—when the stern, meek angel spake:
"See that thou worship not! Not me, but God!")

"The wreck has been, yet all things are at peace,
Earth, sea, and sky. The dead, that while we slept
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no storm:
O'er them let us not weep when God's heaven smiles."

So we sailed on above the diamond sands,
Bright sea-flowers, and dead faces white and calm,
Till the waves rocked us in the open sea,
And the great sun arose upon the world.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

THERE are few churches in France around which historical memories cluster, and which can recall such varied reminiscences of her Monarchy as the time-honored pile that rears her majestic towers, on the banks of the Seine; the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Yet her earliest origin is a matter of some conjecture, and enveloped in doubt. Probably the first Oratory where St. Denis was wont to assemble the neophytes of Lutetia (Paris), was a crypt known but to him and his converts. Religion like its divine master and founder, had for a time to bury itself in the bosom of the earth, but only to burst forth more radiantly and with renewed strength. Persecution, the Catacombs, and Martyrdom are three works that tell of the early glories of our Holy Mother Church.

When Constantine had taken the Cross for his standard, and later on Clovis had followed his example, then peace began to flourish in the provinces, and churches arose within the walls of the city. It was then that the modest Basilica of Paris was constructed on the desert bank of the Seine, where once stood a temple dedicated to Jupiter, and where now stands the magnificent cathedral of which we write.

Being insufficient for the increasing Christian population, this primitive church was replaced by another built in 555 by Childebert, at the desire of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris. It was first dedicated to St. Stephen, but when Robert, son

of Hugh Capet, undertook to reconstruct it, he put it under the patronage of Our Lady. In 875 this church was destroyed. When peace was proclaimed by the conversion of Rollen, another arose from its ruins and stood until the episcopacy of Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1164. This illustrious prelate resolved to build a new cathedral, and animated by the zeal of the people, and the liberality of princes, commenced the foundation of the present church, but died without the consolation of seeing the end of his labor; and two centuries passed ere completion crowned the work.

This august edifice has suffered much from the ravages of time, but more from the hands of man.

Memory, wandering back through the vista of centuries, can review the scenes that passed within the hallowed walls of this glorious cathedral, where the prayers of so many millions have for ages gone up to God. There often when victory had crowned the heroic arms of France, resounded the solemn hymns of praise and thanksgiving. There too we listen in breathless silence and with enraptured ears to the soul-stirring eloquence and fervor of a host of illustrious and holy men now passed from us to their rest. St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Plechier, Bossuet, Père Lacordaire, and Père de Ravignan, are names that shall live on in the annals of the Holy Church, when the great temple that they irradiated with the sunshine of their fervor shall lie low in decay.

And not to be forgotten is the last sad solemn scene witnessed there, the sequel of the tragedy of La Roquette, the obsequies of Archbishop Darboy, the victim of the venomed shafts scattered a century ago by Voltaire and his school.

Oh, France! Thou art still the beautiful, still in the multitude of thy people, the brave, the heroic. Mayst thou again be France the just and the holy, as thou wert when thy illustrious Bishop, Maurice de Sully, laid the foundation of the noble and hallowed edifice of Notre Dame. May the Divine Head of the Holy Church hasten the day when thy people shall again confess Him, and His teaching, as the true philosophy that shall teach them how to live and how to die. Then, and not until then, canst thou, poor fallen France, lay just claim to that noblest of thy titles, "The Eldest Daughter of the Church."

How frail men, things! how momentary both!
Fantastic chase, of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing into death.
There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TO AND FROM THE PASSION PLAY IN THE SUMMER OF 1871. By Rev. G. H. Doane. Boston: Donahoe, 1872. 12mo., pp. 311.

The Passion Play, as most of our readers know, from descriptions given of it in newspapers and magazines, is a sacred drama representing the passion of our Lord, and enacted every ten years in Oberammergau, a village of Bavaria. The war in 1870 interfered somewhat with the play, and so it was repeated last summer. Father Doane, the learned and esteemed chancellor of the diocese of Newark, on a visit he paid to Europe, assisted at the play, and in a charming book of travels, has given us a full and graphic description of it. It is of course written from a Catholic standpoint, and hence its excellence; for the passion play is eminently Catholic, and can be described perfectly only by one who has the same faith that "inspires those who perform this great act of religion every ten years in their secluded mountain valley, as a thank-offering to God for the mercy he vouchsafed to their forefathers in preserving them from the horrors of pestilence, and as an act of faith in the great mystery of man's redemption."

In this necessarily short notice, we cannot hope to give our readers an idea of a drama, which consists of three parts filled with dialogues, choruses, tableaux, and the other accompaniments of a regular play. The tableaux are thirty-seven in number. The play commences at 8 o'clock A.M., and, with an intermission of an hour at midday, lasts until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. In addition to his graphic portraiture of the scenery and dramatic properties of the play, the author cogently defends it as an influence and means of edification and spiritual profit. Protestants that write about it pretend to be shocked at a theatrical representation of such a subject as the Passion of Christ; but Father Doane shows the error of such a view, and proves that, if witnessed in a Catholic spirit and sympathy, the play is recognized as a powerful religious influence.

THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN, AND THE EVENTS OF THE TIME. By Thomas Cannon Pope. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

We regret that this valuable book was not written and published at the time of the convocation of the Vatican Council. In fulness of detail and critical historical knowledge regarding general councils and their work, it is, in our judgment, unsurpassed by any popular treatise on the subject. Besides the theological portion of his book, there is scarcely a point of interest relating to the Vatican Council that is not graphically and duly recorded. The work has a special attraction for all that wish to become acquainted with the Irish institutions at Rome, full details being given of the history of the Irish College and different religious orders of that nationality resident at Rome. The appendix contains a list of the Fathers of the Council, including all who took part therein at any time between December 8th, 1869, and July 18th, 1870. Public events which were in any way connected with the Council, are also described and commented upon. The mechanical execution of the book is fine.

THE FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Boston: Donahoe.

The illustrious prelate discusses, under this title, four of the great evils that afflict the world; viz., the Revolt of the Intellect against God, the Revolt of the Will, of Society, and the Spirit of Antichrist. Each of the lectures is characterized by that deep logical acumen, fine historical criticism, thorough insight into the spirit of the times, and powerful pleading for the cause of Catholicity and religion, which have made the author one of the greatest champions of the

Church in our day. We earnestly commend the book to all classes of Christians, and express our thanks to the enterprise of the publisher, who has placed it within reach of all.

WILD IRELAND. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1871.

This is a series of graphic pictures of mountain life in Ireland. Unlike the generality of such publications, it contains no vulgar prejudice against either the people or their religion. A few of the scenes are rather overdrawn.

BALLADS OF IRISH CHIVALRY. By Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

Mr. Joyce is known as the author of several fine songs, his "Battle of Manney Ford," and "Blacksmith of Limerick" being household words in Ireland and among the people here. In this volume he has collected many other good songs and ballads, few of which, however, approach the beauty or expressiveness of the two mentioned. As illustrative of the chivalrous Irish spirit, they are very interesting, whilst the fund of historical and local information imparted renders the volume a valuable addition to our limited stock of good Irish antiquarian knowledge.

THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM; OR, HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE OF ANCIENT ROME. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872.

Father O'Reilly has done a service to the cause of ecclesiastical literature. English readers have few books descriptive of the sufferings and triumphs of the ancient martyrs, and it is to be hoped, that the author of this excellent martyrology will favor us with a continuation, for long as is his list of the martyrs, and thorough as is his account, neither exhausts the subject. The many excellences of the present work show that its author is admirably qualified for such a composition. His manner and style are attractive, his introduction of historic or theological details judicious, and the general treatment of his theme noble and elevated. The publishers have issued the book in beautiful style.

THE NEW VIEW OF HELL. By B. F. Barret. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1872.

This compound of Swedenborgianism and Rationalism is another illustration of the departure of the former from the principles laid down by its founder. Swedenborg certainly believed in the punishment inflicted on the lost, but this disciple reduced hell to a "state of life" which is by no means so uncongenial or uncomfortable to the reprobate as we have always been taught to believe. Man here may choose his future state, and having entered into it after death, may leave it when he pleases, or as soon as he becomes dissatisfied. The book reads like a parody, or a burlesque of those solemn and awful truths which declare the eternal happiness of the just, and the unending wretchedness of the wicked, in the other life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for 1872. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This welcome annual, with its fund of interesting and instructive information, has been sent us by the publishers. Works of this kind, the accuracy of whose statistics depends so largely on outside co-operation, must be always from their very nature to an extent incomplete and unsatisfactory. The present issue, however, seems fully equal to any of its predecessors, both as to the fulness and accuracy of the returns from the various Dioceses and the alphabetical order of their arrangement.

We trust that the officials who are interested in having this work perfected, as far as can be, will comply with the request of the publishers, and lend a helping hand.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. II, No. 11.—MARCH, 1872.

THE CHURCH AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

THE INJUSTICE OF PROTESTANT CHARGES AND CLAIMS.

ONE of the many amiable weaknesses of Protestantism is its cool impudence in appropriating, without giving credit, Catholic institutions and ideas. With an effrontery that would be exasperating, were it not so ridiculous, its sets itself up as the organ through which the modern world has received all that is pure and true in religion, all that is sound and safe in politics, and all that is noble and enduring in science, art, and letters.

Unabashed by the testimony of history, and waiving with lofty disdain any protest against such a claim, or any objection to its admission, it vigorously chants its own praises, and perpetually celebrates the Reformation as a return of the golden age. By dint of repeating a set of phrases laudatory of its influence on modern civilization, by unscrupulously manipulating history and tradition to suit its purpose, but above all by representing the Church as the enemy of civilization, it has left the impression that our modern refinement, education, progress, and greatness are traced to the Reformation and to Protestantism as to source and cause.

The English language in particular is the medium through which this impression has been communicated. In the hands of Protestant writers, just about the time when it was receiving its settled mould and form, our language was dishonored and disfigured by the introduction into it of words, phrases, and epithets full of anti-Catholic venom, prejudice, and hatred. No language is so rich in Protestant billingsgate; none so well suited to anti-Catholic historians, poets, and general writers. More than a third of our literature is taken up with the praises of Protestantism and the condemnation of Catholicity. There is scarcely an English work written by even a respectable and able Protestant author which does not reproduce this absurdest of absurd ideas that Protestantism has built up our modern civilization.

The general literary superiority of Protestant writings and the fewness of good Catholic works in the language oblige the English Catholic student to pursue most of his

studies in history, literature, and science with works of non-Catholic authorship. He constantly encounters this statement about Protestant civilization, accompanied with an open or a covert denial of the part which his Church has taken in its origin and formation. If he begins a course of historical reading he must include Hume, Macaulay, Robertson, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Gibbon, and others more or less inimical to the Catholic, and even to the Christian name. In poetry he finds well-nigh every bard from Chaucer to Tennyson strike his lyre to some Protestant theme, or bestow on Protestantism praises which rightly belong to the Church alone. Any treatise on society and civilization assumes at the outset the civilizing influences of sectarianism, and the untoward and depressing effects on society which Catholicity in countries wherein it predominates invariably exercises.

All things considered it is not surprising that many of our Catholic young men who, from lack of opportunity, or through indolence, take their knowledge from Protestant sources, have been deluded into the belief that Protestantism is the author and champion of modern civilization, and the representative of the ideas of progress and enlightenment, in opposition to the Catholic Church, which is stigmatized as the unrelenting foe of science, and the uncompromising enemy of social and political improvement. The danger to Catholics who rest satisfied with the trashy literature of popular Protestant magazines and journals is still greater. One who forms his historical judgments from the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, the *Atlantic*, or *Harper's* cannot fail to err egregiously on this point, whilst those who draw their theories and opinions from still less trustworthy sources will risk the loss of their faith and religion. It is vain to warn Catholics against the reading of such books and periodicals. The only remedy is to strengthen them against their attacks.

Not only is the general literature of the country instrumental in fostering this false notion, but scientific and political lecturers keep up the delusion, and add to its strength. A young Catholic cannot attend a lecture, professedly scientific or historical, without having the idea thrust upon him. He cannot drop in of an evening to the meeting of a lyceum or a literary society, and not hear the tiresome theme retold and improved. He will listen to an imaginative gentleman descanting upon the relative civilization of Catholic and Protestant lands. He will be treated to a description of society as it existed five hundred years ago, when there were no young men's Christian association, no Bible, no civilization, no progress; when everything was at a standstill; when the Pope for a trifle would take his keys, and admit anybody to heaven (laughter), when the jolly old monks would work miracles, and charge only a small admission fee; when the printing press, that glorious Protestant institution (applause), was unheard of; when darkness wrapped the minds and consciences of men as a garment; in short, when Roman Catholicism was dominant and universal. The lecturer will then beg leave to transport the

intelligent and courteous audience to a few countries on which the sunlight of the Reformation has not as yet beamed. He will land at Cork (laughter), and, as rapidly as the miserable jaunting-car will carry him, he will visit a few counties in unfortunate, because Catholic, Ireland, he will make a short stay at Donnybrook Fair, and after a few glances at the unspeakable misery and wretchedness of the country, all owing to Catholicity, he will cross the Channel to noble, glorious, Protestant England, with her smiling fields, her great marts, her unparalleled civilization, all the result of her religion (applause). Kissing his hand to Scotland, he will hie to France, poor, miserable, Catholic France; but afraid of the Communists, the legitimate offspring of Catholicism, he will cross over to Germany, the native place of Luther, the home of Protestantism, the crown and masterpiece of Protestant civilization. Want of time will prevent him from visiting Italy, but from the Alps he can see the dark clouds of superstition and ignorance that enshroud the land of the Papacy; whilst the Catholic brigands that infest Spain and Portugal effectually prevent his contemplated tour through those miserable Catholic climes. So he will bound back to his own loved country, America, settled by the Puritans, and if he may be permitted to change a line in the national anthem, the land of Protestantism, and the home of her sons.

It is not surprising, we repeat, that our Catholics reading and listening to such rhodomontade will unconsciously come to believe it. The intense reality of Catholicity and the Church makes it hard for her members to think that a religion, be it what it may, can by any possibility be only a huge sham, "sound and fury signifying nothing." It is difficult for a generous, charitable Catholic to convince himself that Protestantism is mere talk, that it is a crude parody on the Church, a mean despoiler of Catholic labors and institutions. Is it possible, he asks, that Protestantism has done no good to civilization, that our modern progress has not been formed and guided by it, that it is not a powerful auxiliary of education and enlightenment?

Let us see what this proud boast is worth. We discover, first of all, that a simple exposition of the idea implied by the word civilization refutes it. To civilize is to reclaim from a savage state. This is the generic idea. If Protestantism, then, civilized modern Europe, it follows that European nations in the sixteenth century were sunk in a state of barbarism, without religion, government, law, literature, or social institutions. The falsity and absurdity of such a statement are too great for even Protestantism to entertain, and so it modifies its claim as author of modern civilization, to the assertion that, through its influence, the modern mind has been freed from certain shackles which, prior to the sixteenth century, impeded its progress in the path of religion, science, and government. As modified the claim admits the existence of civilization prior to the advent of Protestantism. Men were not barbarous, unlettered, ungoverned. Protestantism only removed shackles. What these shackles were it

different from and even contradictory of the other. What was taken from heathen civilization was assimilated. The soul and body of modern civilization were new.

Nor can we admit that uncivilized Europe grew of itself into order and beauty. There must have been a civilizer. Her redemption from barbarism must have come from without herself. Into the chaos in which she was plunged, some principle of order must have been introduced. It is absurd to think that the northern European tribes could have reformed their habits themselves, abandoned their nomadic life, cultivated the arts of peace, or, least of all, subjected themselves to any authority which would check their passions and rebuke their excesses. The testimony of history to the inability of a barbarous people to civilize themselves is explicit and irrefutable. The fact, therefore, that Europe became civilized after the barbarian invasion of Southern Europe had completely obliterated the traces and landmarks of ancient civilization, points to the existence, in Europe, at that time, of some great authority capable of infusing into the chaotic elements a principle of order and control, a principle of religious life, and a principle of social and intellectual culture.

The only institution, the only organization possessed of these principles and capable of carrying them into operation was the Catholic Church, the single great system that did not perish with the Roman Empire. "Just as the Church had subdued the intelligence and refinement of the old Roman Empire," says a Protestant writer, "it was swept away, and she was left alone with its wild destroyers. Her commission was changed: she had now to tame and rule the barbarians. But upon them the voice which had rebuked the heretic fell powerless. While they pressed into her fold, they overwhelmed all her efforts to reclaim them, and filled her from east to west with violence and stunning disorder. When therefore, she again roused herself to confront the world, her position and difficulties were shifted. Her enemy was no longer heresy, but vice—wickedness which wrought with a high hand. It was not the faith, but the first principles of duty—justice, mercy, and truth, which were directly endangered by the unbridled ambition and licentiousness of the barbarian masters of Europe."

Such was the character of the men whom the Church undertook to civilize. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to dwell on all the dark traits of their character, which was formed under the gloomy superstitions of the North, the sway of unbridled passions, and the manifold evil influences of anarchy and ignorance. The names of Goth and Vandal have become synonymous with blind and senseless hatred and contempt of literature, art, and social and religious restraints. The ruin which followed in their track shows them to have been without the faintest trace of refinement or civilization. The North American Indians are high in the social scale compared with those fierce tribes which desolated Europe, and which the Church took in hand. How could she impress any principles of law or right on their lawless and irreligious minds? How could she

persuade them to forego their wandering, warring habit of living, and submit to social rule? How could she light up those brutish minds with the ray of science and letters? Certainly a stupendous work, but she was equal to it. She, and she alone, was the adequate cause of European civilization. A thousand years before Protestantism appeared, the Church laid the foundations of the European state. Can there be greater injustice than to claim for Protestantism the fruits of her thousand years of labor? When Protestantism came, Europe was already civilized, and civilized by the Church.

She began the work by converting the barbarians to Christianity, and thus placing religion as the corner-stone on which the edifice of civilization was to rest. To deprive her of this glory, Protestants speak of the influence of "Christianity" on the early civilization of Europe. Christianity, if not understood to mean the Church, is only an abstract term. The Catholic religion was the only Christianity with which Europe was acquainted for fifteen hundred years before Protestantism, just as it is the only Christianity which will be known fifteen hundred years after it, should the world last so long. To convert barbarian Europe to Christianity was no easy task. We seriously doubt if this conversion could have been effected on the Protestant plan of presenting the heathen with a Bible and a bundle of tracts. It is to be feared that the barbarians would not sufficiently appreciate their value. Besides, printing was as yet uninvented, books were exceedingly rare, and the barbarians had an outrageously unreasonable antipathy to any literary or religious task. In fact, it is fair to conclude that if the modern world had depended on Protestantism for its civilization, we should now be just emerging from barbarism.

But the Church triumphed over the barbarian heart, subdued it to the cross of Christ, and trained it to the love of religion and morality. Once this conquest was effected, she began the other works of a civilizer,—the foundation of the political institute and the introduction into society of learning and culture. Her Councils became the legislatures of Europe. Thus the Councils of Toledo were not only the spiritual courts, but also the national assemblies of Spain. The same direct action of the Church in political affairs was exercised in all the Continental nations, down to a late period in the middle ages. The head of the Church became head of political society. The Pope was unanimously chosen supreme ruler of Europe. This position was conferred upon him from the time of the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity. Even before that period he checked their savage fury by the simple power of his sacred character and presence. He seemed to them a superior being, so noble and so gracious was his bearing. He was the embodiment of the majesty of the Christian priesthood, an order which awakened even in their rough hearts admiration and reverence. The Sovereign Pontiff of Christianity appeared to be "hedged about by a divinity" that awed them. Thus, like Alexander in the presence of the Jewish High Priest, Attila humbled himself be-

fore Pope Leo. As soon as they were converted and their hearts opened to gentle Christian influences, the Popes taught their untutored minds to look above and beyond brute force and stalwart strength as necessary conditions and concomitants of their chief's sovereignty. In this lesson lies the germ of modern legislation—the supremacy of the law, independently of its penal sanctions. This relation of the Pope with them extended and increased with time, and prepared the way for that controlling civil power and influence which he exercised throughout the mediæval era. He had an authoritative voice in the council of nations. Law and legislation were in the hands of the bishops, and the best evidence of their competency as lawgivers is that the great codes in accordance with whose dictates justice is administered in our modern courts, are from the inspiration and pen of the Church, in the person of her prelates and doctors assembled in the legislative halls of mediæval Europe. The common law of England, which also prevails in most of our states, is, in its leading features and spirit, her work, as Blackstone and Spelman admit. It was she that preserved and corrected the Roman civil law, the Justinian code, and almost all the treasures of ancient jurisprudence.

Nor was the Church simply the teacher of law to Europe; she was also the supreme judicial authority. If a knotty point of right divided the councils of governments, the Pope, as the chief authority of the Church, was the only tribunal that possessed either the skill to decide or the power to end the dispute. He acted as mediator between the governed and the governors, securing the rights and redressing the wrongs of each. Chancellor Kent thus sums up: "We have cheering examples during the darkness of the middle ages, of some recognition of public law, by means of alliances and the submission of disputes to the arbitrament of a neutral power. But most weight is to be attributed to the intimate alliance of the great powers as one Christian community. The influence of Christianity was very efficient towards the introduction of a better and more enlightened sense of right and justice among the governments of Europe. It taught the duty of benevolence to strangers, of humanity to the vanquished, of the obligation of good faith, and of the sin of murder, revenge, and rapacity. The history of Europe, during the early periods of modern history, abounds with interesting and strong cases to show the authority of the Church over turbulent princes and fiery warriors, and the effect of that authority in meliorating manners, checking violence, and introducing a system of morals which inculcated peace, moderation, and justice."

Thus did the Church originate and foster two of the elements of real civilization, love of religion and respect for law. But what evidence is there that she trained the intellect of Europe as well as its heart? Do we not speak of the dark ages? Granted that the Church taught Europe religion and law, she never opened schools for the people. On the contrary, her policy always aimed at keeping them in gross ignorance. Alfred the Great, of Eng-

land, could not find in his whole kingdom even a priest that could read or write. Bigoted Protestant historians discussing this favorite theme, admirably exemplify the sophism known in logic as *suppressio veri*, the full disclosure of one set of facts, without regard to circumstances, details, or other facts that extenuate, justify, or explain them. With a minuteness of detail and completeness of description which would excite our admiration were its motive unknown to us, they dwell upon the mental darkness that overshadowed the middle ages, whilst they sedulously shut out the broad light with which the Church lighted up the gloom and quickened into life and beauty the barren waste. The epoch, we admit, was unfavorable to learning. A people just freed from barbarism are not literary. With all the incentives to learning and study with which this country is filled, hundreds of thousands of the native inhabitants are as ignorant as was any half-civilized inhabitant of Europe in the eighth century. But history, written too by Protestant ministers, refutes the charge of the Church's neglect of learning. "The palace of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury," says Dr. Milley, "and the monastery of Abbot Adrian became normal schools for all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. The force of emulation which they enkindled soon illuminated the entire land, extending its humanizing influence from the cloister to the fortress castles of the nobility, and to the courts of the royal princes. Even the Anglo-Saxon ladies became inflamed with the general enthusiasm for letters, and their accomplishments and classic taste may well excite the surprise, if not the envy of their fair descendants of the present age."

Public schools which Protestantism claims as its own are Catholic in origin, and date from the ninth century, when Pope Eugene II hearing "that in some places neither teachers were found, nor any regard taken for literary pursuits," ordained that, "in all episcopal residences, and among the people subject to them, and in other places where it was necessary, care and diligence should be used by all means to appoint teachers and instructors who would assiduously teach letters, and the liberal arts, and the holy doctrines."

The Church likewise founded all the great universities of the middle ages, Paris, Tolosa, Valentia, Lisbon, Pisa, Rome, Milan, Pavia, Florence, Fermo, Perugia, Ferrara, Naples, Padua, Bologna, Salamanca, Oxford, and a score of others not perhaps so famous, but nearly as energetic and beneficial. Astonished at the vast literary activity of the ages which ignorance and bigotry have stigmatized as dark, Dr. Nevin writes: "It is a most childish fancy to suppose that the revival of learning began properly with the sixteenth century. It dates at least from the eleventh, and there is abundance of evidence that the progress made between that and the age of the Reformation was quite as real and important as any that has taken place since. All sorts of learning were in active exercise before Protestantism came in to share their credit with the Roman Church. So in the case of criticism, controversy, and the learned languages, Latin, Greek,

and Hebrew." The light of science and religion that streamed out over Europe from a single country, Ireland, during the mediæval era, was enough to dispel the partial darkness of the continent.

Protestantism, therefore, found Europe civilized. In every nation law was supreme. The Popes were no longer actively engaged in arbitrating disputes between rulers, for international law was recognized, diplomacy and statesmanship were not exclusively confined to the clergy, and the great principles of jurisprudence had been impressed by the Church on the statute-books of Europe. Under her guidance the nations still walked, no longer helplessly dependent upon her as in their infancy, but grown to stately and beautiful manhood. In every city, town, and hamlet, the church and the school threw open their portals to all. The great monasteries were the abodes of learning and charity, Europe was civilized, rescued from the threefold barbarism in which the Church had found it, the barbarism of lawlessness, immorality, and ignorance.

Modern civilization thus antedates the Reformation, and, so far, Protestantism's claim to its formation is an impudent falsehood. Did not the Reformation, however, develop and perfect the existing civilization? Were not the "shackles" removed? Did not a higher order of civilization begin with Protestantism? On the contrary, the Reformation set in motion a system of doctrines which threatened to bring back barbarism on Europe. Many of the sects advocated Antinomian principles, which they sought to carry into effect at the sacrifice of all law, human and divine. The convulsion which shook Northern Europe at the close of the sixteenth century was caused by the Reformation, Germany became a scene of bloodshed. Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, died, sword in hand, at the head of an army of his disciples. England ran with Catholic blood. France was shaken with revolutions, insurrections, and conspiracies. In short, Protestantism nearly overturned the political and social constitution of Europe.

So, too, many of the tenets which the Reformers taught were directly subversive of morality. We will not undertake the ungracious task of detailing the disgusting maxims, doctrines, and opinions which the Reformation spread throughout society. The memory of Luther, Bucer, Carlostadt, Calvin, and Knox is held in as great execration by good and intelligent Protestants as it is by Catholics. All right-minded men, all Christian historians, consider the Reformation, some as the pretext, others as the cause of the fearful decay of morals and faith, which disgraced the Protestant countries of Europe at and after the outbreak. Learning and science suffered from the dismemberment of society, the fury of religious controversy, and the destruction of the monasteries. Thus did the Reformation threaten Europe with a relapse into barbarism, by tending to overthrow religion, science, and the state.

In view of these facts, how can Protestants have the assurance to tell us that modern civilization is the fruit of the Reformation? The shallowest knowledge of history contradicts it; nay, the simple sight

of the powerlessness of Protestantism to achieve any vast and civilizing enterprise that will ennoble and elevate, not merely a few members of an exclusive sect, but all humanity; not merely a small portion of the earth, but all the world, is enough to stamp the claim as a lying boast. What land has Protestantism civilized? In the United States, where it has had the freest exercise of its powers, it has driven the Indians to the Pacific shore, while the Indians of South America and of Canada were converted to the Church, and partly civilized by her missionaries. Under Protestantism, England and Prussia have lost those spiritual and divine elements without which material civilization is at best only a copy of civilized heathendom. Let the modern world, therefore, do justice to that Church whose life-giving spirit moved over the waters in which Europe once lay submerged, and at whose potent word, and by whose power our civilization, law, religion, morality, and science came into being.

LEGEND OF THE ROBES.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ELIZABETH (by God's dear grace the spouse
Of Louis of Thuringia) sat one day,
In the fair quiet of her latticed room,
With Ysentrude—of all her maids best loved—
To bear her company.
The pure spring light
Crept thro' the ancient casement and illumined
The noble beauty of the lady's face,
The chaste decorum of her simple robe,
Scarce richer than the beggar's russet cloak,
On which, with persevering love, she wrought,
Singing, the while, with summer in her voice,
Sweet snatches of an old Hungarian hymn,
To which maid Ysentrude held meek refrain,
With sweeping lashes and low-drooping veil.
A step pulsed through the hall—a manly step—
And in the doorway, framed (a picture fair),
Duke Louis stood, and smiled upon his spouse,
A tender smile, yet troubled.

Up she rose,
The fair Elizabeth, and coming, basked
In the mild lustre of his anxious eye;
The Christ-like pity on her girlish lip,
Melting and mixing in her smile of joy,
While throbbing heart sent up its purest rose,
To tremble through the olive of her cheek,
And bid him welcome there.
"What ill has chanced,
Dear love, to thee or thine, that this calm face,
So dim a mask should wear?" the lady asked.
"O spouse Elizabeth! we are undone!
Four envoys from thy father's court, below,
Come to crave audience with thy gentle self,
Who must respect their plea. What wilt thou do?
Thy love of God, and of his precious poor,
Has so o'erwhelmed thy generous soul with zeal,
That gems and silken robes are quite foregone,
And all the pomp of ducal dignity
Sunk in obscure retreat. *I* do not chide
Thee, love, fair-blushing, like the morning sky!
Thy rosy charms, to *me*, can deck thee out
In raiment comelier than a queen's attire.
But if thou givest audience to these men!
Clad, as thou art, in this poor woollen robe,
They, knowing not the motive of thy deeds,
(That charity which gives, forgetting self),
Will straightway swell with scandal and depart,
Burning to bruit what gossips burn to hear,
That Louis of Thuringia keeps his bride
In robes no better than a peasant dame's!"
With ear attentive to his tender words,
With kindling eye uplifted to his own,
Elizabeth was mute: but now her hand
Fell lightly as a snow-flake on his arm,
And through the silence came her silver voice:
"Fret not thy soul, my Louis, with these cares,
But trust in God. Our noble guests are worn
And weary with long travel; do thou go
And bid them welcome to Thuringia's halls
Most generous. And when the feast is spread
I shall attend you there!"
Her glorious smile,
Her pure, uplifted brow, o'erawed him,

And he went away communing with her words.
Then knelt the Lady 'Lisa where she stood,
Her little hands enclasped, her holy face
Brilliant with some strong passion, as she prayed:
"O Lord! my crucified! for thy pure love
I have despoiled myself of royal robes,
And put away the vanity of gems!
Listen, O Best Beloved! in Thy strength,
(Pure as the fleece and generous as the light!)
Behold me in my poverty and need,
And make me pleasing in my husband's eyes!"
Circled with veiled maidens, down she went,
Transfigured with the passion of her prayer;
Her soft, slow step was herald to her coming,
And silence chains the lords who grace the feast.
What 'mazement leaps to light their sluggish eyes!
What wonder parts their heavy-bearded lips!
While Louis folds his arms upon his chest,
Lifts his proud head, and smiles upon his bride.
Her robe of silken sheen flowed o'er her feet,
Sweeping the marble floor in waves of light;
Clasped at her throat, the yielding mantle sprung
To flood her graceful shoulders with its folds
Of velvet, azure as a summer's sky;
And from her head (confined with diamond pins,
Which lit her locks as stars the midnight gloom),
A fleecy veil fell, shimmering, like spray,
Over her blushing cheeks, her pure, clear eyes!
"Sweet wife!" Duke Louis said, the while her hand
Lay, like a pearl, within his manly palm:
"Sweet wife!" ('twas but a whisper, yet she heard),
"Thy face methinks does sparkle like the sun,
And thy rich raiment?"
Lady 'Lisa bowed
Her forehead, like a lily touched with sleep,
And while the color varied in her cheeks,
"Great is our God," she said, "and wondrous are His ways!"

MARGARET CLARE.

Chapter I.

"Margaret! Margaret!" Mrs. Clare called from the open hall-door where she stood shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed across the flood of sunlight to the shadow of the trees beyond, where something—a heap of fluttering muslin it seemed—was visible.

As she called, the something resolved itself into a woman's form, a head was upraised at last, and Margaret Clare walked slowly across the grass, rubbing her eyes, and looking very pretty in spite of her ruffled hair and disordered skirts.

"Margaret, how can you be sleeping there when you know who is coming?" said Mrs. Clare, reproachfully: "it is now past three o'clock, and I fixed five as the hour when Mr. Palmer could see you; and you have your dress to change yet, and you know what a time it takes you. Besides, I want a little talk with you first."

Margaret yawned expressively, and followed her mother into the house, where all was cool and shady.

"Now, my love," said Mrs. Clare, making room for her daughter by her side on the sofa, "what are you going to say to Lewis Palmer this afternoon?"

Margaret turned her eyes full upon her mother, but her face flushed a little as she answered:

"Really, mamma, I don't know. It depends so entirely upon what he says to me, doesn't it?"

"Margaret! how *can* you talk in that provoking way when you know, as we all do, that he is coming here for the sole purpose of asking you to be his wife? What do you mean? You surely must have made up your mind whether or no you mean to accept him."

"I don't know at all," replied Margaret, promptly. "It's just what I wish some one would tell me. I don't care in the least for Lewis Palmer; but then I never did see any one yet I did care for—in that way I mean."

"Don't argue, Margaret, about it. If by 'that way' you mean according to the romantic ideas you find in books, I should be very much surprised if you did. I really hope you do not: we want real practical affection in these days; and it is not often that a young man of Mr. Palmer's social position wishes to marry a girl without money,—and one out of such a number, too. But there, you never give a thought as to your settlement in life—you don't seem to care to get well married," pursued Mrs. Clare in an injured tone. "Girls are not what they used to be; I am convinced of that. *I* should not have thought of going to sleep in *my* father's garden at half-past three in the afternoon, when a young man was actually coming to propose to me at five o'clock. You're too cold and unnatural, Margaret."

"The whole affair is cold and unnatural," struck in Margaret, hotly. "Mr. Palmer plans everything first with you or papa—even to the very hour at which he shall

ask me to marry him. It's horrible; just as if he was coming here to take the lease of a house and put his name to the agreement. There isn't a spark of love in the affair: only he fancies I shall suit him," and Margaret's eyes glittered with indignation, for it seemed as if her most private feelings were being turned out for public investigation.

Any response Mrs. Clare intended to make was cut short by the clock striking four.

"My dear girl, run away and dress at once, and do put aside all your childish, romantic notions. Believe me, they are only to be found in books; they can never be realized in actual life."

Margaret went away to her own room then; but she forgot all her mother's injunctions, and leaned out of the window, picking off the leaves which were within her reach, and watching them drop fluttering down on the grass, with a grave intentness that showed her thoughts were far away. Then suddenly she started from her position, and began to dress with a haste that would have shocked her mother; for she had descried in the distance the figure of her lover, and before she was ready she heard his ring at the door-bell.

Margaret went on thinking, as she had thought all the week, of that coming interview. Should she accept the offer that would be made her or not? She did not love him —of that she was certain; neither did she love any one else. And yet Margaret had her dreams sometimes of a love that even in imagination brought a thrill to her heart and a flush to her cheek, although it was but a sentiment, and had no living embodiment. Perhaps her mother was right, and this ideal love, a love that never could be. Waiting for it, might be waiting only for disappointment. Perhaps, then, she had better accept Mr. Palmer, if he wished it very much. She might get to like him after awhile.

Thus Margaret was reasoning, when there was a tap at the door, and her mother came in.

"Charming! I never saw you look better," said Mrs. Clare, gazing complacently at her daughter's face and figure. "Well, my love, Mr. Palmer is anxious to see you; you had better come down. You know we think it a very suitable match for you, dear, and we hope you will accept him."

But Margaret said not a word: only followed her mother downstairs, and into the drawing-room, with a dignity which almost overawed her expectant suitor, and augured ill, he thought, for his chances of success.

A few moments of forced conversation about the weather—past, present, and future; every topic furthest from the one which occupied all three minds, then Mrs. Clare suddenly remembered some pressing domestic engagement which called her from the room, and the young people were left together.

There was an awkward pause. Margaret went to the window, and looking into the garden, tried to utter a few commonplaces; but they all stuck in her throat, and she could only play with the blind-cord, wishing from the depths of her heart that this matter-of-fact

she was not troubled by his visits; and his letters all speaking of his love and affection for her, awoke a kindly feeling towards him; more than this Margaret had not to give.

So the bright summer wore away, and in the early autumn Lewis Palmer came down to Eardistone to arrange when the marriage should take place. Then Margaret felt it was all a mistake. Of the love which makes such unions holy, which can know no change, which death itself could not utterly destroy, she knew nothing; but she knew, too, that without it life would be a misery and a deceit.

Sometimes she made plans to extricate herself from the engagement. She thought of asking Lewis to free her: to write to him and remind him that he had promised it should be so. Then she realized all the vexation it would cause her; she pictured the anger of her mother, the ridicule of her sisters, the gossip of Eardistone. She knew she must either be Lewis Palmer's wife or nobody: the despised, odd, unnatural Margaret, upon whom all would look more coldly if she caused such a disappointment and annoyance to her family. So the marriage was fixed for January, a cold, cheerless time, but Margaret liked it so. She had her own romantic notions on this point, and she thought a bright, glowing day should be only for those whose hopes were bright, whose hearts were glad and glowing, too.

It was Christmas time. Lewis Palmer was coming down for a flying three days' visit, the last before the wedding; and Mrs. Clare was in a state of bustle for his reception. Margaret got into more disgrace with her mother, than she had for a long time, because of her apathy and want of interest in his coming; but she did not resent it, she felt a contempt for herself, and a keen regret for the disappointment she was bringing about for him who loved her so generously.

The day Lewis was expected to arrive was bright and cheery, and the brightness influenced Margaret's feelings. She began to reproach herself for her coldness; to try and think of her future husband a little more kindly. Yes, she would be a good wife to him, because he bore so patiently with all her indifference; because his love for her was so true.

Evening drew on; and when they gathered round the fire, the expected visitor had not come; but they thought little of it; missing a train was a very slight mischance in the busy life of a London solicitor.

But Mrs. Clare came back and went over to Margaret, sitting down by her and beginning to cry in a helpless manner. "My poor girl! my poor girl!" she murmured.

Margaret looked at her with surprise; no thought of the truth flashed upon her mind. "I don't understand," she said.

So after a bit, in broken sentences it came out that there had been an accident on the line between Eardistone and the preceding station, that five or six passengers had been brought on from the town seriously injured, to whom Dr. Clare had been called, and amongst them Lewis Palmer; he

was lying there at the principal hotel, not dead but dying fast.

Margaret had risen up before her mother had told it all: "I must go to him—you must take me to him, mamma, it is my place," and they went. The house seemed strangely still, as Margaret followed her mother up the stairs to the room where Lewis lay dying. One or two persons she noticed, but she only recognized her father sitting by the bedside watching his patient with an anxious face, but Lewis was unconscious of her coming; lying in dull stupor, sometimes murmuring disjointed sentences, sometimes her name.

Margaret suffered very much; a dull remorseful pain was at her heart. Ah! she had been false and cruel to him. Had she but known he would die, she would have been so different. She was very sorrowful, very grieved for his suffering, very wishful that he might not die; but even then she felt she did not love Lewis Palmer. Dr. Clare stole noiselessly away to look to his other sufferers, and Margaret sat on in the sick-room through the long night.

She was thinking back—thinking of the day she had been engaged. She seemed to see it all so plainly—the room, their own two figures, the face of Lewis—and it was as if his voice spoke again the words he had spoken then; with horror at herself, Margaret recalled her sensations of annoyance and dislike. How far away it seemed! and this then was the end of it all—this still room, this dying man who would perhaps never speak her name again. After awhile, as the long hours passed, Margaret slept as she sat by the fireside, slept and dreamed that she was walking in the fields around Eardistone with Lewis, and that he went on before her under the shadow of some trees where she could see him no longer, but she called him and he would not turn back—did not seem to hear her or care that she was hastening after him; then with a start Margaret awoke to see a group around the bedside, to hear her mother's convulsive sobbing, to have her father lead her away saying, "Come, Margaret!"

"Oh, let me see him, let me speak to him," she cried.

"Never again, my child; never in this life any more."

But the words seemed to have little influence over her; it could not be, she could only think of Lewis Palmer strong and active as she had always seen him; not till afterwards.

It made a great sensation in Eardistone, and every one was very kind to Margaret as to one who had suffered a great loss. And when they heard that Lewis had left some little property, that even before she was his wife he had thought of her comfort and happiness, and had secured her from any future difficulty should she be left alone, they said how well he had loved her.

Then the sad true tale faded from their memories, and Margaret sank back into her old unnoticed life, as it had been before she knew Lewis Palmer.

Yet not the same; for the deathbed, and that quiet grave, separated Margaret's dreaming, imaginative girlhood from her better, nobler woman's life. And she

learnt to know there is a calm which is better than the highest happiness imagined by romantic thought; something worthier and grander than the future of which she had sometimes dreamed, and so she accepted her lot, and lived a sober-tinted life maybe, and one that was not unhappy or unblessed: she was contented thus to be only "Margaret Clare."

THE MODERN BIBLE MAKERS.

We presume we shall all come right at last. The time that has been so long looked for has arrived, and the ignorance of the past is about to vanish as the mist before the rising sun. The crooked places are being made straight, and the dark places light. A new sun is about to rise to shed effulgence upon our benighted earth. A new Bible is about to appear, revised and emendated by a committee of Evangelical scholars and theologians A No. 1 in Protestant ability.

The movement, we understand, commenced in England, the land of the church, whose Pope is the Queen, the land whose church *de*poses Bishops, and whose Queen *im*poses them—among the clergy of that gynecephalous body the Church of England, which believes in its own infallible fallibility; and furthermore that its roots have extended themselves to this country, and entwined themselves in loving embrace around the learned Dr. Shaf, and thence taking a fresh growth around Drs. Conant, Day, De Witt, Krauth, Stowe, Taylor, Hodges, Woolsey, and various other representatives of various other branches of that Irishman's flea, the Protestant Church.

We are told that the labors of this committee look to a revision of the translation of the Bible in prevalent use among Protestants; viz., King James's version; but what particular form this revision is to assume, and to what extent carried forward we do not know, but are told that "great results are expected."

To our mind, however, there are several things connected with the work undertaken by these gentlemen which strike us as being *sine-qua-non's* of success, and concerning the possession of which by them we are greatly in doubt.

As we understand it, the Holy Scriptures are not the products of mere human reason, but of inspiration. They contain knowledge—are the records of knowledge that no rational education of their writers could have originated or discovered; who indeed confessed that they wrote as men moved by the Holy Ghost. Now the Bible being an inspired revelation, or the record of revealed truth, we confess we cannot see how these gentlemen, who, being the representatives of various denominations, have not certitude of faith sufficient to enable them to agree as to what the

Bible does teach, and are able only to agree to disagree, will ever be able to agree upon that upon which they have already agreed to disagree.

And supposing they can agree, we would like to know what certitude of credence they can ever present in favor of the correctness of the revision they produce. When they hand us their revised translation, we shall at once ask them: Why have you preferred this reading to that? Why have you omitted this or the other passage as uncanonical and spurious? Have you examined the ancient records, and rediscovered those which are lost? And more, gentlemen, were you moved of the Holy Ghost to translate thus and so? Are you certain that you were upheld by the Spirit of God above all error? Be pleased to show us the authority by which the revision you assumed was undertaken? Was it of man, or was it of God? Unless you can answer these and similar questions satisfactorily we must decline your revision, classical though it be in its language, and prefer our old unpolished but authoritatively true Douay.

No doubt when this learned committee get to work an awful array of brains will be displayed—especially when it shall assemble as a Mutual Admiration Society in committee of the whole. We can see them now, in imagination, in the hall of some large library, seated around their table piled high with critical encyclopedias, biblical commentaries, and exegetical and scientific works of every kind. The existence, genuineness, authenticity, and canonicity of the Book of Genesis have been taken for granted; the first verse of its first chapter is the subject of revision. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and the question arises as to the correctness of the translation. It is evident that the committee are by no means agreed.

A "father in Israel" rises to his feet, and remarks: "The received translation of this opening verse of the Bible is manifestly incorrect. It fails to give the term Elohim its true and proper signification. The word is plural, and should so be translated. It is used also, in my opinion, with direct reference to, and is a plain revelation of, the Holy Trinity, and we should have regard to this in the revision we are now making. It strikes me that the correct translation of the passage is, 'In the beginning the Trinity created the heavens and the earth,' and I would be pleased if this meet the approbation of my brethren."

"I regret," says a Unitarian doctor, "that already at the opening of our sessions denominational tenets and differences have been thrust upon us by our revered father. Whatever be his opinions on the subject, and I willingly accord to his superior scholarship and critical acumen its due regard, I must beg leave to assert that nowhere in the pages of the Bible is the doctrine of the so-called Trinity taught, and least of all in this opening verse of Genesis. The scholarship of that man, begging my aged father's pardon, must be far behind the day to say the least, who knows not that the Hebrews of old were accustomed to use the plural when they desired to speak emphatically, or to show great respect for the person of whom or to whom they spoke.

This *usus loquendi* explains the plurality of the word Elohim; and authorizes the use of the singular in the English translation. Besides, as I trust, I am abundantly able to prove that the doctrine the aged father advocates is a fossil of the past, a relic of popery, and manifestly absurd; for what greater absurdity can there be than the idea that three things are one thing, and one thing three things. I approve, sir, of the version as it stands."

"You are perfectly right, my brother," says a third, "in your remarks concerning the impropriety of presenting here anything denominational in its character. Our labors look to such a revision of the Scriptures as shall meet the wants of *all* religious bodies. The Bible, sir, is sufficiently broad to embrace all beliefs, and to comprehend them all in its teachings, and we should carefully guard against contracting or limiting the extent of its influence by giving its language other than an interpretation of the utmost universality. Whilst, then, I agree with my brother that the term Elohim should not be translated by the term Trinity, I also differ from him with regard to its proper translation. It is certainly manifest that if the singular form of the word mean God, the plural must mean Gods, and thus the word should be rendered. 'In the beginning the Gods created the heavens and the earth.' This translation, I may be permitted to remark, falls in most beautifully with the teachings of my own Church, viz., that there are three distinctly individual Gods, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whilst it affords you all, my brethren, ample authority for your own peculiar views. You who are Trinitarian can interpret the word *Gods* to denote the Trinity. My Unitarian brother can easily see that it is used in the plural as a mark of respect to the Deity, and thus translated the passage will prove satisfactory to us all."

"I shall be," says a fourth, "perfectly satisfied with any translation of the term Elohim that will receive the approbation of the committee. It is a matter of small account to me whether it be rendered in the singular or plural. I object '*toto cœlo*' to the translation given in the '*textus receptus*' of King James. My brethren, the work before us is to revise the Scriptures, not merely that we may thus reconcile our various shades of religious belief, but that we may harmonize their teachings with the progress of the age in intellectual and scientific research."

With all respect for the piety of the writers of the Scriptures, we may be permitted to remark that they were but human, and lived in an age shrouded in the darkness of ignorance, when compared with our own. That they should fail to express with proper clearness of language revelations given them, is nothing wonderful, but on the contrary, quite natural to expect. We must bear in mind that they were illiterate men, and that science, which but now is in its infancy, had not then been born. They could not understand the deep revelations committed to them, and could but furnish that which the successive future developments of mind in the way of science, would be able to interpret.

There is, gentlemen, a develop-

ment of truth. It is not just the same thing at all periods of time. It is what man in his search after knowledge makes it. It is what the great book of Nature shows it to be. Here is the key to all mysteries. Science, gentlemen, solves all problems, and is the sun that gives intellectual light and heat. You are aware of its rapid strides during this nineteenth century. You need not be told surely of its giant intellects; of the discoveries of a Straus, a Renet, a Colenso, of an Agassiz, a Huxley, a Pritchard, and of others. Geology, gentlemen, comparative anatomy, and philology have thrown new light upon the manner of the creation of the world and of mankind, and these, and these alone, are to be interrogated as to the meaning of the Mosaic record. It is folly, sheer folly, to seek knowledge upon these topics of the past from men of the past. For what were these men? In what condition of development was mankind? Does not Prof. Huxley show conclusively that in this early age mankind existed in the protoplastic, or at most, in the Simiam stage of development, and this being so, we have no hesitation in saying that neither Moses himself knew what he wrote, nor did King James's translators themselves understand the true meaning of what they attempted to translate.

We have said, gentlemen, that science furnishes the true interpretation of the Mosaic record. You all know that the book of Genesis was written in Mosaic Hebrew. Unfortunately for us, this tongue is entirely and irrecoverably lost. Philology, however, "by discarding the orthographical envelopments and modifications of the Masoretes from the Masoretic Hebrew, and by well-known linguistic laws, has discovered what the old, original Mosaic Hebrew must have been, and interpreting it in accordance with the well-known mystical and prophetic character which properly belongs to the language, as well as also with well-determined grammatical and lexicographical principles, the great truths of Christianity are brought out in such a forcible manner, that none but the wilfully blind will be able to reject them." That you may apprehend the beauty and power of the ancient Hebrew tongue, I will now read you a literal translation of the verse under consideration, together with its context. "With deliberation God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was crude and unorganized, and inert as to the crust of the heaving mass; and a mighty wind was rushing over the surface of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be volcanic action,' and there was volcanic action, and God saw the volcanic action that it was good; and God distinguished between the volcanic action and between the inertia, and God called the volcanic action 'the active condition,' and the inertia he called 'the passive condition.' And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the first formation." Such, brethren, is the true and manifest translation of the opening verses of Genesis as interpreted by the well-known and infallible laws of geological and philological science. You see how admirably it harmonizes not only with the religious views of all denominations, but also with the progress of the age in scientific in-

vestigation. May it meet with your hearty approval.

But enough. Why the necessity of the revision of King James's version of the Bible? In beauty of language it is wellnigh unsurpassed, and so far as errors are concerned, it contains none of any account in Protestant estimation. Its meaning cannot well be made more plain than it is, for we hear every day that "it is so plain that a fool can understand it," and this being so, they who complain of its want of perspicuity must have comprehensions more deficient than those of fools. There is a reason, and a necessity that calls for this revision, and it grounds itself in the fact that the present Protestant version is felt not to be the Bible of Protestantism. It is entirely too consistent for its inconsistent negations, and accordingly a new one must be manufactured by revising into the old the modern thinking of the day. The reformation of Luther & Co. must be completed in the reformation of the Bible, and a new start given to the progress of Protestantism. The world has grown wiser. They who penned the sacred Scriptures were but men after all, and in point of acumen far behind the critics of the present day, and in their protoplastic or Simian condition, how could they understand what the Holy Spirit meant? Assuredly they could not understand the unity of Protestantism in its true and proper diversity, and could do no more than transmit the dead letter of inspiration to future ages, whose glorious mission should be to infuse into it life, and thus reconstruct humanity afresh. To our mind this Bible revision movement presents a fresh revelation of the weakness of Protestantism. It can result, so far as it is concerned, only in disaster. It may produce a new Bible, but it will be an accommodation Bible, and being itself a negation will go far to effect the negation of that of which itself is the product. The very movement, involving, as it does, the destruction of the only positive religious element and source of religious authority adhered to by Protestantism, must insure the destruction of Protestantism; for when that which is by nature not authority attempts to become authoritative, it overcomes itself. In one point of view alone the movement may possibly prove a success. The version may sell, and, selling well, may remunerate the labors of the self-sacrificing committee. To them it may not prove a fizzle, but a grand success, for Protestantism dearly loves to be humbugged.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

TRUSTING that the sale of her manuscript would indemnify her for all her disappointments, Honorine continued her walk to the bookseller's. He was a man whose manners did honor to his calling, and it was long since Honorine had met so much politeness from a stranger. He praised her book very much, as also her object in writing it, and said he was quite convinced it was deficient neither in morality nor style; this praise, however, he qualified by adding that there were many passages which bore the stamp of inexperience, and he wound up his remarks by declaring that it would not at all suit him unless she made the several alterations which he pointed out. With a bursting heart Honorine took back her manuscript, her pressing want of money preventing her from accepting the proposed offer. Her rent was to be due next day, and she had, besides, incurred several small debts during her illness. Fatigued as she was, she went to several other booksellers, but unfortunately with no better success. One found the work too worldly, another too religious; some said it was too long, others too short. The fact was, that as Miss Mason's name was unknown in the literary world, her work, even had it been a masterpiece of wit, feeling, and taste, would have run every chance of being consigned to oblivion; under these circumstances, the risk of publishing it would have been too great. "Have you any patronage in the fashionable world, or any acquaintance of high rank to whom you could dedicate your book?" asked one of them, and when she replied in the negative, she was told he could have nothing to do with her work. She remembered how her own literary opinions had once been regulated by the same standard, and she could not but admit that it was just she should be punished through the same medium by which she had erred. Meanwhile she persevered in her efforts to dispose of the book even for a trifle, but all her endeavors were equally unsuccessful; the last bookseller to whom she applied plainly told her, that even if she bestowed the manuscript gratuitously, he would not publish it: wishing, however, to evince some little interest for the authoress, he asked her to leave her address.

Scarcely had she complied with this request, when she thought she heard some person at the end of the shop address her. It was already very dark, and she could not see the speaker: the idea that it might be one of her former acquaintances increased her previous agitation. She hurried away at once; it was beginning to rain, and she had neither an umbrella nor sufficient money to take the omnibus. Her shoes were nearly worn out, and were soon wet through; she was seized with a dreadful shivering, which considerably increased the pallor of distress and fatigue.

The rain became every moment heavier, and she reached home in a fainting state.

Early next morning, the venerable Abbé des Roches, for he it was who had discovered her in the bookseller's shop, arrived at Honorine's lowly abode. "At last," said he, in a voice in which reproach blended with gentleness, "at last I have found the lost sheep I so long sought in vain. May I hope that the friend of the much-esteemed Mrs. Blundell will no longer decline my services? It will make me so happy to be useful to her."

Honorine was too much excited, and too nervous to reply, but the good priest saw, by the expression of her countenance, that his kindly words were like balm to her soul.

"I see you have found how very difficult it is, just now, to procure compensation for the time devoted to literary pursuits."

"'Twas my last hope," exclaimed Honorine, her grief triumphing over her self-love; "'twas the work of many weary hours to try and procure"—— She could say no more.

The good priest, who was intimately acquainted with every phase of human misery, understood all. "Do you then forget," said he, after a moment's silence, "that you still have friends?"

"Friends!" said Honorine, "I had some when I was rich; they have deserted me in my poverty: I know that I still have some who are sincere if"——

"Miss Mason, you have *one* who could enjoy no greater happiness than to comfort and soothe you; one who still deeply laments the pertinacity with which you shun her."

"I may, perhaps, be wrong," said Honorine; "but though I do not absolutely renounce the pleasure of seeing her, I dare not meet her until I feel in some degree worthy of her esteem."

The Abbé quickly discerned the amount of sensitive pride with which he had to contend, and determined to apply to it none but gentle treatment, lest the desolate orphan should once more escape him. He addressed her a few soothing, kind observations, and asked permission to visit her again; a request she could not refuse. No sooner had he left, than she had a new trial to endure from her servant's ill-temper.

"Would you not like your dinner?" asked Jane, in a bitter tone. "There is nothing in the house; I could only find a crust of bread for my breakfast."

"I am really sorry, Jane, that you should suffer such privations," said Honorine, gently; "but I am obliged to economize more than ever."

Then giving her two of the ten francs she had received from the seamstress, she desired her to go and see what she could get, while she herself ate a small bit of cold pork which Jane placed before her.

The events of the day, and the thought of the results which they might entail, had so excited Honorine, that she passed a sleepless night. Very early next morning she went to her landlady, and timidly explained, that in consequence of her illness and other disappointments, she could not pay the rent due; assuring her, that she would

make every exertion to meet it as soon as possible. Although the woman had never before had reason to find fault with her for want of punctuality, she made a great compliment of allowing her a little time, saying, she was not in the habit of making these allowances, that she wanted money shortly, and if it were not soon paid, she should give her notice to leave.

Poor Honorine puzzled her brain, in considering when or how she could meet this pressing demand, and could devise no expedient but that of trying to remodel her book. She resolved to write it again conformably with the alterations suggested, justly fearing, however, that her many pressing wants would prevent her finishing it as quickly as she wished.

Overwhelmed with doubt and anxiety, she threw herself on her knees, begging the Author of Light to illuminate her understanding, and teach her how to act, as also to bless her efforts with success. Just at that moment a gentle knock announced a visitor. It was the Abbé des Roches. Honorine's pride was not yet subdued by her misfortunes, and she trembled, lest he might again urge her acceptance of Mrs. Blundell's generous offer. Her destitute condition might, she thought, induce him to renew his entreaties on this point, yet it was that very destitution which presented the greatest obstacle to her yielding to his wishes; she would not have her friends suppose her capable of selfish or mercenary conduct.

The charitable priest did not, however, make the slightest allusion to Mrs. Blundell. He merely said, that as his peculiar calling was to relieve misery wherever he met it, he was most anxious to be allowed to be useful to her; begged she would treat him as an old friend, and then conversed on general subjects, so as to make her feel quite at ease. He examined and admired some of her lanscapes, which formed the only decoration of her apartment, and said, that if Miss Mason were willing to part with them, he thought he knew a person, who being an admirer of such things, would be very glad to purchase them.

Honorine's heart thrilled with joy at this unexpected proposal; she unhesitatingly assured him of her anxious wish to dispose of these pictures, candidly adding that they had been refused by several print-sellers, and that she greatly feared the Abbé thought too favorably of them.

"A shopkeeper's criticism is not always infallible," said he; "if you will allow me to take a few of your drawings with me, I will let you know before evening, whether I can dispose of them advantageously, or not." This offer was gratefully accepted; and in the evening Honorine received a letter from the Abbé, inclosing six gold pieces, and saying the purchaser wished for some more drawings in the same style.

It would be impossible to reject kindness conferred with so much delicacy, and Honorine felt grateful for the unexpected aid; grateful first towards God, and next towards His minister, who had been the medium of the divine goodness.

She at once paid her rent, and being now certain of a demand for

her drawings, resumed them with redoubled energy.

Chapter XIV.

The Abbé des Roches, who it appeared, did not live very far off, came frequently under one pretext or another to visit Honorine; sometimes he had an order for a new painting, sometimes he brought her books, which were both entertaining and useful, and might serve as models for those which she contemplated undertaking at some future time. This, of course, led to much useful and interesting conversation. Honorine could not sufficiently admire the combined zeal and charity which seemed to have inspired the mission he had undertaken. Oh, what a noble soul was his! Doubtless his pupil Arthur resembled him; and how truly perfect must Mrs. Blundell be, formed as she had been by the counsels of such a guide! Frequently did Honorine feel tempted to pour out all her feelings into the bosom of this charitable friend, and still did the dumb demon, spoken of in the Gospel, chain her tongue, and names, now so dear, died away on her lips, just as she was on the point of pronouncing them.

One day, when after a greater struggle than usual she had just made a firm resolution, in the presence of God, to overcome this false shame, the remnant of her obstinate pride, her resolution again faltered at sight of the Abbé des Roches. He spoke to her, but she did not hear him, so completely was she absorbed by the conflict with herself. Triumphing at length over nature, she hastily interrupted the Abbé in the middle of an interesting narrative. "Excuse me," said she, "but I must speak while I have courage. Mrs. Blundell—I never cease thinking of her—I have been most culpable towards her; can she possibly be generous enough to forgive me?"

"Forgive you, my dear child? She has never had any feeling towards you but that of the most affectionate mother, and in truth she requires a daughter's love from you just now, as the Almighty is about demanding a great sacrifice from her. Her son has recovered from the illness which brought him to the threshold of the tomb; but that illness has confirmed the vocation to which, from childhood, he felt inclined. Finding himself apparently near eternity, he seriously considered the littleness of earthly things, and the immense greatness and grandeur of heavenly possessions; his dearest wish is to consecrate to the Almighty the life which has been spared; his mother, with generosity like his own, places no obstacle to her son's fulfilling the will of God, now so plainly manifest. She has accompanied him to Rome, where he wished to make a retreat preparatory to his ecclesiastical studies; and a short residence there will, it is hoped, completely restore the health of both. Mrs. Blundell is quite aware that she cannot always accompany her son on the missions to which his superiors may appoint him. It would therefore be a great happiness to have you as a companion in her loneliness, and it would be truly unkind to refuse."

Perceiving Honorine's deep agitation, the venerable clergyman did not like to urge her farther, and

deemed it advisable to withdraw, that she might more fully yield to the salutary influence produced by their affecting interview. He accordingly bade her farewell, promising soon to return. A sad and unexpected event suddenly interrupted the arrangements which were in contemplation for Honorine. Several days passed without a visit from the Abbé des Roches, and she could not account for his lengthened absence; weeks elapsed before she could ascertain anything about him, and at length she learned that the venerable priest had sunk under a short but severe illness, which had carried him off in forty-eight hours. This was truly an overwhelming blow; not one of her previous misfortunes had afflicted Honorine so deeply. The good priest had taught her to think seriously, and to look on religion as the only sure road to peace of mind. Under his fostering care her heart had expanded to the beneficent influence of piety; under his enlightened guidance her mind had begun to comprehend those solid truths which alone afford consolation and support in affliction; already she had learned to enjoy the spiritual comforts which faith imparts, and to drink resignedly of that mysterious chalice which only religion can deprive of its bitterness. No wonder that she bitterly mourned the unexpected loss of the saintly guide and venerated benefactor whose death left her once more alone in the world.

Still a novice in the school of Christian resignation, she was tempted in the first excitement of grief to murmur at the trial; but she quickly repressed these feelings, and humbly throwing herself on her knees, exclaimed, "No, I was not worthy of such a friend; instead of deserving that my trials should so soon terminate, I feel my faults merit only an increase of them."

With the Abbé vanished all her certain means of support. The greater part of the money she had received from him had been appropriated to the payment of debts: she might no doubt procure a trifle for the new drawings she had undertaken, but to whom could she now apply to dispose of them? Want of occupation painfully increased her desolation and anxiety. Her servant, instead of evincing any kindly feeling, became each day less considerate. She saw that her mistress's means were exhausted, for she owed her a portion of her wages, and was still getting more deeply in debt with the neighboring baker and grocer, so she talked over these matters with them and the portress, and advised them not to give much more credit, or they would have no chance of being paid.

A new gale of rent was on the eve of being due, and this made the landlady uneasy; having gathered from Jane and the portress that Miss Mason's friend was no more, and that the furniture of her rooms was each day lessening, she determined to get rid of her lodger while the latter had any money left. She, therefore, gave her notice to quit, under pretence of requiring the apartments herself. No doubt the news had spread, for that very day all Honorine's creditors sent in their bills, and Jane also demanded her wages. Honorine easily guessed to what source this universal rush might be traced; still she wore a

cheerful countenance, determining to ask no favor from her servant.

Having assured the various claimants that she would settle all demands next day, she went downstairs, intending to go out, but, to her great surprise, the large gate, which always remained open, was now closed. "The key, if you please," said she to the portress, who advanced, and surveyed her from head to foot: "why is the gate shut?" she asked.

"In obedience to my mistress's directions, miss, she having desired me to watch lest anything might be removed."

Honorine took no notice of this fresh insult, but set off at once, determined to make speedy arrangements for quitting the house. With this view she went to Mr. Devany, and requested he would come and value the few articles of furniture she still possessed, and try if the matter could be settled in that way.

The kind cabinetmaker accompanied her directly, and taking no advantage of her distress, set the highest value on her bed, table, and chairs. The only articles she retained were her mother's desk and bookcase. The sum he offered for the rest of the furniture was more than sufficient to pay her trifling debts, but he anxiously asked her what she now intended to do?

"To hire a small furnished closet in the country," said Honorine. "The fine weather has now set in, and I can dispense with fire, light, and attendant. Do you provide me with work; send me curtains, fringes, bed-ticks, anything, no matter what; I shall easily earn sufficient to provide me with a little bread, and having that, can calmly wait for brighter hours, if indeed such be reserved for me."

Mr. Devany at once gave her the sum due for her furniture, but arranged that nothing should be removed, until she had left the house. After paying her debts, and discharging Jane, Honorine went in search of a lodging, in the suburb of Saint Mandé. Though lodgings there were much cheaper than in Paris, still they were beyond her means, therefore, she at once renounced the hopes of settling in that delightful village, and determined to seek a still poorer home, in the parish of Berry. In crossing a street on her way there, she observed a lodging-bill on the windows of a miserable-looking house. She asked to see the apartment, and found it perfectly in keeping with the exterior. It was gloomy, and the furniture and flooring were partly decayed; still it was cheap, and prudence suggested to Honorine to be satisfied with it; besides, it was getting late, and she was almost worn out with the day's fatigue.

The next day the few articles she retained were transferred to her new abode, and she went to tell Mr. Devany he might now remove the furniture he had purchased, as also to ask him for the work he had promised to provide her with. She was soon settled in her new apartment, which at first seemed very gloomy indeed. The window looked into a yard, where she little expected to see anything to interest her: in this, however, she was deceived. A part of the house she lived in was occupied by a small school, apparently attended only by the poorest children of the village. To look at them on their way to and from

school, and when they were at their recreation in the small yard, soon became a kind of amusement to the poor lonely Honorine, and in some degree varied the monotony of her occupation as a needlewoman. She was surprised, and almost sorry, when several days elapsed without a recurrence of these usual proceedings. She inquired from a neighbor the cause of the change, and was told that the teacher, being seriously ill, had been obliged to dismiss her pupils for a time, which, she added, very much annoyed their parents, and would most likely cause the poor lady to lose several of her scholars. Moved with compassion, Honorine felt anxious to do the only thing within her reach to promote the happiness of another, and yielding to this benevolent impulse, she offered to take charge of the school until the mistress was able to resume her duties. This offer was gratefully and promptly accepted, and next day Honorine commenced her new avocations.

Before many days she had given decided proofs of her talent for this new occupation: not that it required much ability, as she had only to teach the little village children to read, write, and sew; but her great success was attributable to the patience she evinced in managing these unruly and ill-trained children. She succeeded in fixing their attention by intermingling light and entertaining subjects with the dry and uninteresting lessons they were in the habit of learning, and excited their emulation to the greatest degree by rewarding the good with a short moral tale, or some trifling prize. The invalid, who, from the adjoining room, had a full view of what was going on, looked on the young girl as an angel, specially sent to keep up her establishment. Hearing that she depended entirely on her own work for her livelihood, she was deeply affected at the generosity which had induced her to bestow her services gratuitously, and feeling it but just to make her some compensation for her trouble, she told her it would make her most happy if she would remain with her entirely. The present state of Honorine's finances rendered this proposal particularly acceptable, so she at once settled permanently in Mrs. Everard's apartments, and as that lady was to provide her with board and lodging, Honorine thenceforth devoted her entire time to her, passing the hours which were not occupied with the pupils, in attending to the invalid, and performing her little household duties. She found these avocations very trying, but those who have known the miseries of poverty, will gladly make great sacrifices to ward off a recurrence of them; and Mrs. Everard's society, though not particularly amusing, appeared really agreeable to Honorine, when contrasted with the utter solitude to which she had become accustomed. It was in this lowly abode, and whilst performing these humble duties, that the triumph of grace was perfected in Honorine. The extreme interest taken by the exemplary curate of Saint Mandé in the children of the school, introduced our orphan to him. The work of reconciliation with her Maker, for which she had been prepared by so many trials, which had been promoted by the pure and disinterested affec-

IRELAND'S GLORY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY — Ireland's National Festival! What a revelation of the people's character does this simple fact unfold! If, as Aristophanes tells us, nations, like children, are better studied in their amusements than in their serious occupations, then Ireland's choice of her Apostle's feast, as her national holiday, is the most eloquent of commentaries on her religious nature. France gave expression to her military ardor on the *fete Napoleon;* America commemorates the birth of her political freedom on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence; most of the European nations choose the birthday of their sovereigns as national festivals; but Ireland reveals her spirit and nature on the day which the Church sets apart for the honor of St. Patrick. The nation rejoices not over the birth of one who brought her political freedom, nor over the anniversary of some great auspicious event, nor over the entrance into the world of her rulers or her sages; but rising above time and things temporal, her national life beats in unison with that of the Church Universal, crowning with glory and honor the faithful servant that carried to her the liberty with which Christ has made her free.

Ireland being thus identified with St. Patrick, it is fitting, now that the circling year has brought round his feast and her national holiday, that we should study some one of her characteristics. And as a people holds its feast-day as commemorative, in some manner, of the national glory, greatness, and power, we purpose examining the nature and sources of Ireland's glory.

At the first glance, one is tempted to think that the crown of glory never rested upon her brow. To the weak eyes of men, she seems to have grovelled in the mire of ignorance, superstition, and social and political ruin, for centuries. Where are her fleets and her armies, her banners and her horsemen? Where are her legislative halls, her political institutions, her governmental splendor and majesty? Does commerce block up her harbors? Do the industrial arts and sciences awaken the echoes of her hills with their busy hum? Do her fields smile with plenty? Does her influence affect other peoples. Has she a voice in the council-hall of the nations? If she has not all these, she has not glory.

Measured by this standard, Ireland may not now have glory. But is such a standard true? The essence of real glory lies, according to the divine word, and according to the dictates of reason, in the sacrifice of life for an undying principle, or for a noble cause; in the giving up of earth for heaven, of time for eternity; of the material for the spiritual. If we examine history, we find that mankind unanimously agree in bestowing the highest tribute of glory on those only of the race who have perished for a great principle or a great cause. This idea of glory, as involving sacrifice, privation, humiliation, and death, is so firmly rooted in the human heart, that it has all

the force of a natural and unquestionable truth. Why does all modern time, in accord with antiquity, chant the praises of the Spartans that fell at Thermopylæ? Why does the fame of all the Roman statesmen and poets fade before the glory that encircles Regulus? Why is the tomb of the soldier glorious, when that of merchant and tradesman is forgotten? Let a man die for a noble end; let him devote his all to the upholding of a great cause; let him suffer sooner than give up a jot or a tittle of a noble and holy principle, and, lo! the nations rise up to do him reverence. He is transfigured. Let a people fight for their faith, for their liberty, for their institutions; even if they be vanquished, the voice of their fellow beings proclaims them glorious, and their glory is proportionate to the depth of misery to which their vain but noble efforts have reduced them; their name survives the triumph of their destroyer. This, then, is the true measure of a people's glory—the sacrifice which it makes for a great principle. For in such glory there is something spiritual and immortal, something which appeals to the soul and heart of man, the only element in his being that is undying.

All the false weights and measures of a material and corrupt civilization cannot defraud such a people of the meed of glory gladly bestowed upon them by the whole world. No matter how small and mean a generation may become under the narrowing influence of sordid and earthly ideas, the instinctive love of heroism and virtue leaps forth at the sight of a nation suffering and perishing for her religion and liberty. This spectacle calls forth all the generous impulses of our nature. We do not see the misery and squalor of such a people; we take no heed of its lack of great institutions; we care not for its dearth of the appliances of a great and wealthy civilization; but we behold the strong faith, the steady purpose, the divine patience, the heroism which flood with glory the miserable surroundings; we see her cross radiant with immortality.

This, the highest and most enduring kind of glory, has been Ireland's for seven hundred years. She is the martyr-nation. Before the presence of her prayerful, calm endurance of wrong and outrage, the glory of happy and undisturbed nations vanishes. She has parted with everything which other nations deem worth living for. She has seen her children wanderers in every land. She has wept over the fall of every one of her institutions. She has been despoiled of her sons, her possessions, her manufactures, her civilization, her earthly all. She, in a word, has reached the highest glory of which earth is capable, having sacrificed herself for the two greatest principles that humanity can cherish,—divine faith and national liberty.

And as a nation's true glory is proportionate to the extent and completeness of its sacrifice for principles, so Ireland's glory surpasses them all. For seventy years captive Zion wept in Babylon. For seven hundred years Ireland has immolated herself. Catholic Germany yielded to the Reformation after but fifty years of struggle. England succumbed to the fury of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth. No

nation into which the bloody principles and powers of the Reformers were introduced long survived their application. The Protestant nations of Europe bartered the foundation of their true glory for indolent and cowardly peace. Ireland alone, though assailed more furiously than any other people, stood by the Church and the faith, when the sister nations left her side. Every power that could sunder the tie that bound the people to their faith was exerted. Promise, threat, death, fine, imprisonment, torture, all that fiendish malice could suggest and supreme power execute were employed in vain. Corruption and bribery were resorted to; the national language was changed; the right of possession, of office, and emolument was withdrawn; a price was fixed on the head of a priest; the Catholic religion was proscribed; every expedient, in short, was taken to persuade or force the nation to apostatize. Nor were these diabolical efforts spasmodic. They were continuous and unremitting. The nation's martyrdom was slow and horrible. Yet despite all her afflictions, her faith wavered not; her constancy to the Church remained unshaken; her trust in God unclouded. Contemplating her history, no wonder Pius IX exclaimed: *Hibernici! Hibernici! Fidelissimi filii Ecclesiæ Dei!*

In the possession of this glory, Ireland may rejoice. No nation shares it with her. But as it is a general law of the divine economy that reward, even in this life, should follow righteous suffering, that even here the mournful should sometimes rejoice, and, as God's will, as revealed in history, seems to be the exaltation of His people after a downfall borne for His sake, so we may justly conclude that Ireland is destined to an earthly eminence, the counterpart of the spiritual glory with which now she is crowned. The time of exile for the Jewish people came to an end. The martyred Church revived. So, in the course of the world, as guided by Providence, Ireland will be rewarded, even on earth, for her sublime adherence to the cause of the faith and of her national independence. It requires no prophetic power to say that this era of prosperity shall soon dawn on the land; that the memory of her past sufferings and humiliations shall be buried in her glories and triumphs; that the time-honored shrines of saint and sage shall resound, not as now with the wail of misery and distress, but with the jubilant chant of a happy and disenthralled people—a people rising in its majestic strength and pulling down the rotten props that have supported its cruel and tyrannical persecutor.

This implies retribution—a terrible word. It means the recoiling of an injury with double force on the head of him who has inflicted it. By an unalterable law of heaven, it is meted out to the unjust and iniquitous persecutor, whether an individual or a nation. We shudder at the fearful retribution that fell upon the old idolatrous nations that persecuted the chosen people and profaned the tabernacle of the Lord. We are struck with terror at the unspeakable desolation and horror that enshrouded Jerusalem herself in punishment of her sins against the Lord and against His

Christ. The world has scarcely recovered from the shock of the fall that precipitated into chaos heathen Rome, "drunk with the blood of the saints." All history is filled with these terrible illustrations of the wrath of the Almighty when He rises in judgment upon the sins of nations, and inflicts punishment upon the slayers of His people. Such a retribution overhangs England. When the measure of her iniquity shall be filled, she that has gloated over the unjust spoils of centuries, she that has revelled in the ruin and desolation which her policy of extermination has introduced into Ireland, she that has boasted of her power to blot the name and religion of Ireland out of existence, shall be brought to terrible account by Him who has sworn that He shall judge among nations, and fill them with ruins.

In executing the retribution on nations, the Almighty may choose whatever instrument He pleases. Usually, He places His scourge in the hand of His outraged and persecuted people, and nerving their arm, He strikes their foe. Thus, through the Jews, He smote the idolatrous people that blasphemed His name. Frequently, He lifts up His people, frees them from slavery, and crowns them with honor and happiness, whilst leaving their enemy and persecutor go unpunished. Again, He sometimes punishes the tyrant, without the intervention of His own people, as was the case in the destruction of the Roman Empire. But as this last instance is substantially identical with the second, we have two ways over which Ireland will pass to her deserved station of earthly glory and prosperity. One is through the bloodstained road of war, the other through the flowery path of peace; God helping her whether her journey lead through either.

Does He give any evidence of His will that Ireland should regain her religious and political rights by war? Existing circumstances do not so indicate. England so jealously guards her that a hostile fishing smack would not be suffered to effect a landing on her shores. The wealth of the nation flows into the coffers of the English landowners, who, both from nature and interest, are adverse to any movement that would be instrumental in their dislodgement. How can Ireland overturn a despotism that her sons are hourly compelled to maintain? How can she equip fleets, arm and sustain large armies, bear the thousand and one burdens which modern warfare imposes on belligerents? A cardinal canon of the law of nations, which is based on the law of nature, and thus indirectly receives the sanction of God, ordains that no nation is justified in rebelling against its tyrant, unless there is a prudent hope of success; unless the downtrodden people feel able to cope with the tyrant, and obtain the mastery. Divesting ourselves of the enthusiasm of patriotism, we must admit that at present, Ireland is not fitted to war against England. The heroic valor of her sons would be spent in vain. Her blood would be spilled to no advantage. Nor need we be told that America, at the period of her Revolution, was no better prepared for war, or more likely to gain the victory over England, than is Ireland at the

THE MARINER OF ALESSIO.

It is very probable that in the present days of locomotion, some of our readers may have sailed along the coast of the Riviera, that fairest of the Italian provinces which lies between Genoa and Leghorn; and perchance, as they have floated along its sunny shores, some kindly informant may have pointed out to them the little town of Alessio, whose hardy population of mariners during the late war repulsed even British seamen from their shores, though not until the balls of British cannon had left behind them marks which are still visible on the walls of her humble habitations. This village is picturesquely situated on the declivity of the mountain, which rises abruptly from the sea; but, fruitful as is the surrounding country, nature seems to have dealt out her bounties with a niggard hand to this sequestered nook. A few olive-trees are scattered amongst the surrounding rocks, and here and there a patch of stony and ungrateful soil returns but a scanty recompense to the labors of the husbandman. The inhabitants of Alessio, under these circumstances, instead of leading the *dolce-far-niente* life which Italians have generally been supposed to prefer, have betaken themselves to the occupations of fishermen and mariners; and are so noted for their skill and hardihood, that they have been sought for not only in the neighboring ports of Leghorn and Genoa, but even in the distant harbors of the Western world, where their services have been gladly welcomed. It is with one of these hardy sons of the sea, who have won for themselves the enviable reputation of being equally *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, that our present tale has to do.

The 20th of April, 1798, was a day of gloom to these simple villagers. The song of the mariner was hushed, and no peasant girl was heard, as is usual, to re-echo its joyous sounds; the bell of the parish church tolled forth a mournful knell, as the inhabitants of the village climbed in silence the hill on whose summit it stood. The church of Alessio is a noble structure, for the people of Liguria, frugal as they are in their fare, and lowly as are their own habitations, love to see the house of God cared for and adorned; the poorest brings his mite, or contributes the labor of his hands, to erect an edifice meet for the worship of the Almighty; and when it is completed, each loves it as if it were his own—they feel it to be a domestic glory. On this day the high altar of Alessio was clothed in black. Suspended over it, there hung a picture of St. Nicola, the patron of enslaved captives, whilst clustered around, in kneeling groups, the little congregation seemed engaged in earnest supplication. When the good priest, a venerable, hoar-headed man, had completed the celebration of the mass, he turned towards the people, and said: "Let us pray, my friends; for a brother who but a little while ago knelt with us at this altar, and who is now a captive on the in-

hospitable shores of Barbary, would, I doubt not, gladly commend himself to your prayers—Emanuel Giraldo, well known to you all—that good father of a family, that kind neighbor, who was ever ready to fly to the succor of others in the hour of peril or of shipwreck, has been carried off by the corsairs." Although the good priest was only announcing an already well-known fact, yet when he ceased to speak, a mingled voice of prayer and lamentation burst anew from the assembled villagers, and many an eye turned with pitying gaze upon one group, which was seated apart from the rest in a side-chapel, and consisted of a middle-aged woman, a young and graceful-looking girl, and a lad about twenty years of age: they were the wife and children of the unhappy Giraldo, and had come to unite in the prayers which were offered up on this day for the loved husband and father of whom they had been so cruelly deprived. The two women, veiling their faces in their mantles, wept in silence; but the sunburnt and daring countenance of the youth, although paler than was its wont, expressed rather a firm and grave resolution than a hopeless grief; he looked as if absorbed in thought; nor was his meditation a fruitless one, as we shall presently find.

The evening of this mournful day was closing in: it was the hour of sunset—that hour which is so full of beauty beneath an Italian sky—the hour consecrated, beyond all others, in every clime to sorrowful and tender recollections—the hour which, as a Ligurian poet says,

Fa il cor più mesto e l'anima più grande.

Jacopo, for such was the name of the youthful son of Giraldo, was seated by his mother's side, on the threshold of their humble cottage. Both were silent; both seemed absorbed in the same mournful reflections; both felt that they had not courage to return to the lonely chamber, or to look at that vacant chair, which was wont to be filled by the father and the husband whom they loved so well. The bereft wife could not bring herself to retire to her solitary pallet; but at length, worn out with the excitement of the day, she laid her wearied head upon a pile of fishing-nets and sails, which lay spread out in a corner. Her son embraced her several times with more than usual tenderness, and implored her blessing. Could she at that moment have read his thoughts, her heart would have well-nigh burst, for she would have felt that this was most probably his last embrace.

Next morning, the earliest dawn found Jacopo on his way to the beach, whither he had, however, been preceded by one whose heart was as sad and as anxious as his own—the young Marie Fiorentini—she who had been the playmate of his childhood, and was now the betrothed of his youth. He had requested her on the preceding day to meet him here at this early hour, as he had an important communication to make to her, previous to a voyage he was about to undertake; and she had already been awaiting him for some moments, gazing upon the empty boat with an ill-defined foreboding of some impending evil, when the sound of his hurried step recalled her to herself.

on holidays she no longer appeared in festive attire, dressed with that minute attention to neatness and taste which is so characteristic of the Ligurian peasantry. She seemed to grudge the most trifling expense, and to hoard every farthing she could accumulate. Poor girl, she had conceived a great project, but one which she knew well it would take her years to accomplish—she hoped one day to ransom Jacopo!

Every day, with the rising dawn, she used to wander to that rock where he had seated himself by her side on the morning of his departure; and there, before her day's work began, she would sit for a while and meditate. One morning, as she was thus engaged, a boat approached the shore; and no sooner had its prow touched the land, than a gray-headed man, in tattered garments, sprung hastily on the beach, and kneeling, kissed it fervently, after which he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven, as if in grateful acknowledgment of some signal mercy. With a beating heart Marie recognized the father of Jacopo! It was a moment of fearful struggle; she loved; she reverenced Emanuel Giraldo almost with a daughter's love, but when she saw him set foot upon his native shores, she felt that the sacrifice was consummated—Jacopo was a slave!

But soon a ray of light burst through the gloom: she felt that he had done his duty, that God would bless him; and without a murmur, though not without a pang—a bitter, heart-felt pang—she resigned all those hopes of happiness which had brightened her path from her very childhood, and to which she had still clung, even when hope seemed vain. Virtue and religion were with her no empty names—they taught her to suffer and to do; and He who, whilst he measures the ocean in the hollow of His hand, takes account of the smallest dewdrop, will not leave unnoted or unrewarded the humble sacrifice of the peasant girl—who had no offering save her own treasured hopes to lay upon His shrine—any more than the noble acts of self-devotion whose fame is re-echoed throughout the world.

Emanuel, in the meanwhile, hastened to his humble home; and we need not stay to tell the transports of joy with which he was welcomed there, or the innumerable questions with which he was overwhelmed; but there was one question he could not answer, one question which continually recurred to his own mind: "Who had redeemed him from slavery—who had restored him to his home?"

In the evening of this eventful day, a large circle of the friends and relatives of Giraldo had assembled around him as he sat by his cottage door, beneath the shade of a spreading chestnut, whose branches waved in the evening breeze. It was a scene worthy of a painter's pencil, this varied group composed of old men and children, sunburnt fishermen and youthful maidens, all listening with emotions of the deepest interest to Giraldo's narrative of all he had seen and suffered, of the cruel bondage in which he had pined, and of the strange habits and customs of the Algerian corsairs. But there was one present who listened to his tale with far other feelings than

those of mere curiosity: poor Marie, burying her face in her hands, vainly strove to restrain her tears, as she thought within herself that all these horrors were now weighing upon the head of Jacopo. She could not bear, however, to mar the happiness of Giraldo's return, by revealing the secret which was preying upon her inmost soul, and she had resolved that she would yet, for a time at least, conceal her grief; but Giraldo, when he had finished his relation, suddenly exclaimed: "O how I wish my son were here to-night! But he will soon be back; and then, my good Marie, you must, without any longer delay, become his wife."

Marie, overcome by her feelings, started from her seat as he thus addressed her, and trembling violently, she threw herself into the old man's arms, and exclaimed: "Jacopo is a slave in Barbary—it was Jacopo who ransomed *you* from slavery!"

The next Sunday morning, Emanuel, surrounded by his family, but bowed down by sorrow as he thought of his lost, his noble-hearted boy, repaired once more to his parish church. There was no heart there that day which did not mourn, no lip which did not breathe a fervent prayer for the young captive, who had so long been the favorite of old and young in the village of Alessio. The good priest ascended the pulpit, and after having described the horrors of slavery, and the virtues of the young man who had willingly given himself up to suffer all its miseries, he proceeded as follows: "Let us then, my brethren, each contributed his mite to rescue him from bondage; and if our offerings do not amount to the required sum, we will take some of those which have been laid upon the shrine of St. Nicola; the saints of God do not stand in need of our silver and our gold, and deeds of kindness to our brethren are like precious vases of incense which burn continually before our God."

With willing and liberal hearts did the good people of Alessio respond to the appeal; there was not one present, not even the poorest widow, who did not contribute her mite towards the ransom of the captive. Marie brought her little hoard, the fruit of many an hour of labor and many an act of self-denial, to add to the general stock; and the sum required for the ransom was found to be complete. The next day, some young mariners, under the guidance of Emanuel Giraldo himself, set out for the coast of Barbary.

* * * *

It was the festival of St. Nicola; the whole population of Alessio were gathered upon the strand; the sun shone brightly upon the scene; and a light bark, with many-colored flags flying from her masts, and flowers wreathed around her prow, sailed into the bay amidst the cheers and vivas of the assembled crowd.

The mother of Jacopo and Marie were there, standing the nearest of all to the water's edge, that they might be the first to welcome the delivered slave, their beloved Jacopo, whom this bark was bearing back to his native shores. Joyously and thankfully did he set foot upon the strand, and with a

grateful heart did he thank his kind deliverers; but the praises which were mingled with the congratulations that met his ear on every side, appeared to him unmerited and uncalled for, for the single-minded mariner could not see that he had done anything more than duty required. A few days afterwards, the faithful love of Marie and Jacopo was consecrated at the altar, and the young couple returned to the quiet fulfilment of the daily labors and duties of their toilsome, but happy and contented life.

We know not whether Jacopo still lives, but if he and his faithful Marie yet survive, may a blessing rest upon their old age! They may be poor in this world's goods, but if the young fisherman brought back from the land of his captivity a single link of his chain, it will be a heritage to his children and his children's children more precious than costly jewels or thousands of gold and silver.

THE BATTLE FOR DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION.

PASTORAL OF THE IRISH BISHOPS.

THE question of Home Rule was, in 1871, a question on which the minds of English and Irish Catholics were much divided; but on that of Catholic Education, both in England and in Ireland, the utmost unanimity prevailed among them. The first of these questions belonged to the debatable field of politics; the second was inclosed within the sacred limits of religion. The course of events had greatly increased the gravity of the subject. The world had become less religious, though it was the fashion among free-thinkers to plead for what they called religion. "In our days," wrote Walter Savage Landor—himself a free-thinker—in his *Imaginary Conversations*, "only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason against religion; and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it." The untiring labors of Materialists, Pantheists, Deists, and Atheists, were telling fearfully on the periodical literature and general tone of society. Indifference was in the ascendant, or getting fast towards it. The marriage tie was loosened; and moral obligations, which can be binding only when they have a divine sanction, were being relaxed more and more. There never was a time when it appeared more necessary to instil into the minds of the rising generation the first principles of the faith, and to separate those principles from all admixture of erroneous and dubious doctrine. Some concessions had, in former days, been made, from time to time, to the system of mixed education, but they had

never received any formal sanction from supreme authority; they had been justified, if at all, only by peculiar circumstances; and their results had not been such as to encourage a renewal of them. The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, therefore, issued in October a series of resolutions and a pastoral address on the subject of education, which for dignity, clearness, and justice, have never been surpassed. The latter of these documents was so framed as to serve as a summary of what Catholics should believe, feel, teach, and do, as regards education. It recapitulated the educational history of Ireland during the struggles of that nation for political equality and religious independence during the last fifty years. It showed how uniformly mixed education had been condemned, particularly in the case of the Queen's Colleges and the establishment of National Education. It pointed to the unanimity of Catholic Bishops throughout the world on this topic—the Bishops of France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Australia, Canada, and of that country where, if anywhere, we might have expected some latitude of opinion—the United States. But the republican character of American institutions had not engendered among the clergy any views on mixed education at variance with those approved by authority at Rome. The Synod held at Baltimore in 1866, complained bitterly of its pernicious effects on the rising generation, and of its fostering to a fearful extent "the destructive spirit of indifferentism."

The Pastoral then quoted the words of Pope Pius IX, in which, replying to the Archbishop of Freiburg in Germany, he expounds, as the infallible teacher of the faithful, the doctrine of the Church on the necessity of uniting education closely with religious instruction. "Those who pretend," wrote his Holiness, "that the Church ought to abdicate or suspend her control and her salutary action upon the primary schools, in reality ask her to disobey the commands of her divine Author, and to be false to the charge she has received from God of guiding all men to salvation; and in whatever country this pernicious design of removing the schools from the ecclesiastical authority should be entertained and carried into execution, and the young thereby exposed to the danger of losing their faith, there the Church would be in duty bound, not only to use her best efforts, and to employ every means to secure for them the necessary Christian education and instruction, but, moreover, would feel herself obliged to warn all the faithful, and to declare that no one can in conscience frequent such schools, as being adverse to the Catholic Church." And here it may be remarked *en passant* that the mixed education which the Church condemns does not, as some persons seem to suppose, mean the mixture of *pupils* differing in religious belief under Catholic instructors—which may, or may not, be advisable, according to circumstances—but the mixture of sound with unsound, orthodox with heretical *teachers*. It is the fountain which must not be vitiated; but the source is not polluted by the stream being freely shared by divers lips.

A Protestant, a Mahometan, or a Pagan child in a Catholic school does not make "mixed education;" but a Protestant, a Mahometan, or a Pagan professor, in a school or college called Catholic, *does* constitute "mixed education," and is an abomination in the eyes of the Church. The arguments employed in favor of mixed education by its advocates often supply us with the strongest reasons against it. Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, who warmly recommended the National Board and the deleterious mixture which it prescribed, said on one occasion of that "nepenthe:" "It is gradually undermining the vast fabric of the Irish Roman Catholic Church;" and again, "I believe that mixed education is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and that if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion."

The Queen's Colleges of Ireland have always been especially obnoxious to the censure and condemnation of ecclesiastical authorities. Being essentially secularized institutions, and recognizing no particular religion, they are strictly speaking "godless," and even more objectionable to Catholic minds, and repugnant to Catholic instincts, than Trinity College, Dublin, which does recognize God, and teaches the Christian religion, though in an imperfect and erroneous way. The National Synod of Thurles, however, has united both systems in a common condemnation; the one because it directly fosters infidelity, and the other because it gives life and force to Protestant errors. The opinion and feeling of the vast majority of the Catholic population of Ireland is decidedly adverse to mixed, and in favor of denominational education. A thousand of the leading Catholics there, including several noblemen and members of Parliament, have lately declared this plainly in an address to the Prime Minister. The Queen's colleges and model schools are wellnigh deserted by Catholics; and in the year 1868–9, there were only 37 Catholic students acquiring education in arts in the former of those mixed establishments, namely, 3 in Belfast, 16 in Galway, and 18 in Cork; while in several model schools in populous towns and cities, there are sometimes not ten, sometimes not even two, children of Catholic parents. Nearly all the Liberal candidates at the last elections declared themselves in favor of denominational education, and they have not failed to advocate their views in Parliament. By acting otherwise, indeed, they would equally displease their Bishops and their constituents, who are agreed in pressing their claims on Government on this behalf as earnestly, and with as much perseverance, as their fathers before them urged the necessity of emancipation. Professor Huxley has endeavored to alarm the Educational Board, and through it, the nation at large, by depicting in dark colors the designs of "the Ultramontane section of the Catholic Church." He has made a bugbear of this popular phrase, and tried to establish an ideal difference between "Ultramontanes" and Catholics in general, as if our

principles were twofold, instead of being one and indivisible. He charges us with employing "an engine carefully calculated for the destruction of all that is highest in the moral nature, the intellectual freedom, and the political freedom of mankind;" and he thinks we are to be blamed because we can "never be satisfied with anything whatever but complete possession of the whole minds and souls of the children" whom we have in our hands. In this Dr. Huxley is right. Why should we be satisfied with anything different? This is the great end which we have in view in education, and in which we are encouraged by the Divine Founder of our religion, by his apostles, and the pastors of the Christian flock. Complete subjection of the soul, the heart, the understanding of our young ones to the Gospel of Christ, and the Church to which the teaching and preaching of that Gospel is intrusted, is, doubtless, our aim: and in pursuing it we are so conscious of rectitude that we can well afford to smile at calumnies as old as Christianity itself. It is true that a large number of persons amongst us realize in so lively a manner the great truths of Christianity that they are comparatively indifferent to secular knowledge. It is true that here and there individuals, bodies of men, and even states and provinces, among Catholics, may be found, in which the intellectual culture is at a lower ebb than in some non-Catholic provinces, states, bodies of men, and individuals, that may be contrasted with them, each to each. Yet, in spite of these exceptions, the Catholic religion will be discovered to be, on the whole, the great civilizing agent in every age; the grand promoter of arts and sciences; the preserver of classical remains; the counsellor of peace; the encourager of commerce; the opponent of tyranny on the one hand, and democratic violence on the other; the pioneer of social progress, and the best, if not the only ultimate, guarantee of political freedom. "There is nothing right, useful, pleasing in human society which the Roman Pontiffs have not brought into it, or have not refined and fostered when introduced." Such are the words of Pope Pius IX in a letter to M. Mahon de Monaghan, and if the reader desires further proof of what is here asserted, he may find it in an article in the *Dublin Review* of April, 1866, entitled "Rome, the Civilizer of Nations," and in the speech delivered in Dublin by Cardinal Cullen on the 17th of January.

It was only three years ago that a pamphlet published in France, and indorsed by eighty bishops, set forth the dreadful calamities which might be expected to result from education without religion. The reign of the Commune in Paris has supplied a terrible comment on this publication, and it has been verified in letters of blood and fire. The International cried, and still cries aloud for compulsory and gratuitous education up to the age of fifteen, and separation of the schools from the Church. A large party in this country blindly advocates the same pernicious system, and our rulers are only half alive to the evils and miseries which it will inevitably entail. It will re-

tard the social progress which they so earnestly desire, and overthrow the constitution of which Englishmen in general have hitherto been so proud. Professional schools for females of twelve years old and upwards, such as those which exist in France, in which morality is taught without religion ever being mentioned, would be certain to eliminate from the female character all modesty and decorum, and to turn out sentimental viragos and pedantic coquettes; women unlikely ever to make prudent wives or exemplary mothers, or to promote the welfare of their children either in this life or the next. The impious association which goes by the name of the *Solidaires* in France and Belgium has for its avowed object to prevent persons from receiving the sacraments or any rites of the Church in life or death; and these *Solidaires*, with the Freemasons, have established in France an Educational League for the purpose of raising up a new society based solely on learning and instruction. Religion is represented by these people not merely as useless, but as "capable of leading children to abandon all moral principle;" and one of their organs declares itself happy to announce that the Educational League and the statue of "our brother" Voltaire meet with the greatest support in all the (masonic) lodges. There could not, it says, be two subscription lists more in harmony with each other: Voltaire, the representative of the destruction of prejudices and superstition; the Educational League, the engine for building up society anew on a basis excluding religion. The founder of the League, at a great masonic dinner, proposed a toast to the memory of Voltaire, and the same organ from which we have quoted informs us that at one of the "professional schools" above referred to, the prize for good conduct was awarded "to the daughter of a free-thinker, who had never attended any place of religious worship." Lectures in the School of Medicine, in Paris, have been inaugurated amid shouts of "Vive le materialisme!" Moral responsibility is openly denied and argued down in the same famous medical school, and the conduct and actions of men are represented as the necessary and inevitable results of physical conformation. Prizes and medals are given for dissertations in which the act of creation and the existence of a creator are disputed; every metaphysical idea is rejected as dangerous and useless; human thought is ascribed to heat; matter is made eternal; the notion of a first cause is scouted as chimerical; and the idea of the soul, as an immaterial power, is made a mere abstraction. A professor of the University of France, in Bordeaux, asserts that moral ideas among different nations are so conflicting, that it is impossible to find an absolute definition of goodness. M. Verneuil, a physician of the faculty of Paris—another instructor of youth—resigns himself to the doctrine that Fate is blind, and yet presides absolutely over our lot; that the fragments of matter—"the imperceptible elements of the great social organization"—called men, are born, live, and die unconscious of their destiny, and "have in the midst of the darkness which covers their origin and their end

only one consolation: the love of their fellow-man." They expect their "Messiah, the true Messiah, of the mind and reason—universal education." We know the bitter disappointment in which their expectations will end. We know what results education without religion has produced in the devastated streets, the charred palaces, and the blood-stained prisons of Paris. We are anxious to avert the pernicious principles and the awful calamities which have come upon France; we would save society in general from them if we could; and, above all, we would save the souls of our own children from being contaminated with the former, as they would be of necessity in secular state schools, teaching no religion, or false religion, or mixed religions, yet open to "children of all persuasions, without religious distinction."

To this kind of education several members of her Majesty's present government are undoubtedly inclined. The dangers of Positivism and the worship of Humanity do not seem to appal them; and the very words which Auguste Comte used in reference to his own adherents are applicable to them: "The servants of Humanity exclude, once for all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behindhand and a cause of disturbance." The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured the mechanics of Halifax, on December 4th, that he had never been weary of denouncing the denominational scheme, and that, finding his own views met with little, if any, support in the House of Commons, he and his colleague, Lord Granville, had (in the last Education Bill) hit upon the expedient of paying for secular results, and giving no payment at all for religious instruction; that they adopted, in short, "a system tending very forcibly to the secularization of education," and that he would have gone farther, if he had been able, and would have added "a rating system, a conscience clause, and a system of undenominational inspection." He rejoices in the denominational schools affected by the bill being saddled with a conscience clause and a time-table, and in their having "found their place in the statute-book," and being "liable, like any other public institution, to be dealt with at the pleasure of the legislature." His speech, in short, proves that he and certain of his colleagues would, if it were possible, deliver us and our children up into the hands of the state, to be taught by it whatsoever it may think proper, and would lead us to teach, at our own expense, the knowledge of God, His word, and His will. But to this hybrid education we can never consent. We dare not barter our inheritance for a mess of pottage. We have a right to be assisted by the state in the great work of educating our poor children, in proportion to our numbers and the taxes which we pay in common with others; but we have a right also to demand that the assistance which we require should be free from any condition burdensome to our consciences and at variance with our duties to God and to His Church. We therefore demand of the government now, and

shall never cease to demand till we obtain it, that in our Irish schools all restrictions on religious instruction shall be removed, and Catholic training schools, male and female, shall be established; that a purely Catholic University shall be chartered by the government, or some other means provided by which Catholic students may obtain University degrees without detriment to their principles or trammels on their conscience; and that in England denominational education shall be secured to us intact, so that, whatever differences may distract, whatever errors may corrupt, the minds and morals of other youths, our own, at least, may be trained in the unalterable verities and rigid morality which we have received by tradition from Christ and His Apostles.

We know not what complications may arise in the future between English administrations and Catholic interests, but for the present there are certainly none involving more difficulty on both sides, or requiring more discretion for their arrangements, than those which spring out of the question of denominational education.

CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

WITH no slight curiosity I watched for the first indications of a city, on approaching "the Great Metropolis of the West" on a steamer crossing Lake Michigan, one bright summer's evening. But owing to the dead level of the prairie region, we were within twenty miles of land before—even in an American atmosphere—we could distinguish the least line on the horizon. Then, some fifteen miles off, began to loom above the water, higher and higher, two large undefined objects, which looked like twin mounds rising out of the lake. What could these strange prominences be, where one had been told that, at its greatest elevation, there was no land more than twenty feet above the level of the lake? Less cloud-like did these twin objects grow with every half-mile of our approach, increasing and darkening while yet too far away for us to distinguish their form or character.

"Those are the Chicago elevators," said a fellow-passenger, on seeing me observe them so wonderingly. "The elevators!" I had seen buildings bearing that name at Oswego, and had heard of these monster granaries at Chicago; for they were, in fact, two of the many enormous warehouses in that "granary of the world," which were furnished with elevators proper—mechanical contrivances for raising the grain to the spacious chambers one above another in which it is stored. Standing up on the horizon like artificial mounds, those elevators were for many

miles all we saw of Chicago. But by and by a third and more distant shadow broke on the horizon and gradually assumed form and distinctness. It was the "new Court House;" and as yet no shore was visible. Then the tops of other buildings began to show, the monster elevators growing larger and more solemn as dusk gathered over us and beacon lights gleamed out along the shore: a glow here, a glow there, other lights shone out by twos, threes, scores—increasing every moment. Then rows of gas-lamps burst into view; the whole horizon became brilliant, and a long line of Lake Michigan was luminous with the reflection of ten thousand jets of flame. Now as we hurried into port under full pressure of steam, the red lights of approaching steamers glared upon us, six or seven schooners passed us in quick succession; tall masts and countless gaslights told us that we were close upon the Liverpool of America. We came among crowded shipping; the boat's crew shouted to each other; noise, bustle, and confusion aroused misgivings as to the discretion of our helmsman, and alarmed us for the safety of our boat. At last we were moored in the Chicago River —not much of a river, only between sixty and seventy yards wide, and so nearly on a level with its shores, that we looked down upon surrounding objects as if from a second story window.

Chicago was then just thirty years of age, and with a population of about 120,000. It was already a wonderful place, commercially speaking; though to the general tourist it was easily "done;" for its "parks" and "gardens" were only being laid out and planted; its university was being built; its museums and public libraries were in embryo. Among its chief lions were its Court House and its street of "iron blocks;" which latter (as some of our readers may know no better than I did what those might be) may be explained at once as iron buildings, the term "blocks" being applied to a whole line or square of houses between each rectangular street. And these "iron blocks" certainly were imposing structures, the whole being of cast iron; the highly embellished frontage, painted stone-color, having the appearance of beautiful Saxon architecture. They were chiefly wholesale stores, five or six stories high, and formed one of the handsomest streets to be found in any capital. The city also boasted of 140 steam manufactories, but a lady tourist may be pardoned for not ranking these as first among objects of interest. There was, however, sufficient of novelty in this city of mushroom growth to repay the most apathetic of visitors; and who could ever forget the first view of a prairie that rewarded the climbing of some two hundred steps to the cupola of that Court House, which, next to the two huge elevators, had been the most prominent object from the lake? Here, being many feet higher than any other point (the points of church-spires excepted) within sight, you obtained an accurate knowledge of the prairie country. It was a strange scene, which, but for coloring, might have been one boundless expanse of sea in its unvarying level. On one side was

Lake Michigan, wanting only the life of the buoyant waves and the invigorating salt breezes, to be a sea itself. On the other side was a sea of grass, on which you traced the silver thread of the river, and the straight lines of railway diverging in all directions, till they were lost in the immensity of distance. Villages and farms were like specks, smaller and fainter, until you could distinguish them no longer; the lines of coast to the north and south were lost in the far-off blueness—bluer still by contrast with the church-spires between which you viewed it—until land and sky were blended in one undefinable horizon.

Immediately beneath you the contrast was as striking. Here you saw the town mapped out as clearly as if you were looking down upon a chess-board. The streets are all at right angles, and in regular squares, from which steeples and towers and cupolas crop out from among an expanse of roofs; and trees and gardens look like a pattern on a carpet. Fringes of masts show you the river and the wharves; along the banks other monster elevators rear their square proportions. Behind you, bordering the lake, are miles of private residences, pleasure walks, and future "parks." Michigan Avenue is almost on a level with the lake, and the houses are for the most part detached, standing in their own grounds. Many of them are of princely proportions, built of stone, marble, or brick, some of wood; though even among these latter are many which vie with their more solid and less combustible neighbors in size and elegance.

Ten years ago there were seventy-two churches in Chicago. The other day there were nearly two hundred of various denominations. One elegant spire was two hundred feet in height. One "Avenue," Wabash, called "the street of churches," on account of the number which graced it, was devastated by fire only a year ago.

But the most remarkable thing about Chicago was the transition state of its foundations, and the various levels of its streets and houses, which rendered a walk or a shopping expedition very like running up and down stairs continually, or even perambulating the roofs of houses.

Once incorporated as a city, the inhabitants soon discovered the inconvenience and unhealthiness of the original swamp on which its first settlers pitched their log huts. Engineering science was making rapid strides. Why not raise the city? And it was raised. Soil was brought from the vicinity. New houses, statelier and more stately, year by year, were built upon artificial foundations; others were lifted bodily to a level with them, and then looked down contemptuously upon their neighbors in the swamp. These grand new "blocks" of brick, stone, or marble, had elevated pavements on a level with their doors and windows; but, being built by private enterprise, the street—the affair of the corporation—might as yet retain its original level; so the pedestrian, on reaching the end of his aristocratic pavement, must cross

the road by descending a flight of steps, or an abrupt slant, then mount again to reach another side-walk. Fronting this modern magnificence might be low wooden tenements; tumble-down log-huts, in a cabbage garden, may be looking terribly humbled by contrast with their more aspiring neighbors. The houses told the history of the inhabitants. You might date their age and social rank by their respective levels. At the time of my first visit to Chicago, upwards of two hundred buildings had been raised from their original foundations within the two previous years.

"We will have them all right in time," said a resident to me, "those houses that are worth raising we will raise; the rest we will move off out of town, or else tear down altogether."

One of the large hotels at Chicago, the Matteson House, had just got settled on a loftier level when I was there; everything having gone on as usual during the process, and the inhabitants—numbering several hundred—eating, drinking, and sleeping the while, as if unconscious of their sudden rise in the world. About a year afterwards, the Tremont Hotel was raised; and this is the cool way in which the fact was announced in an evening paper: "The Tremont House and about an acre of houses in the same block commenced rising to grade this morning. There are 5000 screws underneath the house, and a gang of 500 men employed; giving each man the supervision of ten screws. The power was applied at ten o'clock this forenoon, and at eleven o'clock, the immense weight of buildings had been raised three inches. It has yet five feet, nine inches to rise, which the contractors assure us will be completed on Saturday night next."

In the year 1856, the city corporation raised the level of many streets four feet, chiefly with gravel brought from Lake Superior, thus greatly improving the healthfulness of the city. The average is now eight feet above the original level; leaving, however, some portions still "below par;" but all will be done in time. As may be conjectured, the raised "side-walks," chiefly of long heavy planks laid upon trestle-work, must have been a terrible agent in spreading the devouring element, lying high and dry and loose, as if on purpose to conduct the flames. Chicago abounds in combustibles. Its lumber trade is prodigious, and timber yards are in all directions. In one year, 147 millions of feet of boards, and 77,000 millions of shingles (used for roofing) were brought into the place. Owing to the scarcity of slates, even stone or brick buildings are frequently roofed with shingles and covered with pitch as a preservative. Abundance of wooden boardings and fencings surround the yards and detached buildings; and in the construction of one single yard for the accommodation of stock, 22 million feet of timber were used. Who can wonder that, when a fire does occur, it should run riot over many square miles of a city thus inviting it?

Everything is superlative at Chicago; its elevators, its hotels, its commerce, its luxury, its fastness. The ambition of its people knows no bounds; nothing *not* superlative

would satisfy them. It has far outrun its neighbors and former rivals, Cincinnati and St. Louis, though only half the age of the former, and an infant compared with the latter. Cincinnati *was* "Porkopolis," in honor of its immense hog-markets; but of late years Chicago has been distinguished by the characteristic appellations of "the biggest pig-sticking and pork-curing emporium in the world!" It boasts of a machine which receives a live pig at one end, and turns it out as ready-cured hams, and "the best pound of sausages" at the other. And all in five minutes! This may be shooting with a long bow; but not a *very* long one, if English newspaper correspondents may be believed.,

In the short history of Chicago, there are two or three important eras, which form a clue to the birth and progress of many of its sister cities and immediate neighbors. From 1804 to 1828–9, the place was known only as the locality of a small wooden "fortress," and of continual Indian broils. Then the great lead mines along the banks of the Mississippi began to be discovered and worked; a canal was projected between Lake Michigan and the river, and a great rush of settlers occurred. After the Black Hawk war in 1832, the Indians were reduced, and afterwards removed to the west of the Mississippi. From that time Chicago may date its rise. It was incorporated as a town, and started a newspaper, though numbering only some two or three hundred inhabitants. The year 1837 was also an important one. Iowa was purchased of the Indians, Michigan was admitted to the Union, and Wisconsin was organized as a Territory. The first election was held in Chicago, and the first census was taken, showing a population of 4000. By 1854, it was estimated "the largest grain depot in the world," and had a population of about 60,000. In that one year, 2000 buildings were erected in Chicago. It is now the centre of the greatest railway traffic in the world. About 250 trains—and *such* trains, longitudinally speaking!—arrive and depart daily by above forty distinct lines of railway; to say nothing of canals and lake steamers. On my second visit to Chicago I had the honor of making one among the 14,000 who arrived on that day by two out of the twenty-six lines of railway then centring there.

C. C. H.

The soul of man, (let man in homage bow,
Who names his soul,) a native of the skies,
Highborn and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.

VIOLETS.

SWEET is the legend of a happy soul,
  Pacing, in dreams, the sward of Paradise;
Above her hung fruits tinct with fiery flush,
  Around her blew flowers myriad in device.

Low was the clime, a twilight arched with stars;
  Long, arrowy lights on cedared hill and dale,
Filled with a mellow atmosphere, whose heart
  Breathèd of myrrh and spice and garlingale.

She, pausing underneath the tree of life,
  Heard all its mystic branches palpitate,
And a low voice: "Take thou the fairest flower
  Between the eastern and the western gate."

And, rising up, she wandered forth amidst
  Lilies beloved in time by Solomon;
And forest frankincense and wondrous blooms,
  Whose chalices were dyed with moon and sun.

Rounding her path, there glimmered in blue dusk
  Vast star-eyed blossoms, bright and marvellous;
Great charms of streakèd splendor; living flowers
  Lost to the fallen world and unto us.

At dawn the angel found her at the gate,
  Weeping, but looping in her vesture's folds
Of all the gorgeous blooms of Paradise,
  Passionate violets and marigolds.

And lifting up her low eyes, dashed with rain,
  "I paced," she said, "between the east and west;
Heaven's fairest flowers were subject to my hand,
  But I did gather what I loved the best."

Answered the radiant angel, "Sweet and wise,
  Thy tender care hath chosen the fairer part;
Henceforth shall violets be loved of love,
  And marigolds refresh the tirèd heart.

"Awake!" And she unclosed her eyes to see
  The morning sunlight beating on the blind;
And round her bed the breath of marigolds
  Swam with the violets' on the garden wind.

AGATHA TEBERT.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

DURING the horrible persecutions under Dioclesian, thousands of delicate young girls owed their strength to the fortifying sacrament of confirmation. Almost in our own days, persecutions, scarcely less horrible, have been experienced by the faithful Catholics of France; and the horrors of the fourth century were renewed in the Reign of Terror when Robespierre became a new Dioclesian. Then blessed were the strong and firm of heart! The seventeen young girls who mounted the steps of the scaffold at Verdun, singing pious canticles, had all been confirmed; and when the priests from the altar pointed out the rapid progress of the waves of impiety, and infidel poets foretold, in satirical songs, what was coming, then all real Christians hastened to receive the sacrament which makes them strong soldiers of Christ, able to face persecution for the faith. Amongst this number, one was Agatha Tebert.

She was a young girl of Bordeaux, and cousin to Jane Tebert de Clerác, a nun in the Convent of the Good Shepherd. She daily saw with terror the approach of the persecution; she witnessed hourly the sacred truths and rites of our holy religion ridiculed. The clergy were in hiding; no priest's life was safe. Some had sought shelter in England, Holland, and other foreign countries safer for them than France, about to lose her title of the eldest daughter of the Church.

Agatha, having no means, could not leave. Nevertheless, the danger daily increased, and she felt weak against persecution. Louis XVI had just been dethroned by an assembly without lawful mission, which replaced by a republic the ancient form of government in a country little prepared to receive it.

Agatha heard from her cousin that a venerable bishop had arrived at Bordeaux in disguise, and was lodged at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, whence he would next day embark for America; and, as public worship was no longer free, she was informed that during the night he would administer the sacrament of confirmation in the utmost secrecy to any who desired it.

Agatha was filled with joy at the happiness of being thus strengthened for the conflict. She was just then seventeen years of age. Having her cousin for god-mother, Agatha entered the dimly-lighted chapel. The altar was adorned, as well as was possible, at such an awful crisis. The good bishop entered. The *Veni Creator* was softly intoned by the nuns. After a few words to those present, commencing with those words of the holy Pope Melchades: "In baptism we are regenerated to Christian life; in confirmation we become strong and powerful soldiers," he intoned these words of the Roman Ritual: "May the

Holy Ghost descend upon you, and may the power of the Most High preserve you from all sin. Amen. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth. O Almighty and Eternal God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate by water and the Holy Ghost these here present, Thy children; and hast remitted their sins, send on them now, from Thy throne in Heaven, the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, to enrich them with his seven gifts:

"The spirit of Wisdom and Knowledge. Amen.

"The spirit of Strength and Counsel. Amen.

"The spirit of Understanding and Piety. Amen.

"Fill their hearts with Thy holy fear, and vouchsafe in thy mercy to sign them with the sign of the Cross for all eternity, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who livest and reignest together with God, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, forever and ever. Amen."

The bishop then administered the sacrament to the candidates, anointing them with the Holy Chrism.

The saintly bishop embarked next day to carry to distant lands the torch of faith and the words of the Gospel. All present piously kissed his feet, whilst the Auguste Anthem from the Roman Breviary, "How beautiful are the feet of those who carry afar the peace of Heaven and the good tidings of the Saviour"—was being sung.

Agatha felt from that day how the grace of confirmation raises the heart far above all earthly terrors. She now felt only the fear of the Lord and the holy dread of offending Him. She felt how vain are all earthly joys and sorrows, and the littleness of a world that is passing away, and decided on choosing the better part by consecrating herself to God.

When the blind followers of the goddess Reason had closed all the churches, scattered the nuns, and utterly dispersed the priests, Agatha, together with her godmother and other sisters of the Good Shepherd, retired to an obscure, quiet dwelling, where they prayed for poor, justly-chastised France, for those of her children who were erring, for those others, too numerous, who without having the courage to declare their principles, allowed error to pass on triumphant. Whilst praying, they labored industriously at needlework; and Agatha, then only seventeen years of age, was charged with the sale of the work and the provisionment of the house, being the only inmate who had not taken, as yet, the vows.

Her non-appearance at any of the disorderly feasts of the republic, and her strict observance of the Sunday, when only decades were to be observed by the new laws of the republic, made her suspected.

Under these circumstances, a young man who brought water to their dwelling, and who had been confirmed with her two years previously, had concealed in his poor tenement a priest. One morning, observing sinister looking figures moving round about his dwelling, he feared it was no longer a safe refuge; so he went at midnight to implore the good sisters, knowing that at the moment they would be

reciting their matins, to conceal the proscribed priest, whilst he arranged for his embarkation for a more tranquil shore.

The next morning (4th July, 1794), the dwelling of the poor terrified sisters was surrounded by a troop of furies, singing the Carmagnole, and wearing the red cap of liberty. Jane Tebert, who, although, only thirty-five years of age, was superioress of this home of silence, was arrested for concealing refractory priests. Her companions, together with the good priest they sought to save, and the poor water-carrier, as also Agatha, who had acquired strength to brave all danger where there was no sin, marched boldly to the scaffold, singing hymns and canticles. The people, moved at the sight, besought them to purchase their safety by a sinful compliance with the unlawful oath that was tendered to them. All refused, and the nuns, together with Agatha and the water-carrier, were found worthy the palm of martyrdom. All were guillotined on the 5th July, 1794, in this city of Bordeaux, now so worthy the name of Christian.

WAHABEES IN EUROPE.

CHRISTIAN society in Europe has its Wahabees, deadly in hate, and implacable in hostility, as are the pests of India. A skulking Wahabee who stabs his victim in the dark, and then falls in the unequal contest with outraged society is a contemptible foe when compared with the agitator who, cloaked behind a distorted liberalism, seeks to destroy the vitality of the nation by covert attacks upon the principles on which society is hinged. The one makes a single victim, the other millions. Just now this class of men is overrunning England, France, and Germany, like a flight of social locusts, threatening the produce of long centuries. Nor have we to look far for the cause. In proportion as men, in drifting away from the old landmarks of fixed principles, acquire a false confidence in their own seeming wisdom, so also do they develop the passion to usurp all others' rights, and practically deny the existence of any duty to God, which cannot be paid through Cæsar. This fact is demonstrated by the German Emperor's declared antagonism to the Church, and the late covert threat of persecution conveyed in his reply to the bishops; by the rabid utterances of M. Gambetta in France, and the sleepless antagonism of the anti-denominationalists in England. The Emperor William, his earth-hunger temporarily relieved, lusts after power to control men's minds; M. Gambetta, who cursed France with the prolongation of a hopeless war, seeks further notoriety in greater safety; and the

prototypes of the future Communists of England are anxious to speed on the work, that they may look into political chaos before they die. This they can only do by destroying old landmarks, and uprooting old principles. It is a noteworthy fact that, alike in England, Germany, and France, the chief efforts to accomplish the common end in view—the practical negation of God—are directed, not against grown men, who could be "convinced" only by physical coercion, but to obtain legal possession of the schools with the object of accomplishing a social revolution; one godless generation would effect this, because the future character is formed in the schoolroom.

The English section of this party, though it calls itself "Liberal," fails to see that religious equality cannot practically exist without denominational education. Of itself, and for itself, it has never raised a school or a college, nor spent a sixpence even for the propagation of its peculiar ideas; the whole people has been taught, as far as it has learnt at all, in denominational schools, supported chiefly out of private means, the state aid being proportionately insignificant; but directly it is proposed to sweep the gutters with the besom of compulsion, and to provide means out of compulsory rates, up start these "liberal-minded men," who have so persistently buttoned up their pockets, to demand, in return for their forced contributions, supreme control of the general fund, that they may teach each boy, like Southey's millionaire:

> "The multiplication table is his creed,
> His Paternoster, and his Decalogue,"

and that religious knowledge is to be found in the copy-book, and afterwards perfected in the ledger. We do not impute anything but what they avow to these secularists, who freely concede to us the "right" to indorse their opinions. They have raised up a hideous spectre, and called it Catholicity. We fail to recognize it, as we shall, in any event, to recognize their right to force upon us an adverse system of education.

M. Gambetta adopts the same line as his English brethren. He calls upon his countrymen "to take the education of the young from the control of the priesthood, and to liberate the rising mind of France from the dominion of the Church." He demands lay teaching in the state schools, leaving religious for "the voluntary action of the Church." Our readers are already acquainted with the text of the reply of Mgr. Dupanloup, ever an advocate of liberal education in the truest sense of the word. M. Gambetta says what the state wants, what it pays for, and has a right to insure, is the education of citizens; what the clergy manages to secure is the training of churchmen. This ambitious advocate has clearly forgotten the bitter lessons of the late war, when the only cowards were men of his own extreme opinions, who, though they had intensified the sufferings of France, ran or talked, while the "rurals," uncontaminated by the vice of the cities, the "churchmen" of Burgundy and Brittany, and the children of Charette, fought like lions at bay, or rather, as Christians who feared not death, and who, if they could not conquer overpowering

odds, yet saved the military honor of degenerate France. The course taken by the National Assembly on the question of Public Education will prove if Frenchmen generally are blind as M. Gambetta to what their ex-Emperor has called the logic of facts.

Turning to Germany we find evidences of the same bitter hostility to Catholic principles. The Emperor William's menace to the bishops threatens to be followed up by overt acts of persecution against all ecclesiastics who shall dare to interfere in "matters connected with the state." A special enactment proposed by Von Lutz in the Council of the Confederate States, and supported by Prince Bismarck in the Chamber of the Deputies, provides that "every clergyman or other minister of religion who, in the exercise, or in connection with the exercise of his calling, shall openly, before any assemblage of persons in a church or other place set apart for religious worship, announce or discuss matters connected with the state in a manner which may appear to be calculated to lead to a breach of the public peace, shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding two years." This is ominous. Two affairs "connected with the state," and which are about to be discussed and legislated upon in Germany, are Education and a compulsory Secular Marriage Law. Both of these are matters which intimately concern the Church: the former as affecting the right of Catholic children to a system of education in conformity with their faith, and the latter as threatening Germany with an anti-Christian law; the negation of the Holy Sacrament of matrimony, and the substitution of a "contract of cohabitation." The immediate future does not promise well. The twelve million Catholics of Germany, in hopeless minority in the Imperial Parliament, are about to receive but poor compensation for uniting with Prussia in the subjugation of France. But as they are not likely tamely to yield up their pastors to persecution, we may charitably hope that Prince Bismarck, in asserting his Imperial master's infallibility, is not consolidating Imperial unity.

Thou art of all created things,
O, Lord, the essence and the cause—
The source and centre of all bliss.
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite—
The purple morn, the spangled night,
But hangings, which thy goodness draws
Between yon heavenly world and this?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LENTEN SERMONS. By Father Paul Segneri, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. I. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1872.

Now that the holy season of Lent is here, our publishers are showing commendable zeal in presenting the public with books appropriate to the season. Of such works issued of late years the best, unquestionably, is the collection of Lenten Sermons, by Father Segneri, which has just been issued by the Catholic Publication Society. Father Paul was one of the greatest preachers that the Society of Jesus, so eminent for its illustrious men, has ever produced. The highest testimonial to his merits was his appointment, by Pope Innocent XII, as preacher in the Pontifical palace. In this exalted position he acquitted himself with the greatest credit, but the fairest test of his success was the abundant harvest of souls that crowned his missionary labors.

The fourteen sermons which compose this the first volume are of singular variety and interest, though all of them have a direct bearing on the main idea of the necessity of passing a good Lent. The opening discourse is a powerful exposition of the danger of sin from the nearness of death, the text being taken from the antiphon of Ash Wednesday: "Remember man thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." The second sermon is a dissuasive against revenge; the third is entitled "Hunger after the Food of God's Word."

The twelfth sermon, on "Parental Obligation," taken from St. John, ix, 20, 21, is especially worthy of careful perusal, as relating to a topic which the course of events recently has made one of most vital importance.

In speaking of the influence of the parent over the child, and the solemn duty which belongs to the latter, to train the youthful mind "in the discipline of the Lord," the learned author says:

"If the obligation binding parents to educate their children is not a positive but a natural obligation, not in the statute but in the heart, not human but divine, is it not perfectly clear that the demand made upon you to provide for their welfare must be far more imperative than it is upon any princes or prelates, pastors or masters, tutors or teachers, or any other moral guide in church or state whatever? For these persons are only obliged to this duty by the civil law, which is less stringent, whereas you are obliged to it by the express appointment of nature, which is infinitely more constraining. . . . . Will these other people be so severely reproved, and can you hope to pass free from all blame? Will they be so rigorously judged, and can you hope to obtain favor? It was on this account that St. Chrysostom, who so thoroughly understood the matter, earnestly exhorted all parents in the words of the apostle, to 'bring up their children in the discipline and correction of the Lord,' 'for, if we also are under a command to be diligent, as they who must give an account for their souls, how much more is required of the father who begat them?' Christian parents, do you hear this?" The rest of the sermons all deal with living and practical questions of the soul, and are characterized throughout with the zeal, knowledge, fire, and pathos, that mark the productions of the true sacred orator.

We earnestly commend to all our readers this admirable series of sermons, assuring them that their prayerful perusal will avail much toward fulfilling the wish and command of the Church to observe her Lenten season.

THE FOURFOLD SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD. By Archbishop Manning. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

These four lectures are intended to complete the outline of the subject of those on the "Four Great Evils of the Day." "In speaking of the latter," says the illustrious author, "I was constantly aware that the positive truths ought to

have been first stated, and that the sovereignty of God must be understood before the revolt of man can be measured." The separation of the two sets of lectures does not, however, obscure or impair the force of either, but no one who has the lectures on the Four Evils should be without their counterpart. In the first lecture, the author treats of the sovereignty of God over the intellect of man, and proves his point against modern rationalism and materialism. Then, in successive lectures, the divine sovereignty over man's will and over society, is unfolded and proved; and the closing lecture discusses God's relations with the curse of the world. The book is neatly and substantially bound.

VIA CRUCIS, OR THE WAY OF THE CROSS. Forty-six Meditations for Lent. By J. E. Veith. Translated by Very Rev. T. Noethen. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

The works of Dr. Veith are ranked among the finest contributions to modern ascetic theology. His treatises on the Passion of our Lord are prized in all religious communities, though they are fully adapted to meet the spiritual wants of all living in the world. The *Via Crucis* completes his series of works on the sufferings of Christ, and as a meditation book for Lent is admirably fitted for awakening a most vivid and realizing sense of the Passion of our Lord A meditation is made at each successive stage of the sufferings. The public are indebted to the Very Reverend translator for presenting them with the books of the great German master of the spiritual life. The publisher has issued the book in beautiful style.

ORANGEISM. Sketches of the History of the Institution in Ireland. By Daniel O'Connel. With illustrative proofs from official and other authentic sources. Edited by an American citizen. Boston: Donahoe, 1872.

The object of the compiler of this book is to present conclusive proofs of what were the origin, progress, conduct, and consequences of Orangeism in Ireland. The work is presented chiefly to American citizens, who from circumstances know very little of the spirit and doings of the association which has wrought so much evil for Catholic Ireland. Such a book would have been extremely opportune at the time of the Orange riots in New York last summer, though it is at any time extremely valuable as a record of an institution which happily is decreasing in power and influence. Every Irishman should have a copy.

TRIUMPH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, OR NICOLAS AUBRY. By Rev. Michael Miller. Baltimore: Kratzer Bro., 1872.

This book furnishes a remarkable instance of the physical effects produced by the Blessed Sacrament. The holy man who is the subject of the biography subsisted for years on no other nourishment than that afforded by the sacramental species. This miraculous preservation will, of course, be heard with incredulity by those who do not recognize in the Blessed Sacrament the presence of the Author of all life, natural as well as supernatural. The work also abounds with other illustrations and reflections relative to the Adorable Mystery.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST, HER PRIVILEGES AND HER DUTIES. Vol. I. By the Author of St. Francis and the Franciscans. Boston: Donahoe.

The gifted authoress of this beautiful book is better known by her historical than by her religious writings, though the latter are of even a higher order of merit than the former. In the present work she traces with theological accuracy most of the powers, privileges, and qualities of the Church. In this volume she limits her view to the consideration of the immunities of the Church, and we look forward with impatience to the succeeding volumes, in which duties and the glories of the Church are to be unfolded. In this general connection the obligations and responsibilities of religious are treated with a skill which shows that the authoress is thoroughly familiar with her subject.

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THE DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM.

THE word Protestantism is not entirely free from ambiguity. When reference is made to its fundamental idea, it signifies that system of thought which recognizes no authority over the individual as regards matters of religion other than that which God may exercise immediately and directly, and which consequently disclaims and protests against the authority of the Church as a usurpation. But as ordinarily used it designates the aggregate of religious ideas which the "Reformers" adopted and their followers profess. We say *aggregate;* for these ideas are so inconsistent with each other, and are held in such opposite and antagonistic ways, that it is impossible to discover any relation between them, in virtue of which they could justly be termed a system.

Protestantism, as we have first defined it, is not declining. On the contrary, it is exhibiting more than ordinary signs of activity and life, and seems to be rapidly progressing towards its proper, logical, practical end,—pure infidelity. When, therefore, we speak of the Decline of Protestantism, we mean Protestantism as we last defined it.

In this latter sense it seems destined to become another instance of the fact that heresies generally flourish in their bad vigor about three hundred years. Combining, as it does, errors of all preceding heresies, and based fundamentally upon the principle which was common to them all—a denial of the divine authority of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church—it might have been supposed that its existence would have continued longer. Such, however, seems not to be the case. After having given birth to almost innumerable forms of unbelief, Protestantism is on the point of being exterminated by her own wicked progeny. An exhibition of the process by which it has been brought to this end will not be uninteresting.

At the outset Protestantism based itself upon the assumption that the Scriptures (*i. e.*, those portions of the Sacred Scriptures which Protestants agreed to receive) were the only rule of faith. This is not only admitted by most Protestants, but

officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of Heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures; and to open it unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require." And in the "Form of Government" of the Presbyterian Church it is said, "That our blessed Saviour, for the edification of the visible Church, which is His body, hath appointed officers, not only to preach the gospel, and administer the sacraments, but also to exercise discipline." So the "Form of Excommunication" of the Reformed (Dutch) Church says: "We, the ministers and rulers of the Church of God, being here assembled in the name and authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, declare that 'we have excommunicated, and by these, do excommunicate N. from the Church of God, and from fellowship with Christ, and from the holy sacraments, and from all the spiritual blessings which God promiseth to, and bestows upon His Church,' &c. . . . . according to the command of Christ, Matt. 18, who saith 'that whatsoever his ministers shall bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven.'"

These quotations are but fair expressions of the belief professed to be entertained by the reformers generally, and by most of the sects which they organized. It is not our purpose now to expose the inconsistency of this with their principle that the Bible is the only rule of faith; nor to exhibit the fact that on their own showing, having been excommunicated by the Church against which they had rebelled, they had brought upon themselves all the consequences which they profess to believe attend separation from the "body of Christ," and the censures of the "Church of God."

Preposterous as their claim to be the Church is, and inconsistent as their assumption of possessing a divine commission and divine authority was, it was absolutely necessary for them to assume it. For otherwise they would have acknowledged themselves to be heretics and schismatics, standing outside of the Church, and justly subject to her censures, or else would have had to continue to claim for each individual unlimited right to interpret and expound the Scriptures according to his own notions, and to deny that the divine visible Church had either existence or authority.

That this hard necessity was clearly perceived by many, and keenly felt even where it was not perceived, we here quote in evidence an extract from "The Conservative Reformation," an elaborate defence of Lutheranism, by Rev. Dr. Krauth, a distinguished Lutheran Professor of Theology of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania:

"No particular Church has on its own showing a right to existence, except as it believes itself to be the most perfect form of Christianity, the form which of right should and will be universal. No

Church has a right to a part, which does not claim that to it which should belong to the whole. That communion confesses itself a sect, which aims at no more than abiding as one of a number of equally legitimate bodies. That communion which does not believe in the certainty of the ultimate acceptance of its principles in the whole world, has not the heart of a true Church. That which claims to be Catholic, *de facto*, claims to be universal *de jure*. . . . . If the gates of hell have not prevailed against the Church, there is a communion whose fellowship involves no departure from a solitary article of Christian faith—and no man should be willing to be united with any other communion. . . . . Every Christian is bound either to find a Church on earth, pure in its whole faith, or to make one."

No wonder another Protestant—the Rev. J. W. Nevin, D.D. (formerly of Mercersburg, now of Lancaster, Pa.)—commenting on this, as coming from a modern Protestant pen, says: "To find a Church on earth pure in its whole faith, or to make one! Heaven save me from any such alternative as that! It takes the breath out of my Protestantism, only to think of it. No Church a right to a part, which does not claim that to it should belong the whole! Is it Rome we are listening to in this, or Oxford, or the Holy Synod of Moscow! Tried by any such rule as this—I may as well make a clean breast of it—my own church standing would, I am afraid, turn out to be the next thing to nowhere."

And yet, preposterous as the claim is on the part of Protestant sects, it was *necessary* that each should make it.

It was so on several grounds: First, it was necessary in order to gain and maintain the confidence of the people. Men instinctively feel that the Church is and must be divine, and no human organization can command the faith, reverence, and obedience, which they will readily and freely yield to that which comes clothed with divine sanction and authority. Secondly, it was necessary in order to give any show of probable success to the efforts of Protestantism to destroy Catholicity. Third, it was necessary in order to prevent existing sects from being indefinitely subdivided, and society, under the influence of Protestantism, from being dissolved into chaos. Dr. Krauth admits this. He says: "A true unity in Protestantism would be the death of Popery; but Popery will live, until those who assail it are one in their answer to the question: 'What shall take its place?' If Protestantism cannot come to harmony with the principles by which it was created, . . . it must remain divided until division reaches its natural end,—absorption and annihilation."

But to attain a "true unity by reconciling in Protestantism" the conflicting opinions of the different sects was almost immediately found impossible. The only other way by which this unity could be attained was for each sect to assume —not only against the Church, but also against all other sects—that *it* was the Catholic Church. And this assumption was made and attempted to be enforced in spite of all the resulting inconsistencies and

self-contradictions. The power of the civil law was soon invoked in favor of the claim, and the spectacle was exhibited of Protestants contending with and persecuting each other with little less bitterness than they showed against Catholics. The history of France, Germany, Switzerland, England, and Scotland furnishes sad evidence of what we have said.

That these struggles of each sect to exercise an authority were not accidental but the true results of Protestantism itself is shown in all their movements. They never thought for an instant of tolerating those who were of an opposite belief. Calvin, who through the civil magistracy ruled Geneva in regard to matters of state, caused heretics to be burned. John Knox wrote in advocacy of punishing heretics, and nowhere was church authority more harshly and tyrannically enforced and strenuously upheld than by the Presbyterians of Scotland. That these statements are entirely correct, we quote a passage from the "History of Protestants of France," by G. De Felice, Professor in the Protestant Theological Seminary at Montauban. In commenting on the burning of Servetus, he says: "If we call it a deeply deplorable act, we speak justly; but if we accuse Calvin with contradicting his own maxims, we shall demonstrate that we have never studied them" (p. 61).

The history of France, Germany, and Switzerland furnishes convincing evidence of what we have said. It might be interesting by way of illustration to recount a few instances, so abundantly afforded, but want of space will not allow it, nor is it necessary.

But it was impossible for Protestantism to keep up even the show of a Church existing by divine right, and possessing divine authority. Starting on the principle of rebellion against authority, it was vain for it to insist on the duty of obedience to itself. The principle of individualism would sooner or later assert its supremacy. The principle of the Bible being the rule of faith, could not but bring about utter doctrinal confusion, and the destruction of all definite positive Christian faith.

It might be well to follow this process historically through its different stages, and show their logical connection. But as we do not propose to sacrifice so much space in pursuing a theme that might prove both uninteresting and unprofitable to our readers, we will devote the balance of our attention to a hasty glance at the condition in which we find Protestantism to-day as exhibited in the writings of a few of its more noted exponents.

Dr. J. W. Nevin in a late article says: "It is not only here and there that we meet with this confusion of thought and speech in our modern religious life. It has taken possession of it more or less in all directions and in all forms. It is the 'characteristic' of our evangelical literature in one direction, and of our openly rationalistic and humanitarian literature in another direction. Our denominational periodicals are forever appealing to the Bible as the sure, infallible test of truth, and the end of all controversy; but with little or almost no

serious attempt to face God's actual revelation that lies behind the Bible, and to see if there might not be possibly there what is needed to make the Bible a principle of peace and concord, instead of its being, *as it is now*, largely through wrong use, a principle only of *interminable confusion and strife.*

"And with our religious books it is no better. It is amazing how even learned and good men undertaking to instruct the world on the most important themes, in this way appear to lose sight altogether of the difference there is between Divine revelation and the Bible, and to deal with the whole subject of Christianity as if it rested on the authority of the Bible simply, and on no other ground." . . .

"This is that bad so-called private judgment, which affects to find in the naked Bible all things necessary to salvation, by taking it simply as a body of logically intelligible doctrines and rules, open to any good natural understanding, and then gathering out of the whole a sense to suit itself; not seeing nor knowing that it is in fact all the time in this way making the Bible the *reflection of its own at best simply humanitarian spirit*, instead of entering at all into the true supernatural spirit of the Bible itself."

H. W. Beecher has never been suspected of *illiberalism* (if we may coin a word), yet even to his mind, Protestantism has given way to infidelity: "The times," he says, "are rank with the spirit of religious unbelief. Heretofore skepticism was more on the surface of life, and required but little to remove it. There was one agency, in particular, sufficiently potent for that purpose; for many revivals of religion have been instruments in the hand of God, by which unbelief has been swept away like chaff. But we are now beyond that. The devil of modern unbelief is too deeply seated in the reigning spirit of the age to be thus expelled. Doubt exists everywhere as if in the air. We are taking it in all the time unconsciously in the very breath of our daily life. It has poisoned the fountains of our social culture, and of our reigning literature and education. The scientific and moral consciousness of the world is steeped in it more deeply, it would seem, than ever in any age before."

Our last quotation shall be from the well-known liberalistic Unitarian, Dr. Bellows, of New York. In a series of letters, published now in book form, he says, writing from Germany:

"Out of the present elements of faith and worship in Germany I see no prospects of any healthy religious life arising. On the contrary, the signs of political tendencies and the social experience of the country seem to me all fitted to extinguish what little Protestant life there is, and to leave more and more bare the secular bans of existence. . . . . The universities, as a rule, are favoring the secular and non-religious view and feeling. The savans and metaphysicians are mostly openly or covertly skeptics and positivists. . . . The authenticity and genuineness of the Gospels, it seems, very largely assumed, have been formally discredited. Miracles few scholarly men not tried to official necessities, have the courage to treat with the least respect. It seems settled, at least for the time,

by the physicists of Europe and the savans and metaphysicians of Germany, that whatever else may be true about Christianity, there is no need of considering any farther the possibility of events like the resurrection. Is it possible for Christianity as an institution or a religion, to survive the prevalence of opinions so radically destructive as this?"

The question is being rapidly answered in the negative among Protestants. Protestantism is reaching its proper end in a universal negation. These observations were made with special reference to the condition of society, religious and moral, in Germany, but they apply with equal truth and force to every land and nation in which Protestantism exists to-day.

Thus, Protestantism starting in rebellion, and trying to usurp to itself the authority of the Church, has ended in her own followers carrying out to its legitimate consequences the principle on which she defended her revolt, and treating all her pretensions to authority with contempt. This is showing itself in many ways in even those of the Protestant sects that still endeavor to hold to positive religious doctrines, and that in time past professed most of the truths of Christianity. It shows itself:

1. In the fact that their benevolence is exerted outside, rather than inside, their religious organizations.

2. Even among those sects which professedly attach the highest importance to the holy sacraments, thousands are unbaptized.

3. In the views entertained on the subject of marriage.

4. In the position of Protestants with reference to godless schools.

In fact, Protestantism is disappearing, dissolving into indifferentism, rationalism, pantheism, and atheism—children born of the same mother, though in many respects unlike and seemingly hostile.

Truly in our day is being actualized in reverse order one of the legends of classical mythology. The legend runs that Saturn devoured his children. But the progeny which have sprung from the impure and teeming womb of Protestantism, combine to destroy their mother while waging fratricidal war against each other.

PRAISE GOD.

O MAY I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, great Lord, by thee,
O most adorable, most unadored!
Where shall that praise begin which ne'er shall end?

THE SLEEPER'S SAIL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"MOTHER! I've been on the cliffs out yonder,
Straining my eyes o'er the breakers free,
To the lovely spot where the sun was setting,
Setting and sinking into the sea.

"The sky was full of the fairest colors,
Pink and purple and paley green;
With great soft masses of gray and amber,
And great bright rifts of gold between.

"And all the birds that way were flying,
Heron and curlew overhead,
With a mighty eagle westward floating,
Every plume in their pinions red.

"And then I saw it, the fairy city,
Far away o'er the waters deep;
Towers and castles and churches glowing
Like blessed dreams that we see in sleep.

"What is its name?" "Be still, *a cushla*,
(Thy hair is wet with the mist, my boy),
Thou hast looked, perchance, on the Tir-na-n'oge,
Land of eternal youth and joy.

"Out of the sea when the sun is setting,
It rises golden and fair to view;
No trace of ruin or change or sorrow,
No sign of age where all is new.

"Forever sunny—forever blooming—
Nor cloud, nor frost can touch that spot;
Where the happy people are ever roaming,
The bitter pangs of the past forgot."

"Mother! we've known no end of trouble
Since the night when father was drowned i' the bay;
The cow lies dead in the poor old stable,
The black bread fails us day by day.

"Why should we hunger, weep and hunger,
Your cheeks grow hollow, your hair turn white,
When over the sea to the Tir-na-n'oge
In father's boat we can sail to-night?"

"Nay, nay, my boy, lie down and slumber;
God's ways are dim to human pride:
None dare sail to the Tir-na-n'oge,
Save those whom angels cóme to guide."

The lad's dark eyes grew wide and misty,
The eager flush his cheek forsook:
As he laid him down on his bed of heather,
The wind the crazy cabin shook.

Hunger and cold and want and sorrow
Howled, like wolves, at the broken wall:
But wrapt in the arms of a weary mother,
The brave young heart forgets them all.

And the gloom melts into a sunset splendor,
A castled isle in the rosy west,
Where the happy souls the shores are thronging,
Of the Golden City of endless rest.

"*None dare sail to Tir-na-n'oge,*
Save those whom angels come to guide!"
In his deep, deep sleep, the little dreamer
Sees the door of the house set wide.

And a beckoning shape, vague, tall and shining,
With flick'ring hair in the doorway stands;
The deep eyes draw him—a strange voice calls him—
While sleep relaxes the mother's hands.

Ah! little she dreams that the gentle patter,
Her boy's bare feet on the homely floor,
Like the sound of rain on the hawthorn falling,
Will stir the pulse of her heart no more!

Little she dreams that his clear eyes never
Again in her face the smile shall seek;
Or his young arms clasp her neck, while ever
The bright lips warm her withered cheek!

He feels the salt wind past him rushing,
The moonlit cliffs are white as snow,
As step by step, he slowly clambers
Down to his father's boat below.

How close it seems—the fairy city—
More blest and beauteous than before;
The moonshine, like a bridge of silver,
Stretching away to its flow'ry shore.

"What matter if the sail be broken?
The hands of angels guide my boat:
We'll sing the *Ave Maria stella*,
As down the pleasant tide we float.

"O fair and lovely Tir-na-n'oge!
I see thy castles close at hand:
Thy fragrant winds are wafted o'er me,
The happy saints are on the strand.

"My father!—is it he? How altered!
Bright—strong? Gray-haired and poor, no more?
Good Angel! hold the boat securely,—
'Tis but a step—I'll leap ashore."

* * * * *

High on the cliffs the lighthouse keeper
Caught the sound of a piercing scream;—
Low in her hut the lonely widow
Moaned in the maze of a troubled dream;

And saw in her sleep a seaman ghostly,
With seaweeds clinging in his hair,
Into her room, all wet and dripping,
A drowned boy on his bosom bear.

Vainly the lighthouse keeper lingered,
And peered, good soul, thro' the moonlit pane;
Vainly the widow, waking, fingered
The empty bed where her boy had lain.

Over Death's sea on a bridge of silver,
The child to his Father's arms had passed;
Heaven was nearer than Tir-na-n'oge,
And the Golden City was reached at last.

the gloom which had insensibly communicated itself from Bertha to her lover. The evening wore slowly away, and for the first time Miss Hanbury felt a certain degree of relief when Hugh left them. When she approached her mother to bid her good-night, she perceived that she had been crying.

"Dearest mamma," she exclaimed, "what has happened? You have heard some evil news; let me know it at once. I cannot bear suspense."

"I have heard something which may bring great trouble to you, dear child. I fear to explain myself to-night. Do not press me now, my love. To-morrow will be early enough for you to learn bad tidings."

"Why, mamma, I should not sleep a wink with my curiosity thus excited. I must know the worst to-night." Bertha then seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and continued? Is it anything that will concern Hugh?

Mrs. Hanbury bowed her head, and a few tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

Miss Hanbury became very pale. After a short pause she said quickly—

"Tell me the worst."

The elderly lady slowly drew from an *escritoire* on the table a letter, which she handed to her daughter, saying:

"I have received this from Father Arkwright. You will find, my dear, that there is yet some difficulty to be overcome ere you can marry Mr. Chambers. The mere permission to follow your own religion will not suffice; that is, if you be married in our Holy Church, and rather than that you should be united to any one in bonds less holy, though perhaps equally binding, I would that God might mercifully take us both to himself."

Bertha had taken the letter, and was attentively perusing it. Her face became gradually paler and paler, till its ashy hue alarmed her mother.

"Bertha, darling," she exclaimed, "may God and our dear Lady support you through this bitter trial; for such I believe it will be."

Bertha Hanbury looked up at her mother with a world of woe in her gaze; then, with a low moan, buried her face on her mother's knees. Long she continued in that posture, weeping at times violently, at others grieving silently. Her mother did not seek to check the burst of sorrow. She knew that tears are "nature's best gift to suffering man," and hoped that when the reaction came Bertha would manifest the strength of mind necessary to the emergency. It was late in the night before the two separated. Very few words had been uttered on either side since the reading of that fatal letter, but each fully understood the other. Mrs. Hanbury knew that, come what might, her daughter would not swerve from the path of duty, and Bertha felt that her mother so understood her.

Our readers will, no doubt, marvel that the obstacle, whatever it was, to Miss Hanbury's union with Mr. Chambers should appear thus insuperable to both mother and daughter, inasmuch as they have been already assured that Hugh was liberal-minded, and absolutely

free from any of the prejudices of the times; also that he was the very soul of honor. Dear readers, it was just that code of honor to which he clung so faithfully which would prevent his meeting the demands which, as a Catholic, Mrs. Hanbury had learned she would have still to enforce in the name of her child. He might be quite willing that his wife should continue in the practice of her religion, but would he consent that his children should be pointed at by all the country as Roman Catholics, and as having been brought up in the creed of their mother. Nay, more, being sincere in his own religion, would he not deem himself bound to guard them against the errors of Romanism. Both Mrs. Hanbury and her child knew that he would thus reason, and hence, from the moment when they learned that such compliance would be absolutely necessary on his part they also knew that everything between the two *fiancés* was virtually at an end.

Bertha, when in the solitude of her own chamber, abandoned herself even more passionately to her grief than she had done when in the presence of her mother. After the lapse of some time, however, she became calmer, and at length knelt to recite her night prayers. At the close of her devotions she approached the Crucifix in her oratory, and raising it from the pedestal, reverently kissed the feet of the image, her tears falling rapidly upon it. The act was very simple, yet replete with meaning. Surely it told of a heart which, whatsoever were its human affections, still yielded its first allegiance to its Creator. Happy they whose hopes and desires are thus subservient to His will.

The bright sunlight again cast its golden sheen over the fair landscape which surrounded the home of Bertha Hanbury. The tempered rays told also of the approach of evening. Again, too, Hugh Chambers stood with the hand of his betrothed in his, but the faces of both were changed. His was grave and sad, and Bertha's whiter than alabaster. It seemed that his sorrow was too deep for expression; hers might have found relief in tears had she not feared they might indicate weakness of purpose, and so gulped down the choking sobs, her extreme pallor alone telling of the struggle within. After a time he spoke.

"No, Bertha, my darling," he said, kindly, "I would make any other sacrifice for your dear sake" (people always are willing to undergo any suffering but that which presents itself). "But this I could not in conscience. Remember that I am as devoted to my creed as you are to yours, and while I respect your religious convictions, and even the peculiarities of your Faith, and would not seek to change your sentiments, I dare not promise to have those for whose souls I should be responsible brought up in a Church which, however much I may respect its individual members, I still regard as in error."

Miss Hanbury was silent. She was well aware that it would be useless to combat his determination, and she could not swerve from hers. After a pause, she replied:

"I know you cannot understand

us or our Church, dear Hugh. Only a Catholic can feel as a Catholic. I see it all now; we must part forever. May you be happy with one of your own persuasion." Here a convulsive sensation in her throat interrupted her. "I shall always pray for your happiness."

"I shall never marry, Bertha," he said, so calmly and gravely that Miss Hanbury knew the resolve was not a light one.

"We shall at least be friends, Hugh."

"Always. I shall go abroad at once. I cannot endure these scenes now. May God bless you and protect you."

The evening shadows had deepened into the gloom of night ere those two separated, and when at length he was gone, and Bertha heard his retreating footsteps on the gravel walk, she realized that never more would the returning footfall be heard. The hope, the light of her earthly life had faded. Never again would there be real sunlight for her, save in the world to come. Thus felt the poor stricken lamb as she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"You are all the world to me now, mother," she said, softly.

"Dearest child, I would that it had pleased God to have ordained otherwise, for I may not be always with you. Let us kneel, my Bertha, and commit ourselves and our great trouble to him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

Mother and daughter reverently bent the knee, and the prayer of praise and of sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal.

Courage, dear Bertha. The earthly landscape may have lost its charm; the golden hues of sunset may never more light up thy soul; but for such as thee (who sacrifice the most cherished affections of the heart at the shrine of duty and the love of Christ) is prepared a land gorgeous in its splendor, whose rivers flow with eternal life, whose flowers and fruits die not, and over which shines forever in majesty and love the sun of righteousness, whose beams fall with a brighter and a sweeter radiance on those who have endured much for His name.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve. Midnight Mass was being celebrated in the Church of the Sisters of Charity at P——. When the moment of communion arrived, several ladies who had been admitted to the service approached the rails to receive the Bread of Life. Among these we recognize Mrs. Hanbury and her daughter. As the latter turns to retrace her steps to her seat, we perceive that her countenance is calm and resigned, though considerably paler than when we first knew her. She is living a useful life, devoted to her mother and the poor; and in assuaging the sorrows of others, finds the surest balm for her own troubles. And when the heart is heavy with its weight of woe, and the burden becomes intolerable, she seeks further strength in prayer and the Divine banquet. Thus she lives a life of continual sacrifice and immolation, yet one not wholly devoid of sweetness; for in her hours of communing with God she feels that she has

borne testimony to the fidelity she professes to His law.

* * * * *

Years rolled on, during which Bertha Hanbury was a devoted child, tending her mother in her growing infirmities with ever increasing love and sweetness; a friend to the poor and the needy; a consoler of the afflicted; in fine, a model of a fervent, unostentatious Catholic. Every Christmas Eve found her at the altar in the little convent church. In this manner ten long years passed away. For some time she had been at the Communion table alone. At last she came attired in the deepest mourning, and the world knew that she was alone—alone with God and her new sorrow.

The earth was darker now than it had ever been. The truest, the dearest earthly friend had been called away, and now there was nothing to live for—nothing: only patient waiting for the coming of death. So felt Bertha in the thirty-first year of her age; but in her case, as in that of many others, was manifested that in our worst trials God is nearest to us. How this came about, and a ray of peace and happiness fell upon the latter days of her earthly pilgrimage, will appear in our next chapter.

Chapter II.

At the church which Miss Hanbury usually frequented, a gentleman had for some three or four years been a constant attendant. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, tall and dignified, with a handsome Spanish countenance. There was a something extremely attractive in the *ensemble* of the stranger. He was evidently a devout Catholic, being frequently seen at the Holy Communion. Bertha had indeed remarked him, for he was one who could not be hidden in a throng—one who carried with him everywhere the stamp of a gentleman. The easy, graceful carriage; the courtly bearing; the flash of the dark eye—all told of one born to command his fellows. Hence, as we have stated, Miss Hanbury had observed him, but, wrapt up in her own troubles, and her heart still bound to another, she had not taken the interest in the noble-looking stranger, which was strongly manifested by the other ladies of the congregation.

"Do you know who that fine, handsome gentleman was who went to Communion this morning, Miss Hanbury?" asked one Sunday a Miss Kate Harding, who had not numbered more than twenty-nine summers.

"No; I only see he is always at the church."

"Well, he evidently feels a deeper interest in you than you do in him; for I am sure he does nothing but watch you the whole time the choir are singing the *Credo* and the *Gloria*."

"I am delighted that he chooses that part of the service to make his survey. But how comes it that *you* are so *au fait* as to all the movements of the stranger?"

"Oh, I never pretend to pray at the 'intervals,' as Maria Styles calls them. They just give one time to look at all the new dresses, and count the strangers in the church."

Bertha could not forbear smiling

at the candor of her friend. Miss Harding continued:

"I shall certainly discover who he is. I dare say Maria Styles can tell me. She usually knows every one and everything."

Maria Styles was the newsmonger of the congregation, a lady who knew everyone's business and oftentimes remained in blissful ignorance of her own. Our readers have doubtless known such ladies even in our enlightened days. However, without waiting the result of Miss Harding's researches, we will at once inform the perusers of these pages that the gentleman in question was no other than Count Raymond de la Torre, a Spanish grandee, and people said a millionaire. That he was a good, fervent Catholic has been already stated.

And did Count Raymond take an interest in the pale, melancholy lady, whose tender care of the faltering steps of her mother had first awakened his attention?—or had Miss Harding, after the fashion of women, jumped at this conclusion? No; for once Kate Harding's surmises were correct. The stranger had grown to watch for the coming of Miss Hanbury as we watch for those we love. He had inquired and had learned her history, aye, all, even the courage with which she had resisted the temptation which had beset and blighted her earthly path; and the noble Spaniard, with the enthusiasm of his southern nature, had exclaimed:

"My heavens, the love of such a woman is well worth having. To make the journey of life with her would surely help one to prepare for that other journey to which one is every day drawing nearer."

Count Raymond was not the man to form an idea without carrying it out. It had occurred to him that as there was no possible hope of Bertha Hanbury ever belonging to Hugh Chambers, the Protestant, there could be no real reason why she should not be made over to Raymond de la Torre, who was a Catholic. Thus argued the hopeful Spaniard, but not a word did he whisper to human being of his aspirations, and so week after week, and month after month rolled on, until the deep mourning of Miss Hanbury told him she was alone in the world. Then he longed to take the poor lone one to his heart and comfort her. Then the undefined purpose of months and years leaped into sudden action. Three months longer he restrained himself out of respect to the grief of the desolate orphan. At the termination of these, Father Acton, the priest of the parish, undertook to procure him an interview with Miss Hanbury. Bertha was not a little surprised at the strange request. Father Acton said gravely and significantly:

"My child, the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Oftentimes God in his mercy denies us our apparently just desires for a wise end, namely, the accomplishment of His holy will and the working out of our salvation. We are but His instruments, and it may be that He has designs for the furthering of which he has chosen you. Let me beg of you, therefore, not to decide anything hastily. Count de la Torre is all that a Christian gentleman should be. Grant him at least a patient hearing."

Bertha merely bowed in silent acquiescence, and allowed the good priest to name a day on which she would see De la Torre. She was astonished and bewildered. What could the Count mean? The reply to this question certainly presented itself in an undefined form. But how could she listen to the suit of another man, she, whose heart since the desertion of Hugh Chambers had been closed against any other affection of the like nature. Well, if she must needs see him she would, if her surmises proved correct, tell him all. It would be opening again the old wounds, but suffering appeared to be her special portion. It would be only one trial more.

True, dear Bertha, courage then, this is the last of your great tribulations.

Count Raymond was punctual to the rendezvous on the appointed morning. Delicately and courteously he broached the subject; told how long he had respected her; how this respect had gradually merged into love: how at length he had felt that she was necessary to his happiness, and then, with tender yet manly eloquence, he besought her to grant that he might replace the friends—the mother she had lost.

Miss Hanbury's tears fell fast while she listened to her new lover. She was grateful for his love. Nay, the contrast between him and Chambers was even in his favor. The question rose in her mind, "Ought she to reject him?—was not this a plain manifestation of the Divine will?" She would, at least, be candid with him, and then let him decide. When she had sufficiently composed herself to speak, she said:

"Your proposal, Count Raymond, is an honor which I had no reason to expect, and which I little merit. I would, indeed, that I could show myself grateful for your selection."

"And why can you not, dear Miss Hanbury?" the Count said, smilingly, "you are your own mistress, and that little right hand of yours will be the best tribute of gratitude you could give me."

"But you would hardly care for it without the heart, and mine is still buried in the past."

"Miss Hanbury," De la Torre said, gravely, "you and I are not so young that we should wreck our happiness for a chimera. Ask yourself, is this mourning for one who will never be yours, right; is it not a wasting of the best affections; is it using them as God wills that they should be used? Had you told me that you had plighted your troth at a higher and a holier shrine, I would have loved in vain, yet submissively to the ordering of Providence; but if you tell me that my rival is the memory of your first love, then I am content to take you even with that memory still enshrined in your heart. I will trust to time for the rest. Suffer me at present to replace your mother; I will wait to fill that of your first *fiancée*."

How could she listen to such language from the noble Spaniard, after whom all the ladies of the congregation were sighing, and not feel touched by his devotion? It was not in human nature to resist this eloquence, the eloquence of disinterested affection. Bertha was not a strong-minded woman, as the

world understands the term, and hence, after much more had been said by the Count, she agreed to receive his addresses during the three following months, after which she would give him her final answer.

Count Raymond was enchanted that he had succeeded thus far. He trusted to time, as he had said, and his own assiduous attentions to complete his hopes. Time rolled on, and, though he did not find in Miss Hanbury the encouragement he wished, he nevertheless persevered so well that, at the close of the period of probation, Bertha consented to become his wife, yet still asserting that the remembrance of Hugh Chambers was enshrined in her heart.

"I cannot," she said, "give you in return for your noble love and devotion all the deep affection I once might. It is a bruised and almost broken heart that you would have, Count Raymond."

"Well, I will accept it, whatever its condition," De la Torre replied, playfully; "we will see if there be no cure for disease of the heart. Remember," he continued, more gravely, "that I respect your sorrow: nay, I esteem you more on account of your constancy. We, however, who are children of the Faith, will love each other as such, always keeping in view the one great work for which we were created. Doing this God will certainly bless us, and trust me, dearest Bertha, we shall one day be all in all to each other, subject always to His love."

Bertha knew that, in her inmost heart, if she still loved the memory of Hugh Chambers, she, nevertheless, esteemed Count Raymond much more than she had ever done her former lover. How his virtues paled before those of the Catholic Spaniard! Hugh had abandoned her at once, it may have been from conscientious motives; but from the hour of their separation on that lovely autumnal evening, she had received news of him only three times, and this at long intervals. During the last ten years no intelligence of him had reached her. His house had long been inhabited by a gentleman who rented it from an agent, and the estates were also let.

None of the tenantry appeared to know the whereabouts of their landlord. Miss Hanbury believed that this knowledge was designedly kept from her, but instead of weakening her attachment, it induced her to believe that he could not trust his own resolution. Now that she had met with Count Raymond, the sudden manner in which Mr. Chambers had left her contrasted strongly with the silent, patient devotion of the Spanish nobleman. Will our readers wonder that she consented to unite herself to him?

"Do you know the news about Count de la Torre?" inquired Maria Styles of Miss Harding, a few weeks subsequent to the engagement between the Spaniard and Bertha.

"No, what news? Is he leaving us?"

"Oh dear, no! But he is about to bid adieu to single blessedness, so at least, Father Acton says."

"And who is the lady of his choice?"

"No other than Miss Hanbury."

"Well, I never! I always thought

he was smitten, but for her to accept him after all her professions of fidelity to the memory of Hugh Chambers, is something beyond my comprehension. Who will boast of a woman's constancy now?"

"Well, for my part," replied Miss Styles, who never having entertained any hopes relative to the Count herself, was not much troubled by the ugly green-eyed monster, "I think she did quite right. What was the use of fretting her life away about a man who may be at Botany Bay, for aught she knows to the contrary; and who, if he continued to care for her, would at least have communicated with her directly or indirectly."

"All I can say is, that I think her very fickle."

"Fickle! After ten years! The only pity is, that she did not know De la Torre years ago."

Miss Harding did not quite agree with her. Some of our readers will doubtless sympathize with the latter lady. It was certainly annoying that she in her twentieth year should be cut out by Bertha Hanbury in her thirtieth. There was comfort, however, in the axiom that "love is blind."

A few weeks more and Bertha Hanbury and Count de la Torre stood together at the altar to plight their troth. The lady was scarcely so pale as she had been some months previous. A wave of peace appeared to have swept over the desert of her life, fertilizing the barren soil and giving promise of a brighter future. The heart was not wholly at rest, but its achings were abating. She knew that she would now have ever at her side one whose counsel and support would never be denied her; one to whom she might reveal the most hidden secrets of her soul; one whom it would henceforth be her duty to love, and who already loved her with the noble and true affection of a Christian gentleman. Above all, she felt that when he swore to love and cherish her, his heart had made another compact, namely, that his dearest and best efforts would be to promote his own and her eternal weal.

As "the children of the saints" they were united, and as such she knew he would desire that they should live. Hence, if she did not feel the wild enthusiasm with which she had once regarded Hugh Chambers, she experienced a sensation of deep thankfulness, an overflowing of the soul that Providence had given her this true friend to guard and protect her. Happy Bertha! To thee has come the reward of thy generous sacrifice. A brief space and the slight cloud which yet lingers on thy soul shall be forever swept away.

* * * * *

Our readers have probably wondered that Hugh Chambers had not communicated with Miss Hanbury during the last ten years, and such silence would certainly appear extraordinary. To explain this we must take them back to the evening when the two *fiancés* separated.

Mr. Chambers on his way home resolved never again to communicate with Bertha, for when beyond the magic circle of her presence, he felt indignant that for a conscientious scruple she had so readily

relinquished him. It did not occur to him that he had relinquished her upon the same grounds. He was a man who could not love hastily, and consequently would not easily love another, hence, to him the blank produced by the separation from Bertha, was greater than it would have appeared to most men. The world was an empty void, without hope or interest. All these had been centred in Miss Hanbury. With her faded the bright visions of home and family ties, and in the agony of his heart he determined never again to see or communicate with her, to blot out as far as might be her memory from his soul.

In his travels on the Continent, he visited at times, Catholic churches, and listened to sermons in order to confirm himself in his belief that the Church of Rome was the Church of error. In this unsettled state, both of mind and of abode, Hugh continued during six years. Wandering from town to town, from church to church, till he stood in that holy city, which was less happy in having been the abode of the Cæsars, than in being the dwelling of the vicegerent of Jesus Christ.

Here he found the monuments of pagan antiquity side by side with those of the early ages of Christianity, and could gaze upon the gorgeous erections of Catholic faith and love. Still he cherished his old prejudices, and enshrouded himself more and more in the gloom of his own creed. At length, in a small village in the south of France, he chanced to meet an Englishman like himself, in quest of information upon the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Mr. Stanhope was some few years his junior, devoid of all prejudices, and evidently earnestly seeking the truth. They happened to be both staying at the modest hotel of the village. On returning from the service at the rural church, at which the good curé had addressed a simple but practical sermon to his flock, Hugh remarked:

"I had hoped that here, at least in a remote village like this, one would have escaped the innumerable bows and scrapes, and ceremonies of this pomp-loving church. For my part, I still hold that religion is so simple it might be put in a nutshell."

"No doubt," replied Stanhope, laughing, "the religion of many persons would not even fill that limited space. My dear fellow, I consider that all that trash about religious simplicity, which is so freely bandied about, is, in vulgar parlance, all humbug. I believe these Romanists, as they are called, approach the nearest to that church of the Gentiles which Malachy declared would offer, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, sacrifice and a clean oblation to the name of the Lord. Only in this manner could His name be great among the Gentiles, even as it was among the Jewish people. Each of these apparently trifling ceremonies of the Catholic Church has a beautiful mystical signification, all relating in a greater or less degree to the Sacrifice of the Mass, in which they believe Christ to be truly present at the altar."

"Why, Stanhope, I believe you are half a pervert."

"*Convert*, if you please, *mon ami*. Well I will e'en confess that I am seriously thinking of joining the Church of Rome. Will you consent to go with me and hear at least for yourself, the instructions I shall receive?"

"I have no objection; but *I* shall *never* be a Catholic."

Thus hundreds have spoken who, thanks be to God, are now members of the one fold. We will not weary our readers by following Hugh Chambers through all the difficulties of his path towards the truth. Suffice it that we inform them that Charles Stanhope and Hugh Chambers were received in the bosom of the Catholic Church in the picturesque church of Chambéry. From the moment, however, that Chambers became convinced of the truths of Catholicity, he also comprehended that higher state of perfection to which man might be called, and to which the apostle alluded, when he said: "To widows and the unmarried I say remain even as I." He had seen the marriage of Bertha in the papers; he could not blame her; anyhow his course was clear.

Faithful to the call of divine grace he entered with Stanhope the Company of Jesus. For some undefined reasons, never fully explained to himself, Hugh Chambers never communicated the change to Bertha.

Four years after the marriage of Count de la Torre to Bertha Hanbury, they both knelt in the church of the Jesuits at N——. Scarcely had the last words of the gospel been uttered, when a tall, dignified form ascended the pulpit, and in clear, ringing tones delivered his text:

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Bertha de la Torre bowed her head in astonishment and shame. The preacher was Hugh Chambers.

* * * * *

That evening when they were alone in their hotel, the Countess revealed to her husband the cause of the emotion she had that morning manifested at church. At the close of her confession he said, smiling:

"So at last I am without a rival."

It was even so, and thus was dispelled the last shadow which separated Bertha from Raymond.

FAME is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious,—'tis ambition's cure.

THE STORY OF THE HOSTAGES.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS AND OTHERS, 1871.

We are told that France and Paris are doing their best to forget the Commune and its enormities. The trials of the chief Communistic prisoners at Versailles have attracted but little attention; much less is there any great thought about them in the gay and frivolous city over which they reigned for so many weeks. So it has been before—so perhaps it will be again. Men are always quick to hide from themselves whatever can remind them of their own depravity, and even of their own danger. They "adorn the sepulchres of the prophets," and all the while have within them the very same passions, the very same hatred to good, which brought about the persecution and murder of the prophets. Paris disclaims all participation in the crimes which she has witnessed. "They were all perpetrated by strangers." Certainly, no one need doubt that a large portion of the leaders under the Commune came from outside. In the early period of the revolt, the red shirts of the Garibaldian ruffians, a horde gathered from the dregs of every European population, were conspicuous. Garibaldi himself was elected general in chief; one of his sons was known to be in Paris. Nothing more was heard of him, of course, when the danger became serious. No doubt the "Internationale," which appears to have been the real strength and backbone of the revolt, was made up of a great many strangers to Paris and France. But no number of strangers from without could have composed the legions which marched at the command of the Commune, the mob in the street which applauded so many acts of savagery, which profaned so many churches, and brought back, at the distance of eighty years, the wildest scenes and most barbarous outrages of the first Revolution. There is no mistaking the spirit of large masses of the population; it is the same now as of old, the spirit which an author of our time has characterized as the mixture of the tiger with the monkey.

We believe that no really thoughtful man in France can convince himself that the barbarities which marked the reign of the Commune were the mere accidents of external influence and extraordinary circumstances. The poison has sunk deep and spread wide which has manifested itself in so frightful a manner, and we hear the wisest Frenchmen complaining that the evil is being slurred over, and the malady left to work once more in silence for a time, when it must and will break out afresh. True as this must be allowed to be, it is not less true that the malady rages elsewhere than in France. The symptoms which manifested themselves during the dominion of the Commune in Paris may show themselves at any time in almost any other great capital on which the weakness of the government, the cowardice

of the "party of order," some special opportunity like that given by the cessation of the siege in Paris without the disarmament of the dangerous classes, or some political necessity of unscrupulous men, like that which might urge those who pull the wires in Italy to cause a rising and a massacre in Rome, might for the moment concentrate the dark designs of the diabolical conspiracy against society and religion which has now for a long time been undermining the greater part of Europe.

There may be cause for "panic" and strong legislation in the warning which has been received from the collapse of the French military system in the presence of the German hordes; but there is far more in this warning of which we speak, —how easy it is in modern times for a few bad men to impose themselves as despots on a large community, and how ready a large mass of the population will be found to carry out their behests in a series of scenes so abominable as to make it appear scarcely an exaggeration to say that hell itself has been let loose upon the world.

When we remember how, in June, 1848, the blood of the Archbishop of Paris seemed to be accepted as a sacrifice which for the time put an end to civil strife, we may venture to hope that the many brave and innocent souls of saintly men who met death at the hands of the Commune in May, 1871, may not plead in vain for mercy upon Paris and France. It is this which gives a special interest to the story of their captivity and death, apart from that which always belongs to a tale of hardship and injustice nobly borne. If the sudden elevation of the obscure plotters of the Paris Commune, most of whose names were never heard before outside their own clubs, was an event which no one could have imagined as possible, it may also be said that a year ago it would have seemed insane to predict the fate which fell in May upon Mgr. Darboy, upon the President Bonjean, upon the Curé of the Madeleine, and upon the Jesuit and "Picpussien" Fathers and other priests and laymen who suffered with them. The turn of fortune which placed the command of the lives and properties of the citizens of Paris, and so many of the noblest public buildings and monuments in Europe, at the mercy of a set of obscure and insignificant ruffians, found them by no means wanting either in audacity or cruelty. In the same way, when the same chance threw upon the Chief Pastor of the diocese, and a number of devoted and innocent priests and religious, the sudden lot of a long painful captivity with no charge alleged against them, to be ended by a death inflicted, in the case at least of many, with very great barbarity under circumstances of singular outrage, the victims were not found unworthy of or unprepared for the occasion. Christian grace and Christian virtue are the same in every age, the power of the Sacraments and the peaceful strength of the interior life do not wax old with the ageing of the world, and can meet the sword or bolt of the executioners as calmly in the nineteenth century as in the first.

Οὔπω σφιν ἐξίτηλον αἷμα δαιμόνων,

—and when we see the children of the Church as brave as ever under the sword of persecution we have an earnest that her powers for the healing of the nations are not yet exhausted.

If Paris is eager to forget the Communists and their short-lived triumph, there is not the same readiness on the part of the more religious portion of the Parisian public to let the memories of the victims of the Commune die. The materials for an account of the (so-called) hostages are plentiful, and we can only select what seems to us most interesting, without at all professing to exhaust the subject. The sufferers in Paris during the late "Terror" may be classed in two divisions, for there were murders in the streets and scenes of bloodshed which recall the worst enormities of the first Revolution, as well as the deliberate murder under actual orders of the Commune of those whom they have chosen to consider as "hostages" for the good conduct of the Versailles government in the course of the civil war. There were also other imprisonments besides that of the "hostages"—all more or less animated by that hatred of religion which gives so peculiarly holy a character to death suffered under such circumstances and for such a cause.

The most conspicuous of the "hostages" was naturally the Archbishop of Paris. He was seized by the emissaries of the Commune on April 4th, the Wednesday in Holy Week. He had received warning of what was intended against him, and a letter in which the warning was contained was found open on his desk immediately after he had been carried off. He urged Mgr. Surat, his Grand Vicaire, to fly at once, as the blow was to be struck at many members of the higher clergy, but refused himself to seek safety in flight. He was taken in his own carriage to the Prefecture of Police, but, when once there, was treated with all the indignities which are the lot of ordinary prisoners. He was soon joined by others, arrested on the same pretext and for the same purpose. The College of the Jesuit Fathers, known as the École Ste. Geneviève, had been surrounded by a battalion of National Guards very early in the morning of the same day. It was entered, searched, pillaged (except that happily the library and physical museum escaped), and its religious tenants marched off to the Prefecture. The Rector, Père Ducoudray, led the van, followed by seven Fathers, four lay brothers, and seven servants. The other chief house of the Society of Jesus in Paris—the residence in the Rue de Sèvres—was visited the same night. Most of the fathers were already dispersed in places of safety. Père Olivaint, the Rector, was left, with Père Lefebvre and some lay brothers. The house was searched, nominally for arms, but in reality for money and anything else that might be of value to the patriotic officials of the Commune. The two Fathers had just time to run to their cells, and consume the two sacred Hosts which had alone been reserved since the morning, and then they presented themselves to their strange visitors.

Mgr. Surat was arrested at the

same time with the Archbishop, and accompanied him to the Prefecture of Police, and afterwards, as we shall see, to the other prisons to which he was sent. M. Deguerry, the venerable Curé of the Madeleine, was seized on the morning of the 5th of April (Holy Thursday). His presbytery was attacked, entered, and pillaged, and, though he was able to disguise himself and escape into a neighboring garden, he was seized by a National Guard and hurried off to the Prefecture. The number of arrested persons was gradually swelled. Two Priests of the Compagnie des Missions Etrangères, the celebrated society which has sent so many missionaries to China, the Corea, and, indeed, all parts of the heathen world, were seized in the streets on the same 4th of April which had witnessed the arrest of the Archbishop and the Jesuit Fathers. These two priests, M. Houillon and M. Perny, were first of all taken to the College in the Rue Lhomond, whose inmates had just been escorted to the Prefecture, and were in time to witness the last scenes of the sack of that house. One of them saw a young officer of the National Guard possessing himself of the sacred vessels of the altar, which had just been discovered. After many hours' detention, M. Houillon and his companion were taken to the Prefecture. Among other prisoners may also be mentioned one of the Vicaires of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, M. Sabatier, an admirable parish priest, who was told beforehand of the intention to arrest him, but would not fly, and M. l'Abbé Planchat, a simple chaplain of an orphanage for poor children, a humble, retired, self-denying man, pinching himself to the utmost of rigor for the sake of his poor little *patronage*. The day following, seven seminarists of St. Sulpice were added to the number—they had gone in all simplicity to the Prefecture to ask for passports. The four Fathers of the Congregation of Picpus, whose names we shall find later on in the list of the massacred, were not seized till the 12th of April. They were taken at once to the Conciergerie, which was the second stage in the captivity of the Archbishop and his companions. The Archbishop himself, the President Bonjean, and three Jesuit Fathers, Pères Ducoudray, Clerc, and De Bengy, were transferred to the prison of Mazas as early as the 6th of April. The other prisoners from the Conciergerie followed on April 13.

It need not be said that there was no accusation against all these ecclesiastics of various grades, no formal process of examination or conviction. The pretext appears to have been that they were seized as hostages, to give the Commune some hold upon the Government at Versailles, which might be willing to make some concession for the sake of saving distinguished and honored lives. But the condition of hostage is not a criminal condition, and the Archbishop, Mgr. Surat, the President Bonjean (of the Cour de Cassation, a layman), and the others, were treated with the utmost rigor. Mazas is the place for criminals condemned to long periods of imprisonment. The Archbishop and the rest were conveyed to this place in the "cel-

lular" carriages of the French police—in which each seat is a separate and very small cell, under lock and key, allowing the scantiest possible provision of air and none of light. These "cells" often deprive their inmates of consciousness if the journey during which they are used is at all long. The rigor used with the "hostages" was at first extreme. It is said that the prison authorities received special instructions to aggravate the sufferings of the Archbishop. His cell was most unhealthy, he had no table, no writing materials, not even his breviary. Insults, moreover, which seem to have been the fruit of design, were not wanting to the Archbishop. At last the chief physician of the prison somewhat disconcerted the Commune by informing its members that unless some steps were taken to improve the treatment of the Archbishop he would die in a fortnight. As this would not have suited their purpose, he was removed to a better cell, allowed the use of books and papers, and permitted to receive his food from friends outside. In this second stage of his treatment he received the visit of Mr. Washburne, who published an account of his interview at the time. He describes the appearance of the Archbishop as deplorable and touching, but his spirits were calm and even gay, and to all offers of assistance he replied that at present he was in need of nothing.

P. Olivaint and P. Caubert, who had been left at the Conciergerie for a week after their three brethren, had been relieved and consoled in that prison by the charity of friends in Paris. Food and other comforts had been conveyed to them, and on the very morning of their departure for Mazas their friends had managed to procure them the ineffable joy of receiving Holy Communion in their cells. A few days after the transference of these two Fathers to Mazas, two more of their brethren were sent to join them, Père Bazin and a lay brother named Aurière. They were the only two of the Jesuits sent to Mazas who escaped with their lives.

All that we are told of the life at Mazas, which lasted for these priests and religious till the fatal day of the 22d of May, speaks of peace, calm, resignation, and prayer. Some of the Fathers had put themselves into retreat from the beginning of their imprisonment. The Père Olivaint seems to have begun the Spiritual exercises in the Prefecture itself, and to have carried them on to the end. The letters from Mazas which are preserved breathe happiness and abandonment to the will of God, a tender interest in their friends outside, and a deep gratitude for the many efforts made to alleviate the hardships of their condition.

Mazas is built on the radiating plan, its long galleries, story above story, all meeting in a central hall, which used to be a chapel; but the Commune had taken care that the prisoners should not have the consolation either of hearing Mass or venerating our Lord in His sacramental presence in the Tabernacle. This want gave occasion to one of the ingenuities of Christian charity which reminds us of the scene in *Fabiola*, where the boy who is sent to carry the Blessed Sacrament to

the prisoners is set upon and murdered in the street. Happily no such fate met the good *réligieuses*, for such we believe they were, who procured, for some at least of the prisoners of Mazas, the consolation of receiving, after so long a time of privation, the source of all strength and light in Holy Communion.

On the 11th of May three little *boîtes* were passed into the prison for P. Olivaint, P. Clerc, and P. Ducoudray. Each contained four consecrated hosts. One of the strict regulations of Mazas which was never relaxed was that which forbade any communication or conversation between the prisoners. They might receive visitors, on certain days, as a special favor, but they were absolutely cut off from one another. Thus the Fathers who received the inestimable treasure of the Blessed Sacrament into their cells were unable to share their privileges with those who had not been so happy. By an act of Providence, however, the difficulty was removed just when a few hours more would have made it too late. On the 22d of May the Blessed Sacrament was carried once again to the prison by two ladies, and this time there was provision made for all the Jesuit Fathers. Each one of the five received four sacred hosts, wrapped up in a small corporal, and placed in a small box, which again was put in a silk bag which could be hung round the neck. It was in reality the *viaticum* which had been sent for the Fathers, and for many of their companions also, including the Archbishop.

M. Perny tells us that on Sunday, the 21st of May, some of the servants of the prison had given him good hope of early deliverance. The army of Versailles was making great progress, and it was thought it would manœuvre so as to obtain possession of Mazas itself. The next morning the same well-wishers brought him the news of the entry of the army into Paris. It was already at the Trocadero and the Champ de Mars. He threw himself on his knees to give thanks to God, but the thought came strongly upon him that the divine justice was not yet appeased. In the afternoon there was still hope, when a gaoler came to tell him that the prisoners were to be transported to La Roquette! La Roquette is the prison for the condemned to death, and there appears to have been some objection to putting the victims to death at Mazas.

La Roquette differed from Mazas in one or two very important particulars. The cells were even worse and more scantily furnished—what could prisoners who were so soon to pass to execution want? Another hardship was that provisions were still more scanty. M. Perny tells us there were forty-two "hostages" on one floor, and more than eighty on another. From whatever cause, however, there was hardly anything to eat during the time that passed between the arrival of the prisoners at La Roquette and their execution, which in the case of the first list of victims took place two days after. Another hardship was the absolute impossibility of communication with friends outside. Nevertheless, these disadvantages were far more than compensated to them by the counteracting blessing of being at least allowed to speak to one another, and assist one an-

when the cortège (having passed from La Roquette to Père la Chaise, and thence by the boulevard and the rue des Amandreis) was passing along the Chausée Menilmonant. Fifty paces in advance marched a National Guard bareheaded, announcing that the party consisted of some disarmed prisoners made that morning at the Bastile. The condemned followed in file, two and two—very calm. They were told that they were being taken to a place of greater safety than La Roquette, and that no harm would be done them. Only four or five of the priests were in soutane, the rest were in lay dress. The escort was about one hundred and fifty strong. The shops were at first closed as they passed on, but, when they came to the boulevard Puebla, women and children crowded round them, pressed on their line, with imprecations and cries for their death. The crowd increased continually, and the guards had to protect the victims from being torn to pieces. At the Rue de Belleville there was a halt, and it seemed as if the massacre would take place at once. No, they have further to go, a long way along the street, till we reach the Rue Haxo; then they must turn up to the right, as far as No. 86, to a place called the Cité Vincennes, a broken half-open space, apparently, with small houses and gardens round it, where there is a large court in front of a building of considerable size, which had been made into a *quartier général* during the insurrection. There on the left is a half-built *salle de bal champêtre*, left unfinished since the beginning of the Prussian war; it has a high wall at the further end and at the sides; in front the wall is low, having been only meant to carry a trellis, that the dancers within may have the open air to refresh them. At the Rue de Belleville a sort of military band strikes up and accompanies the victims. No more pause till the Rue de Haxo is reached. Here there is a barricade with a *mitrailleuse;* might it not be well to finish the matter here at once? But no—on to the entrance of the Cité Vincennes, where the passage is so narrow that the crowd is again borne in on the prisoners. One old priest, who could hardly walk, was here dragged out and shot by a woman with a revolver. All the time the insults, cries, outrages had continued —some of the priests only reached the Cité Vincennes with their faces covered with blood.

One account states that the staff of various legions of the National Guard were found in occupation of the sort of hall of which we have spoken. At all events the crowd was far too great for any large number of those who had accompanied the cortège to enter along with the prisoners. Their onward march was at last stopped by the wall at the end. There was no line of soldiers drawn up formally to execute them: they were put to death without order, and by a hundred different hands. For nearly ten minutes or so the crowd outside heard a confused tumult of shouts, the shots of revolvers, the crack of chassepots, and the groans of the victims. The discharges became less frequent, and then there was once more silence. There is reason for thinking that the

murderers did not content themselves with the simple infliction of death on their victims. The bodies were mutilated and half stripped, and then thrown—first those of the priests, then those of the sergents-de-ville, one over the other—into a sort of pit under the *salle de bal.* Two days after they were carefully extracted by a party of soldiers under the guidance of Père Escalle, and with some difficulty recognized.

It would be beyond the purpose of this paper to attempt to give even the slightest account of the dealings of the Communalists with the other victims of their hatred to religion of whom we have already made a passing mention. Doubtless the two months and a half of the reign of the Commune witnessed many terrible outrages the tale of which will never be told. Here and there the details have come to light, as in the case of the Frères des Écoles Chretiennes, who were forced to bear arms among the insurgents, and when taken by the Versailles troops, only escaped execution by the production of their scapulars—or, again, of the Sœurs Hospitalières of the Rue d'Enfer, who with the orphans under their charge were turned out into the streets at night by having fire set to their house. Everywhere there was the same insane and diabolical hatred of God and all that belonged to Him, met by the same Christian fortitude, resignation, and charity.

BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide;
Beneath the sun bright colors gleam,
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air?
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see;
My hope at least can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
A little longer, and I know
It all may pass away;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But keep it while I may.

"RECENT ADVANCES IN CHRISTIANITY."

We have lately fallen upon an article, which has afforded us both amusement and food for thought. It is from the pen of the Protestant Reverend J. W. Taylor, D.D., was published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the church reformed according to the Dutch, and is entitled "Recent Advances in Christianity."

The chief advantages of the present age, above all preceding ages, the Doctor finds to be "in the widespread power of the Christian Church;" an assertion which we, as good Catholics, hold to be true as regarding our own true Catholic and Apostolic Church. But that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Christian Church, or is at all a Church,—is anything else, in fact, than the "scarlet woman," &c., is an idea the Doctor has no thought of admitting. Far from it. The Christian Church, "the kingdom of Jesus Christ," "the mightiest power upon our continent," "cometh not with observation," but is here nevertheless, "with numbers, resources, agencies, and influences, which portend a splendid future." From this, it is evident what to the Doctor's mind the Christian Church is. It is not the body of Christ. It is not Christ personally present in the world, ruling and overruling the hearts of man to His will. It is something that "cometh not with observation," but consists nevertheless of "numbers" (men), "resources" (money), "agencies" (machinery), and "influences" (persuasives), which by their grand array and show—not by what they have done and are doing—"portend a splendid future." Hear our Doctor himself:

"All the great Bible, missionary, tract, Sunday-school, reformatory, philanthropic, and evangelizing institutions of the world, are the growth of this nineteenth century. More than fifty thousand evangelical ministers, not including the local preachers of the Methodist and other denominations, statedly proclaim the great essential truths of salvation in our states and territories from Sabbath to Sabbath, being one such minister to about every eight hundred souls. Hospitals, asylums, homes, humane institutions, Christian associations for the young of both sexes, and the admirable system of city evangelization, adorn and bless all our crowded cities. Academies, colleges, universities, theological seminaries by the hundred, cover the whole country. And when did Christian beneficence ever manifest itself in such proportions as in the centenary fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the memorial offering of the re-united Presbyterian Church, and in more than princely endowments of some of our colleges and charities?"

Such is the constitution of the Doctor's Christian Church—Christian by reason of the total absence of a personal Christ from it! These are the agencies, and the resources, which portend such splendid results. And all this is the growth

of this nineteenth century—previous to which, all, we suppose we are to presume, was darkness and desolation. No Bible, no missionary, reformatory, philanthropic, and evangelizing institutions then prevailed—no Church—no Christ. We are, on the contrary, greatly of the opinion, that the future that will be produced by these wonderful reformatory agencies will shine with splendor of the same character as that of the past they produced, and of the present they are now producing. A Christian Church that depends upon Bible societies, missionary, tract, and Sunday-school and reformatory organizations, outside of its pale and jurisdiction, for the salvation of its members and of the world, has indeed little of Christ in it; has no claim to the title Christian, and is no church at all. And the fact that these "philanthropic," "reformatory," and "humane institutions" have existed in the past, and are necessary now, together with "hospitals," "asylums," "homes," and "Christian associations," argues to our mind a future of no very "splendid" character at all. We look in vain for fruits of a positive character at all commensurate with the boasted importance of these evangelizing institutions. We look in vain, wherever and whenever we look, for a single nation, or tribe, or community, or village, that has been evangelized or Christianized by the "great Bible, missionary, tract, or Sunday-school" agencies, or by any of the evangelical "growths of this nineteenth century." In view of the "fifty thousand evangelical ministers," who "from Sabbath to Sabbath proclaim the great essential truths of salvation," *has* society *at heart* become better—purer—more Christian and Christlike? What effect has the "admirable system of city evangelization" had upon our cities? Is there less vice and dissipation among the lower classes, and dishonesty, corruption, embezzlement, and rascality added to these vices, among the upper? And do these vices exist only among the ignorant, and are they unknown among those who have had the reformatory and purifying advantages of the academies, colleges, universities, &c., which cover our country? Are our present legislators and rulers much superior to Washington, Hamilton, and those of "continental" times in point of patriotism and love of country? Is the number of our jails and penitentiaries, almshouses, and homes diminishing under the renovating influences of these agencies of this so-constituted Christian Church? How about the social evil under the training of youth in our public schools in morals and virtue? What has been the effect of the Total Abstinence, Sons of Temperance, Good Templar, and other temperance associations upon the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the consequent dissipation and vice? Let our daily papers, police, criminal and educational statistics give the answer. Let the "Ring" and other similar investigations reply. Go to the churches of this so-called Christian Church, and hear the "essential truths of salvation" propounded thus and so, in all their multitudinous variety and contrariety, and look at their votaries. Who are

they who sit in costly attire upon their cushioned seats? Are they the poor to whom the Saviour Himself desired the gospel preached? Where are the poor belonging to these Christian congregations? They are not to be found. There are no seats for them; the churches are for fashionable, refined society. Are we speaking the truth? Go and see for yourselves.

And these notable charities! these hospitals and homes! how charitable they are in their management, and how truly benevolent their founders, let Rev. J. F. Ware, pastor of the Church of our Saviour (according to Unitarianism), of Baltimore, Maryland, declare. (We quote from a report of his sermon on the "Idiosyncrasies of Charity," contained in the *Baltimore Sun.*)

"He then referred to various forms of charity, and in relation to donations of money, he said there is no record that Christ ever dismissed a man with a gift of money. That is our common, cheapest form of charity. Christ and His friends were poor, but they had a common purse—a purse for their wants and a purse for charity. The absence of the money-giving form of charity was noticeable as a thing of cause and season. It was not the best way. It did not meet the case. Human sorrow, suffering, weakness, loss, sin—the great common brotherhood, need other application. Jesus might have been the most princely of almsgivers. He might have outdone all that monarchs in kingly triumph have done. But then there would have been no precious teaching of just what man needed to learn."

"Nothing exasperated him so much as the mean thing man makes of charity—the variety and servility of the dodges by which he manages to slip his neck out from the yoke of duty, and the ingenuity and the devices by which he contrives 'how not to do it.' Even charity managers seem to be wanting in charity's self. Save him from being poor, and having to take such things as the gauge of other men's charity. Indeed, there is not a more heartless, soulless thing than the machine charity of institutions, or the curt, soul-cutting questions, remarks and investigations that agents and committee men and women consider themselves licensed to make. There is a meanness in giving and a meanness of gift that only degrades both parties and perpetuates the evil. The gift is bad in kind and manner."

"The poor have feelings, and it should be an object of every charity to help the recipient into self-respect. God demands a heart in their charity, and a little human sympathy. He would not deny that there is a great deal of time and attention given in this city to want and suffering, and a great deal done toward their alleviation. The Catholics have always been noted for their concern for human woe and want, and their charities have outlived the centuries and made a name imperishable, as well as done a work for the Romish Church all the splendor of her service and all the discipline of her authorities could not have achieved. And today by the same means, her care of orphans, her hospitals, and her schools, from under the very eyes of a supine Protestantism, she is

sweeping with her net the colored race."

"But her charities are church charities, and not the Christian charity that has no church limits. He sees a sign of 'Church Home,' and there an Episcopalian does his charity to his own. He reads of the 'Methodist Old Ladies' Home,' and so on. Shall a man waste and die because in all this city he cannot find a place to whose creed he can say amen? The same may be said about the noble secret institutions. All have done and are doing much to relieve the fatherless and widow, the suffering and the destitute, and he respected them for their deeds. But the necessity of their existence is a standing rebuke to the Church. The Christian work the (Protestant) Church neglected they took up."

But there are other cheering signs "portending a splendid future."

"We live in an age of repeated and extensive revivals of religion, so great that future historians will be compelled to acknowledge them among the chief spiritual instrumentalities of the period."

Where these "repeated and extensive revivals" have taken or are taking place, and where their fruits are to be found, we do not know. The only revivals, repeated and extensive, which have come to our cognizance as peculiarly notable in the current history of the present age, are those of corruption and crime, infidelity and perjury. These are, however, not religious. Catholics are, we freely grant it, not acquainted with revivals of religion of such character. They believe that the Christian Church is the Body of Christ; is an *ever-living* institution; *eternal* in its very constitution; is animated by the personal presence of Christ within it, and they can't understand how it could be revived at all. Accordingly we confess we have not a very high estimate of a *Christian* Church that requires "repeated revivals." We can only regard such a church as unchristian and dead, a mere sham, and no church at all. We can argue no "splendid future" as the product of such a church.

But "the Word of God is now published in two hundred and fifty-two versions, of which two hundred and five were never printed before the British and Foreign Bible Society began its work in 1804. . . . . There is not now a single great nation upon the globe which obstructs the circulation of the Bible by legal enactments. . . . Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey, India, China, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, the South and Central American Republics, Brazil, Africa, and the islands of the ocean, are all open to the Bible, the missionary, and the Church of Christ. Even in Rome, 'the Word of God is not bound.' It has been freely circulated on the steps of the Vatican, and under the dome of St. Peter's, and the sign of the 'American Bible Society' in large letters is upon a depository opposite the papal palace."

What shall we say of this? It were amusing were it not blasphemy itself. *Your* "Bible," Doctor, published in two hundred and fifty-two versions is anything else than the Word of God, and, having it, you

have not that Word. We believe the Word of God is, as St. John declares in the first chapter of his Gospel, none other than the Word made flesh, the incarnate Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Him, the living Word, have you rejected and discarded from your churches, and have taken for your guide and God the record merely of that living Word. This, the dead letter of the law, you have placed in your churches, and made their corner-stones; and have driven the Lord of the temple from His dwelling-place. Hence we say your church, Christian in name, is not Christian in truth; and its fruits show it. Its ministers and missionaries, tract agents, &c., proclaim the "essential doctrines of salvation" in accordance with the contradictory tenets of its contradictory churches, and with open "Bibles" in their hands, expound them to the isles of the ocean; but though they may sound forth the knowledge of a Saviour, they bring no Saviour to them. And what is the practical result? After them, and with them, go merchants and tradesmen of like faith, who exemplify the practical fruits of their Protestant Christianity, by fleecing the newly-converted natives of their wealth, enriching themselves with their substance, sowing the seeds of dissension among them, and, as has wellnigh been the case with the American Indians, *improving them out of existence.* Wherever the influence of this Protestant Christian Church has been felt—as manifested in the conduct and influence of citizens of Protestant nations—among uncivilized and barbarous peoples, it has ever proved the sentence and forerunner of their destruction; and history, moreover, testifies most clearly that the effect of its presence among the civilized has been to unsettle society, to breed anarchy and oppression, and to foster infidelity. Thus the Protestant Church—the Church of the "Bible," but not the Church of God—has bound the Word of God and prevented that His Church shall run and be glorified.

From this sign, Doctor, thinking as we do, we can augur no "splendid future," either to our age, or to your so-called Christianity; but a future sad and foreboding indeed.

We come now to the last and most important augury of the splendid future in reserve for this so-called Christian Church.

"Meanwhile the great historical props of the Papacy have given way. Austria, Spain, and France, no longer under Jesuit rule, but under the sway of liberal governments, protect the civil and religious rights of their people; and within a fortnight, the king and court and parliament of United Italy, have made the City of the Cæsars and of the Pope, the capital of the new kingdom. The relation of these events to the march of Protestant Christianity, and to the overthrow of the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the Popedom, cannot be misunderstood nor underrated by any dispassionate observer. . . . The ascendency of Germany, Great Britain, and the American Union in the councils of the nations, since the conclusion of the great wars of this decade, completes the circle of those immense events which have so thoroughly

changed the political and religious aspects of the world. The French Empire and the Commune have perished together, and by their own bloody hands. The world has more to hope for its liberties and civilization from William and Bismarck than ever it had from the Napoleons or the Red Republic. The destruction of the great bronze column in the Place Vendome which commemorated the victories of the first Bonaparte, whose statue crowned its lofty capital, and when shattered by its fall, was spit upon by the angry populace who pulled it down, has found its parallel in the self-exile of the aged Pio Nono, in the dreary halls of the Vatican; and the excommunicated Italian king sits calmly upon his new throne in the Quirinal. So, too, the famous Œcumenical Council, which, amid the most awful thunder and lightning of the elements, proclaimed the infallibility of the Roman pontiff, and never sat again, has awakened the echoes of the reformation of the sixteenth century, in the schism and protest of the formidable 'Old Catholic' Church, headed by the venerable Döllinger and other excommunicated leaders of their faith."

How utterly Godless, Christless, this Protestant Christianity, whose "splendid future" depends upon national ascendency and influence! How unlike is it to the Kingdom of God, the Church of Christ! No historical props now support, or ever have, or ever will support it. No, the Roman Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, is built, not on the shifting sands of earth, but on the rock of ages. She took her origin when the morning stars sang together for joy, comprehends both time and eternity, and reaches from earth to heaven. Of her communion are the cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and the glorious army of martyrs and confessors. She is the prop, the stay, the preserver, the salt of this earth, and it is owing to her prayers that it exists. Thus, she is before history, and the source of all history. She is Immanuel—God with us—for she is the body of Christ, the Son of the living God, and partakes of the fulness of His most glorious perfections. Of her has it been written, "God *is in the midst* of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted." (Ps. 46.)

Nations may rise against her, and on the angry billows of their wrath may she be tossed as was the fisher-bark on Galilee's stormy waves; or, as the column of Vendome, her aged Priest may be cast down from his throne; but God is walking over those waves, and they can harm her not, and shall obey his "Peace, be still;" and him who now an exile sits dethroned, the scoff of those who know not what they do, will God raise up, and, like the Vendome column which now, cleansed from the stains of age and vulgar contact, rears its head aloft in freshened beauty, shall seat again upon his throne, the recipient of increased dignity and honor. Thus has it been, thus is it now, thus will it ever be. "It must needs be that scandals come; but nevertheless woe to that man

yielding to that fatal pride which had already been so severely punished, and she reproached herself the more bitterly, as it was evident the Countess St. Alban's advances could have been influenced only by the kindest feelings. The thought suggested itself, that it would be unwise to renew acquaintance with persons of superior rank, and a deviation from the order of Providence, to quit the humble position in which God had placed her. But conscience whispered that these and similar arguments were, in truth, the result of false humility, or, more correctly speaking, of deep-rooted pride.

In the evening of the same day, after leaving the children entrusted to her at their different homes, she went on her way back to visit a poor old man to whom she had been for some time an angel of peace and consolation. It was nearly dark when she left his humble dwelling, and before she had gone many steps, she was much alarmed at feeling some person lay hold of her dress. She turned, and, to her surprise, beheld her former servant Jane, who threw herself at her feet, and asked her forgiveness. Honorine raised her, assuring her of free pardon, and asked if she could be in any way useful to her.

"Ah, miss," said Jane, "I have been well punished for being so ungrateful, and speaking so unkindly of you. I have known nothing but sorrow since; I never could meet such an easy place as yours, and now, after having engaged in several, I have been for a long time without one. Being compelled to live at home, I have a great deal to suffer, for my father's temper has become dreadfully soured since he lost his appointment as foreman, and has been reduced to the rank of an ordinary workman; besides, he is perpetually drinking. Fretting has made my poor mother so ill that I cannot look for employment, as she has no one but me to attend her. The priest who came to see us told us we should trust in God, and said many other good things. I at last understood that the Almighty was now punishing me for my sins; I have confessed them, and the good vicar has given me absolution, on condition that I would make amends for them, if in my power; still I could not feel at peace with the Almighty until you have forgiven me."

"I repeat, Jane, I have not the slightest feeling of unkindness towards you; and I am very sorry for your family misfortunes. Tell me where your mother lives; I will go and see her."

"Oh, not this evening, dear Miss Honorine; my father is at home, and he is such a terrible man; but if you could come to-morrow, while he is at work."

From that time, Honorine let no day pass without sparing a little time from her ordinary occupations to visit Jane's mother. The unfortunate woman was suffering from cancer, and her torture was excruciating; still Honorine assisted Jane in dressing the repulsive sore, and did all she could to supply the poor woman's wants, devoting to this object her own trifling savings, the proceeds of a small collection among the pupils, and a little donation which Mrs. Everard added, when informed of

the melancholy case. In addition to her natural repugnance to attend on so loathsome a disease, Honorine had much to endure from the rudeness of the poor sufferer's husband; perpetually intoxicated, he never met her in his house but to insult her; still she maintained her courage, trying only to avoid his presence as much as possible, and exhorting the dying woman to imitate the patience of her crucified Saviour, and His merciful forgiveness of His enemies.

One day she found the poor invalid so weak, she felt almost certain her sufferings must be near their termination. While she read the prayers for the dying for the comfort of the departing soul, she was so absorbed in her devotions as not to hear a knock at the door; however, she observed that Jane rose from her knees, and she thought she heard her speaking to some one in the adjoining room. She continued her prayers alone, until, finding it was time to return to her school duties, she looked round to Jane to leave her some directions about her mother. What was her surprise at seeing Louisa Grenville standing beside Jane, near the fire-place, her eyes affectionately fixed on her.

Honorine stood motionless with surprise. Mrs. Belmour approached her, and kindly taking her hand, said, "Dear Honorine, why have you so long and so unkindly concealed yourself from your friends —from friends who have vainly tried every possible means to discover you? Do not find fault with this young girl," said she, pointing to Jane, who was suffused with blushes; "she has not betrayed you: for I saw you coming in. But now, dearest Honorine, now that I have found you, I declare I will not leave you, without ascertaining where you live, that I may see you again. It is useless to turn away your head, or avert your eyes. I must meet you once more; for I have many things to tell you."

Honorine was too much affected, too deeply agitated, to answer this affectionate appeal. She maintained a profound silence, and, in deep confusion, fixed her eyes on the ground.

"Well," resumed Louisa, "will you not at least tell me that you are not displeased at meeting your earliest and oldest friend? Oh! my beloved Honorine, but one thing is wanted to complete my happiness, and that is, to find you respond to an affection which, since the first day I saw you, has never diminished."

"Your goodness overwhelms me," said Honorine. "Ah! how could I so long have mistaken such noble friendship. Oh! Louisa, oh! Mrs. Belmour, you have conquered my pride. Do now what you please with a heart which should have been always yours, and kindly forgive my injustice." Honorine burst into a flood of tears, and, during a prolonged silence, sobbed and wept bitterly. At length she exclaimed, "Blessed, a thousand times blessed, be Thou, my God, for having deprived me of those fatal gifts which separated me from Thee; for having led me back to Thee by the path of tribulations, and preserved to me so generous and faithful a friend!"

Honorine rapturously seized Mrs.

Belmour's hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"Henceforth," she said, "my whole life, and every feeling of my heart is yours; too happy if I can thus atone for my base ingratitude."

Mrs. Belmour gently endeavored to calm her friend's agitation, and again inquired her present residence.

"I cannot be so completely my own enemy," said Honorine, "as to refuse to answer you. Come, and I will show you the lowly abode where I first found peace and afterwards happiness."

After giving Jane directions what to do for her mother, whose death she believed to be very near, Honorine and Mrs. Belmour went away together.

"I met a lady this morning," said the latter, after they had gone a little distance, "who is also most anxious about you, and would be truly delighted to meet you again. She is the more anxious to find you, as her son's new duties will in future deprive her of his society. I am sure it is unnecessary to mention her name."

"Oh! how I long to see Mrs. Blundell, and to express all I feel, all I wish to be to her!" exclaimed Honorine.

Mrs. Blundell's name vividly revived the recollection of her mother, and all the incidents of her childhood. Mrs. Belmour, not wishing to intrude on feelings so sacred, maintained silence until they reached Mrs. Everard's residence. After a few moments' delightful intercourse, they parted, promising to meet the next day.

Honorine shed tears of regret, affection, and joy. How, indeed, could she refrain from deep emotion at receiving these evidences of persevering friendship from those whom she had treated so unworthily? "It is evidently the will of Providence," she said, "that I should yield at last to entreaties so pressing and so cordial." Then again the idea of mixing in the world filled her with alarm, perfect as she knew her immediate friends to be. "May the recollection of my former errors," she exclaimed, "aided by Thy grace, preserve me, O my God, from future dangers! I cannot refrain from apprehension as the thought of quitting the humble, obscure position in which I first learned to know Thee!"

Early the next morning, Jane informed Honorine, with bitter tears, that her mother had died during the night, and that with her latest breath she had invoked the blessings of Heaven on Miss Mason.

Chapter XVI.

We have seen that neither Mrs. Blundell's nor Mrs. Belmour's interest in Honorine had been at all diminished by her obstinate determination to conceal her abode, or her ungracious rejection of their former advances. The solemn promise given by Matilda to her beloved Lucy, and Louisa's knowledge of the unworthiness of the person charged with Honorine's education, fully exonerated the poor victim of duplicity in the eyes of her truly Christian friends. Congeniality of feelings and wishes soon established a strict friendship between these two virtuous ladies, and the St. Alban family also participated in their views

and sentiments. Mrs. Belmour was not surprised at Honorine's determined opposition to her advances. She knew her proud spirit too well not to feel certain that loss of fortune and beauty would not subdue it entirely, or at once. However, she cherished the hope that it would yield in time to reason and religion.

This was likewise the opinion of Mrs. Blundell, who, besides having known the orphan from infancy, possessed too perfect a knowledge of the human heart not to understand the difficulty of subduing a will so determined as hers. From this conviction it was that she had deemed it prudent, instead of communicating directly with her dear Lucy's daughter, to confide her to the watchful care of the Abbé des Roches.

He, as we have seen, also quickly perceived the sensitive delicacy of Miss Mason's disposition, as well as the strength of her yet ill-subdued pride; and easily inferred the repugnance she must naturally feel in consequence, to accept the disinterested kindness of those whom in her days of prosperity she had treated with disdain. A character like hers must, he felt, be managed most judiciously, yet its very strength inspired him with the liveliest hope that she would ultimately attain an eminent degree of Christian virtue. Stern reprehension would, he saw, be ill-adapted to heal the wounds of her already bruised heart, and he concluded on leaving it to time to mature the fruits of which he already saw the precious blossoms.

His object was nearly accomplished, when Providence, in its inscrutable designs, summoned him from a world which he had so long edified by his virtues.

After the melancholy event, Mrs. Blundell returned to Paris, and at once made every effort to discover her dear Honorine. She and Mrs. Belmour mutually concerted various plans for this end, and their joint affection for the young orphan soon became a powerful bond of friendship between themselves.

On the very day of the happy discovery, which had been brought about by the meeting with the Countess St. Alban, Mrs. Belmour came to give an account of her success. The friends were at once rejoiced and affected at her touching description of the circumstances under which she had encountered Honorine. Convinced by evidences so decisive of the happy change which adversity had wrought in her, they became doubly anxious to go and see her at once, and the countess was in the act of ordering the carriage, when Mrs. Belmour reminded her that it would only be considerate to spare Miss Mason all excessive excitement; and that, besides, Mrs. Blundell's claims being prior to all others, she should be suffered first to visit the adopted child for whom she had so long yearned with a mother's love.

Honorine had scarcely dismissed her pupils, and retired to her little room, at twelve o'clock the following day, when she heard a gentle knock at the door. Remembering Louisa's promised visit, she felt sure it was she, and quickly came forward. It was indeed Mrs. Belmour—not alone, however, but accompanied by an elderly lady of a most sweet and prepossessing coun-

tenance, which Honorine's heart at once told her could belong only to Mrs. Blundell. Emotion so completely deprived both of speech that they could only embrace each other, and shed tears of affection and joy, while Mrs. Belmour delightfully contemplated the happy scene.

"My dearly loved child," said Mrs. Blundell, "let me hope to find in you at last the consolation I so much require. A dying friend told me I might rely on your love; surely you will not disappoint her expectations and mine. Her last words were a prayer for the child from whom she was summoned away, and a protestation of affection both for that precious child and for me. Quit me no more, dear Honorine; I have already suffered so much in consequence of our separation, that it would be cruel to prolong it. You can lengthen my life, and insure the happiness of my old age. Here," she added, handing her a small case, "here, at least, is one who will, I hope, plead in my favor." Honorine tremblingly opened it, and found it to contain her mother's portrait. At sight of it, her tears flowed abundantly, but they soothed her, for she fancied she could read in Lucy's expressive features the pardon of her past errors.

She was at length able to respond to these affectionate advances, and did so in terms which fully proved how thoroughly she had eradicated all her foolish and mistaken pride. Humbly and candidly admitting her many faults, she owned that the affection of her second mother had placed her at the pinnacle of earthly happiness. Mrs. Blundell was so rejoiced at being reunited to her adopted daughter, that she was unwilling to return home without her; but Honorine begged for a little time to recollect herself, in the presence of her Maker, and to become familiar with the idea of happiness. As she had also several arrangements to make before leaving the village, Mrs. Blundell could not refuse her reasonable request, although she parted from her with regret, and only under a promise that next day they were to meet again and separate no more.

In the interval, Honorine informed Mrs. Everard of the change in her prospects, and related to her the principal events of her life. The good woman could not help regretting the loss her pupils would sustain in Honorine's departure, as well as the injury she anticipated to herself in consequence; but she was too sincerely attached to her invaluable assistant not to rejoice at her happiness. In her fears for the prosperity of her school, she was, however, mistaken, for, thanks to Mrs. Blundell, and Mrs. Belmour's patronage, she was soon able to extend her establishment, by engaging the services of several well-educated young persons as partners or assistants.

After making arrangements for the funeral of Jane's mother, Honorine promised the penitent girl to solicit Mrs. Blundell's permission to take her again into her employment. This request was complied with, and the poor girl made ample amends for all her faults, by unlimited and untiring fidelity and attachment.

Honorine next visited her poor

people; and having taken leave of her weeping pupils, thought only of returning thanks to God for his abundant blessings.

Next morning, after fervently receiving the Holy Communion, she proceeded with Mrs. Belmour to the house of that lady, where she met Mr. Belmour, his children, the Countess St. Alban, and her daughter. Her heart throbbed so violently when she entered the room, that she could scarcely see who were present. But her self-possession was soon restored by the affectionate reception she met from her old friends, the Countess St. Alban and her daughter Henrietta.

Mr. Belmour was of middle age, and eminently respectable. He had served in the army with distinction, and throughout his military career had never swerved from that fidelity to honor and religion which redounds so highly to the soldier's glory and merit.

Louisa Grenville was distantly related to him. He had always been deeply interested about her unhappy mother; and having had an opportunity of appreciating his cousin's virtue and good qualities during her residence with the Countess St. Alban, he determined on securing their mutual happiness, by uniting her fate with his.

This marriage was strongly opposed by some of Mr. Belmour's friends, but he persevered in his resolution, and never had reason to regret his generous impulse.

He received his wife's friend with that courtesy for which he was remarkable, and said that Louisa had prepossessed him so strongly in Miss Mason's favor that he could not but feel pleasure at seeing her restored to her attached friends. This kind reception reassured Honorine, and she respectfully thanked Mr. Belmour for his consideration, adding, with tears in her eyes, that her greatest happiness would henceforth be to prove herself worthy of such generous friendship. She gratefully and affectionately acknowledged the kindness lavished on her, especially by the amiable Louisa; but she anxiously looked around for Mrs. Blundell, whose absence surprised her.

"Where is my second mother?" said she, at length; "I long to renew my protestations of affection and devotion to her. Yesterday I was so overcome, that I could but imperfectly return her tender and generous affection."

"Mrs. Blundell," replied Mrs. Belmour, "is preparing for a ceremony which, for a mother, is invested with particular solemnity. This day her son Arthur celebrates his first Mass."

As she spoke the folding-doors were thrown open, and Mrs. Blundell entered, her countenance beaming with celestial joy. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw Honorine, who threw herself into her arms without uttering a syllable, and then, falling on her knees, asked her blessing.

"Child of my loved Lucy," said Mrs. Blundell, in a solemn tone, "I have ever felt a mother's love for you, but from this day I formally adopt you as my daughter." Then, after a long silence, she continued, "Oh! my God, how sweetly dost Thou arrange all things! The very day on which Thou callest my son to Thyself, Thou providest me

with a companion for my loneliness, an immense consolation for my declining years. Vouchsafe, oh, Lord! to pour down Thy choicest blessings on my beloved Honorine. Thou knowest how fully and freely I accepted this precious legacy of my friend's affection. Let the bond which Thy grace has formed become daily stronger, so that nothing may ever weaken it; and may the virtues and piety of the excellent mother be again revived in this child of a special Providence!"

Mrs. Blundell pronounced the latter words with her eyes raised to Heaven, her hands extended over Miss Mason's head, and in a tone of voice so solemn and touching, that none could withstand it.

Honorine was completely overcome; a sudden paleness suffused her countenance, and she fell fainting into the arms of Mrs. Belmour, who tenderly supported her. She soon recovered, and her first words were, "Oh! my God, how merciful Thou art! What have I done to merit such a multitude of blessings?"

It was now time to go to Saint Sulpice, where the young priest was to celebrate the sacred mysteries. Mrs. Blundell withdrew first. "This," said she, "is the happiest day of my life. For a long time I considered Arthur's vocation as a sacrifice imposed on my maternal love; now I can look on it with feelings of unalloyed pleasure; I comprehend the ineffable favor which the Almighty has bestowed on us both, by calling my son to his own immediate service. I can never be sufficiently grateful for such a blessing."

Mrs. Belmour and the ladies quickly followed Mrs. Blundell; they all assisted at the solemn sacrifice, and received the Holy Communion from the young priest. Honorine wept during the entire Mass. Aided by divine light, she clearly saw the follies of her early years, and firmly resolved to do all in her power to repair the faults of her youth. From that moment she became an angel of piety, virtue, and humility. Her life glided on, calm and unruffled as a summer day. Evincing on every occasion the utmost filial deference towards the venerable Mrs. Blundell, she steadily pursued her Christian career. Each day of her existence was marked by the practice of good works, and in the fulfilment of her duties, and the delightful intercourse of holy friendship, she enjoyed a happiness which henceforth was to be uninterrupted.

About ten years after, an unexpected circumstance recalled many varied recollections. Going one day with Mrs. Blundell to visit a poor family, somebody pointed to an adjoining room, in which a woman rather advanced in years, was dying. She had, they said, been living there quite alone for several months, and appeared to be in extreme destitution. The two charitable ladies hastened to offer this unfortunate being consolation and assistance; but what was Honorine's astonishment at recognizing in this wretched invalid, Mrs. Montfort herself! Although oppressed with sickness, she was the first to recognize the victim of her wicked plots. "Miss Mason," said she, "Heaven has been your

friend; you can now enjoy the gratification of revenge."

Honorine could not restrain her emotion: her eyes filled with tears; she drew near the poor creature's bed, and spoke so affectionately, that Mrs. Montfort exclaimed: "Is it possible you have come here only to forgive?"

Mrs. Blundell profited by the moment of grace to speak the language of religion to the guilty woman. Her words were not rejected. From that period, Honorine and her adopted mother attended with the kindest affection on Mrs. Montfort, who survived several days; was reconciled to her Maker, whom she had so grievously offended, and died blessing our holy religion, which alone can inspire such heroic sentiments, and prompt the execution of such noble actions.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the greatest of Catholic laymen, and the most distinguished of Irishmen, was born at Carhen, in Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775. At that gloomy period Ireland was in the lowest depth of penal persecution, and an Irish Catholic can hardly restrain himself within the ordinary limits of language when writing of that melancholy era. The following picture is from the pen of an English Protestant historian, Henry Hallam:

"No Papist was allowed to keep a school, or to teach any in private houses, except the children of the family. Severe penalties were denounced against such as should go themselves, or send others for education beyond seas in the Romish religion: and on probable information given to a magistrate, the burden of proving the contrary was thrown on the accused; the offence not to be tried by a jury, but by justices at the quarter sessions. Intermarriages between persons of different religion, and possessing any estates in Ireland, were forbidden; the children, in case of either parent being Protestant, might be taken from the other to be educated in that faith. No Papist could be a guardian to any child; but the Court of Chancery might appoint some relation or other person to bring up the ward in the Protestant religion. The eldest son being a Protestant, might turn his father's estate in fee simple into a tenancy for life, and thus secure his own inheritance. But if the children were all Papists, the father's lands were to be of the nature of gavelkind, and descend equally among them. Papists were disabled from purchasing lands, except for terms of not more than thirty-one years, at a rent not less than two-thirds of the full value. They were even to conform within six months after any title should accrue by descent, devise, or settlement, on pain of forfeiture to the next Protestant heir; a provision which seems in-

tended to exclude them from real property altogether, and to render the other almost supererogatory. No Papist was permitted to retain arms, and search might be made by any two justices. The bare celebration of Catholic rites was not subjected to any fresh penalties; but regular priests, bishops, and others claiming jurisdiction, and all who should come into the kingdom from foreign parts, were banished, on pain of transportation in case of neglecting to comply, and of high treason in case of returning from banishment."*

Such was the degraded condition of the Catholics of Ireland at the time of O'Connell's birth; and yet, before he sank to the tomb, he saw almost all the chains removed which hung upon freedom of conscience. It would be ungenerous to the memory of those who preceded O'Connell (such as John Keogh), and of those who labored with him, such as Sheil and others, not to recognize their honorable share in the good work; but the calmest historical survey coincides with the national gratitude which has given to O'Connell, by especial distinction, the proud title of "Liberator."

O'Connell's father, though descended from a family linked with the ancient glories of Ireland, was, as his illustrious son used often to say, "a plain country gentleman." At the age of fourteen, young Daniel (who had been receiving instruction from a priest, the Rev. Mr. Harrington) was sent to Louvain, and subsequently to St. Omer and Douai. In 1793 he returned home, and after a few years spent in the usual preliminaries, he donned the wig and gown in 1798.

It was in the year 1800 that O'Connell commenced his public career in a speech of great power and ability, delivered at the Royal Exchange, against the then almost completed Union, which has inflicted such injuries on Ireland. In that able speech the young orator repudiated, as an Irish Catholic, the imputation that (whatever individuals might think), the Irish Catholics, as a nation, were parties to any compact for the sale of Ireland's legislative independence.

During the earlier years of the present century, the Catholic agitation continued to grow to dimensions which subsequently made it irresistible; and O'Connell, by incessant toil in the sacred cause of liberty of conscience, rose to be the admitted leader of Ireland, and the recognized champion of religious freedom.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the unhappy quarrel which so long divided the Catholics on the subject of the *veto* which would virtually have given the Crown the power to rule the bishops of the Catholic Church. O'Connell always opposed it, and the result proved him right, for, in the end, the Emancipation Bill was granted, without any chain being imposed upon the Church. Opposed as we are to the principle of a State Church, we would doubly deplore the existence of any link between a Protestant Government and the Catholic religion.

The struggle which led to the victory over intolerance was a very severe one, and its leading features are known to all. For nearly two

* Constitutional History, &c., ch. 18.

dozen years after the Union there were Boards and Committees; but the mighty magic of evoking a people's will was first brought into action when, in 1823, O'Connell and his brilliant fellow-laborer, Sheil, formed the Catholic Association. Before that time the Catholic agitation had been desultory and flickering. Sometimes it would appear at an Aggregate Meeting, and would end with the occasion, and though a fine speech would emanate from O'Connell or Sheil, or from Phillips, Finlay, or some other Protestant friends of the cause, no decided course of action was followed up. Sometimes the agitation found vent in a Parliamentary debate, in which the talents of Grattan, Plunkett, Canning, Brougham, and others exposed the hollowness of the hostility to Catholic liberty; but when the debate was over, the question was practically left *in statu quo*. Sometimes a case in the Courts would give the opportunity. This occurred when, in 1811, the Crown prosecuted Lord Fingal and the other Catholic Delegates, and the impressive eloquence of Peter Burrowes forcibly expounded constitutional right; and it occurred, too, when the Crown prosecuted Magee, and when O'Connell delivered that famous philippic against the Duke of Richmond's profligate administration, which stands among the highest triumphs of forensic eloquence. But these were only occasional opportunities. They were not the light of sunrise; they were meteors succeeded by deeper gloom. Against every adverse circumstance, the Catholic Association, which began its career in 1823, battled, and battled with success. The manner in which O'Connell worked that wonderful machine of popular enthusiasm, has been nowhere better described than by Mr. Seward, of New York, in the following passage from his memorable panegyric on the great Irish statesman, and as a beautiful and just tribute we transfer the passage.

"The agency employed by O'Connell was as simple and sublime as were his own position and character. Combination is inherent in democratic action. Civil and military associations were employed in 1782 and in the rebellion of 1798. Civil association was again tried, but without effect, in 1810. The government had now put forth all its skill to frame laws which should prevent combination. There could be no military association, no secret association, representative or delegated assembly, none that was political, and none to continue more than fourteen days. Nevertheless, O'Connell organized and maintained during seven years a combination extending over the island, embracing 700,000 members, and receiving $150,000 annually, which violated none of the inhibitions of the law, and yet had all the efficiency which they were designed to prevent. The centre of agitation was ultimately the Corn Exchange Rooms in Dublin. Business was transacted and debates conducted with legislative forms. The doors were open to every subject, and publicity was more effective than executive secrecy.

"The assembly was crowded with impassioned and sympathizing auditors, who manifested approval or dissatisfaction without restraint, while the speakers were

animated by the smiles of beauty from the galleries. The themes discussed with all the genius and fervor of Irish eloquence by O'Connell, Sheil, and their associates, were, the British constitution, the penal code, the resources and destiny of Ireland, its condition, the value of liberty, the evils of faction; and not only these, but the daily conduct of the government; the oppression of every landlord, the grievances of every tenant, the insults of every patrician, the meekness of every plebeian; in short, whatever tended to excite, to rouse, and to combine the Irish people. A journal established by the Association transmitted the debates to kindred associations in every part of the island, by whom the same animating topics were discussed with even greater zeal.

"It was necessary to tranquillize Ireland in order to prove that the people were capable of self-government. O'Connell invoked order. All Ireland was immediately organized in vast assemblies under the name of O'Connell's police. Temperance and tranquillity reigned throughout the island. In time, these assemblies became a subject of complaint. O'Connell had but to say, 'You want the word of command: I give it: halt: disband,' and instantly O'Connell's police was resolved into the peaceful constituency of the liberator.

"The cause of emancipation advanced in England, and a majority in its favor was already secured in the House of Commons. But still the representatives from Ireland gave it no effective aid. A signal blow was wanting, and that fell from O'Connell's hand with boldness, precision, and effect.

"'Electors of Clare,' said he, on the eve of a special election, 'you want a representative in Parliament: I solicit your suffrages. True, I am a Catholic; I cannot, and of course I never will take the oaths prescribed. But the power which created those oaths can abrogate them.'"

And they *did* elect him, as the world knows, and the peasantry of Clare thus opened the doors of the Imperial Parliament to the Catholic nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, and restored the Catholics of the empire to that place within the constitution from which they had so long been excluded.

In Parliament, O'Connell, as he was a radical reformer, supported every measure having for its aim "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Some have doubted his success in the House, but it has been clearly shown by the most impartial writers that no man commanded a larger amount of Parliamentary attention. The reason of this was, because he was always in earnest. During the seventeen years of his Parliamentary career (for a little-minded quibble sent him back for election in 1829), his name appears more frequently than that of any other speaker. His last speech (in February, 1847) was an appeal for food for the people of Ireland, on whom the famine had fallen with all its terrible sorrows.

As a matter of form we add (but what friend of freedom has not well noted the sad date) that O'Connell died at Genoa, on the 15th May,

1847. He had all the consolations of religion, being constantly attended for some months by the Rev. Dr. Miley, one of the most distinguished of the clergy of Ireland, to whom he was deeply attached.

At the death of Daniel O'Connell, the old and the new world joined in the expression of their deep sorrow. The eloquence of a Ventura, a Lacordaire, a Seward, and a host of others, rolled beside the waters of the Tiber, the Seine, and the Hudson, and the equally eloquent accents of the gifted Irish priest, Dr. Miley, whom he loved so well, fell upon the ears of his countrymen, who mourned their champion lost. While memory lasts the name of Daniel O'Connell will never fade from the mind of the true lover of freedom; but especially will his own countrymen ever proudly cherish the memory of him of whom the calmest historian must tell, that he came upon the public scene when all was gloom, and yet did not despair; but teaching the people to look to mind alone as the weapon of agitation, he organized without conspiracy, and conquered without bloodshed.

He strove for the freedom of all the oppressed of every clime. In the cause of wronged Poland and of the trampled negroes some of his noblest appeals were delivered. Wherever there pined a slave, O'Connell sought to break his chain, and thus his name has gone to the ends of the earth, and will live through all time as the denouncer of wrong and the practical friend of the freedom of the human race.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I MET a fairy child, whose golden hair
Around her sunny face in clusters hung;
And as she wove her kingcup chain, she sung
Her household melodies, those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild
She answered, "Mother's." When I questioned,
"Where her dwelling was," again she answered, "Home."
"Mother!" and "Home!" Oh, blessed ignorance!
Or rather blessed knowledge! what advance
Farther than this shall all the years to come,
With all their love, effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note, "Father," and "Heaven."

THE MISER OF MARSEILLE.

MARSEILLE is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaume and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how in the fulness of time it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseille a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

"Alas, my child," said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, "you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbors are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nought else to give you."

"But, mother, it is not like water," replied the boy; "it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water."

Madame Guyot, with a true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him, and his plaintive cry for water at oft-recurring intervals brought tears to the mother's eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, lest by so doing she should also awaken his desires to greater activity, when she knew she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son: "Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that, mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"O, Jacques, can you ever forget that?"

"Never, mother. No day passes,

but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseille suffer so much, and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you, father?"

"More money than you could count, my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

"It is strange," said Madame Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!" said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied Monsieur Guyot; "in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth," added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

"Ah, wife," said her husband, "you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content."

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and waving back-

wards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warmer than in our foggy island. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful, and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure, said softly: "It might be done in a long lifetime; but, O Madeline, Madeline!" then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot look very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossips at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often say to her mother; "that any one may

see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife." The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and, the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's *fiancé* came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience.

The wedding day came, and she of course was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseille for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found, or made, many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbor, partly from old association, and still more because of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseille should be carried off by strangers; for she had long since made up her mind, that since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage-day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had aforetime interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was

trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his *one* love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had born the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

"O, my son," said Madame Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Aye, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousandfold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: "There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body." Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable

gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hand, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying, as he did so: "I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be your wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!"

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseille. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love-dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognized the elder female as *the* Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseille ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving-kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering them, he would even smile, and murmur: "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings."

Aye, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty source strength to "endure to the end."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. "Ah, Jacques,"

said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones. But, oh, what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And thou, too," said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, "well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded from me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfil. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lip shall touch thee." So saying, he drank the water it contained, and gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the townspeople, for there were many who would not touch him while living, who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrance—the curious ransacking each room till they at last stood beside all that remained of the object of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town, who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: "Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseille are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully labored all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseille owe their aqueduct.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ALTHOUGH many ancient writers allude to appearances in the sky which, there is no doubt, were identical with the aurora, we have not any very accurate descriptions; the phenomena having been regarded from a superstitious rather than a scientific point of view. The first of these displays of which we have a careful and scientific account, is one that occurred A.D. 1560; but the particulars were not published till ninety years afterwards, when they appeared in a book called "A Description of Meteors." In 1621 the name of Aurora Borealis was given to this phenomenon, by Gassendi, the French philosopher, on the occasion of a remarkable display visible over a great part of Europe. None seems to have been observed after this till the year 1707; but during the last century it has been by no means uncommon.

It occurs generally in the spring or autumn, particularly after a dry year. In the Arctic regions, however, it is the usual accompaniment of a clear winter's night, and is familiar to the inhabitants even of the Shetland Isles. Lights of a similar character have been observed towards the South Pole. Mr. Forster, in a voyage with Captain Cook, had an opportunity of observing the Aurora Australis, as it has been termed, and thus describes its appearance: "It consisted of long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward almost to the zenith, and gradually spreading over the whole southern part of the sky. These columns were sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremities, and though in most respects similar to the northern lights of our hemisphere, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish color, whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a fiery and purple hue."

It is, however, in the northern hemisphere that there have been most opportunities of taking minute observations of this phenomenon, and it is from these that we are able to form some idea of the natural operations to which it owes its existence. The flashes of light which constitute the aurora are now generally allowed to be within the region of the terrestrial atmosphere; though they were at one time considered to be far beyond it, as it was thought that they could not otherwise be visible at such a height from the horizon, over such an extended area. It would appear, however, that the aurora covers a larger extent of sky than an observer would suppose. All is invisible to him except a certain arc with its flaming and streaming offshoots. Its visibility has, perhaps, some analogy to that of the rainbow, which, as is well known, appears to two observers to be of a different height, their positions requiring the light to be reflected from different parts of the sky to make the angles of incidence and reflection equal in the case of each. There are cir cumstances attending the auroral phenomena which may be accepted as proofs of their electric nature. It is supposed that the lights seen

Veronica will be found to be just the very book for spiritual reading and meditation during Holy Week. The publisher has produced it in a neat and popular form.

THE WITCH OF ROSENBERG and THE HIDDEN GEM. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872.

These are two of those exquisite moral dramas for which the late learned author became so celebrated. Cardinal Wiseman, although one of the ablest writers and profoundest thinkers of the age, did not confine his literary labors to the consideration of those great religious and moral questions which, however important in themselves, or interesting to the few, were from their nature beyond the comprehension of the masses, but often selected the lighter departments of literature as the mediums through which to reach the popular ear. Nor are his lighter productions less worthy of careful perusal by the learned. In the dialogue of many of his dramas especially, to write which appears to have afforded him a real pleasure, are to be found some of the most beautiful thoughts expressed in simple modest language. Indeed, it is this very talent of adaptation of style to which the works of the late Cardinal in great measure owe their widespread popularity. The two dramas embraced in the volume now before us were written in 1864, and were taken from the original manuscript of the author. The scene of the first drama, The Witch of Rosenberg, is laid in a mountain village in the Tyrol, and aims to point the moral of consideration and kindness on the part of the young,

"Not to judge rashly—nor defects to shy,
But estimate with heart as well as eye,"

advice that might apply with equal force to many of maturer growth.

"The Hidden Gem" is a drama in two acts, founded on the life of St. Alexius. The scene is in Rome. It is needless to say that the author has availed himself of the beautiful plot afforded by the history and incidents of the Saint's life These dramas were intended for the pupils of Catholic colleges and schools. They are both well written, the style being pleasant and graceful.

KYRIALE; OR ORDINARY OF THE MASS. A complete Liturgical Manual with Gregorian chants in Modern Notation, for the use of Catholic choirs and congregations, containing the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, &c., according to the different Feasts and Sundays of the Year, and Masses and Obsequies for the Dead, with an Appendix, including Hymns, Psalms, Anthems, Litanies, and Prayers for the Exposition, During the Exposition, and at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Eighth Edition. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co.

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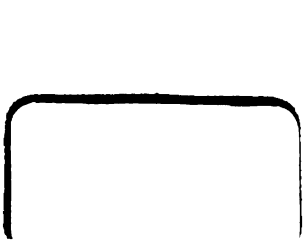
These books, which may be had with the round or square notation, have been carefully prepared by the Rev. Charles J. Maugin, now of the Diocese of Detroit, but formerly of the Diocese of Philadelphia. Father Maugin is not only a thorough musician, but is well versed in all kinds of Gregorian music used in the services of the church. The late Archbishop Kenrick, under whose direction, or at whose instigation, if we mistake not, these works were undertaken, always expressed an earnest desire to have them adopted wherever the circumstances of the different congregations would permit. To be sure this music does not possess the brilliancy which characterizes modern compositions, but it is eminently religious; it was composed with the intention of praising God, and not to tickle the ears of the congregation.

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